

LIFE



DEBUTANTE
JOANNE CONNELLEY

JANUARY 10, 1949 **20** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$6.00

NOW EVERYBODY



WANTS IT!

***It's Nash, it's the Airflyte!
First car with Cockpit
Control! The Uniscope!
Airplane-type seats!
Girder-built Unitized
Body-and-Frame!
Uniflo-Jet Carburetion!***

Take one look at that bullet nose, that air-splitting sweep of line—and you'll know why *Nash has rocketed to the top of America's automobile preferences.*

And beauty isn't the half of it!

Here's the room everybody's been wanting . . . amazingly more head-room, leg-room, trunk-room . . . and seats so wide they can become twin beds at night!

Here is the super-safety and quietness *made possible only* by the Nash Girder-built *Unitized Body-and-Frame.*

Here, in Nash alone, Cockpit Control and the Uniscope! The curved sweep of a one-piece windshield, and dials near eye-level.

Here is the thrill of engines with Uniflo-Jet carburetion. Sweeping new power, and the economy everyone has wanted. *More than 25 miles a gallon, for the Nash "600," at average highway speed.*

Here is the softest, levellest ride you ever had in an automobile, every wheel pillowed with super-soft coil springs. And new wonders only Nash can offer, in the famed Weather Eye Conditioned Air System.

Yes—take all the ideas and opinions you ever had about an automobile, and put them to the challenge of a Nash Airflyte ride.

Then you'll know why *everybody wants it!*

Two Series for 1949, the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador.

Nash
Airflyte

Great Cars Since 1902

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

A Great Car—Built by a Great Company...Sold and Serviced by the Finest Dealer Organisation in America.

Research keeps

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

That's why users get more miles with B.F. Goodrich tires!



1 43,275 MILES on this B. F. Goodrich tire, reports H. D. Anderson of Seattle, Wash. And over surfaces "ranging from desert roads to mountain trails."



2 "... NEVER RECEIVED better service from any tire," says H. L. Smith, Unicorn, Tenn. His B. F. G. tires have gone 30,595 miles, half of it over rocky roads.



3 "THESE TIRES had gone 49,723 miles when the picture was taken and I believe are good for another 10,000," writes P. U. Alexander, Goose Creek, Texas.



4 WRITES E. B. PALMER of Denver: "I drive ... at comparatively high speeds. This B. F. Goodrich tire has been driven 36,664 miles. It still has a good tread."



5 RIDING TESTS prove B.F.G. tires ride smoother than other regular tires. The stronger cord body, wider road-hugging tread, give you greater safety too.



6 WITH THE OPENING of the world's finest rubber research center, you can look to B.F.G. now, more than ever, for the newest and best in tires.

PREMIUM SILVERTOWN
Highest quality

B. F. G. EXTRA-CUSHION
Easiest riding

B. F. G. SILVERTOWN
Lowest cost per mile

B. F. G. DEFIANCE
Lowest price

This One



D6GK-AY8-2HAN

SMOOTH
is the word for
the man with **P.A.***



● Pipe Appeal is that extra attraction of the man who smokes a pipe. And when that pipe is packed with mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert — you have really smooth smoking!

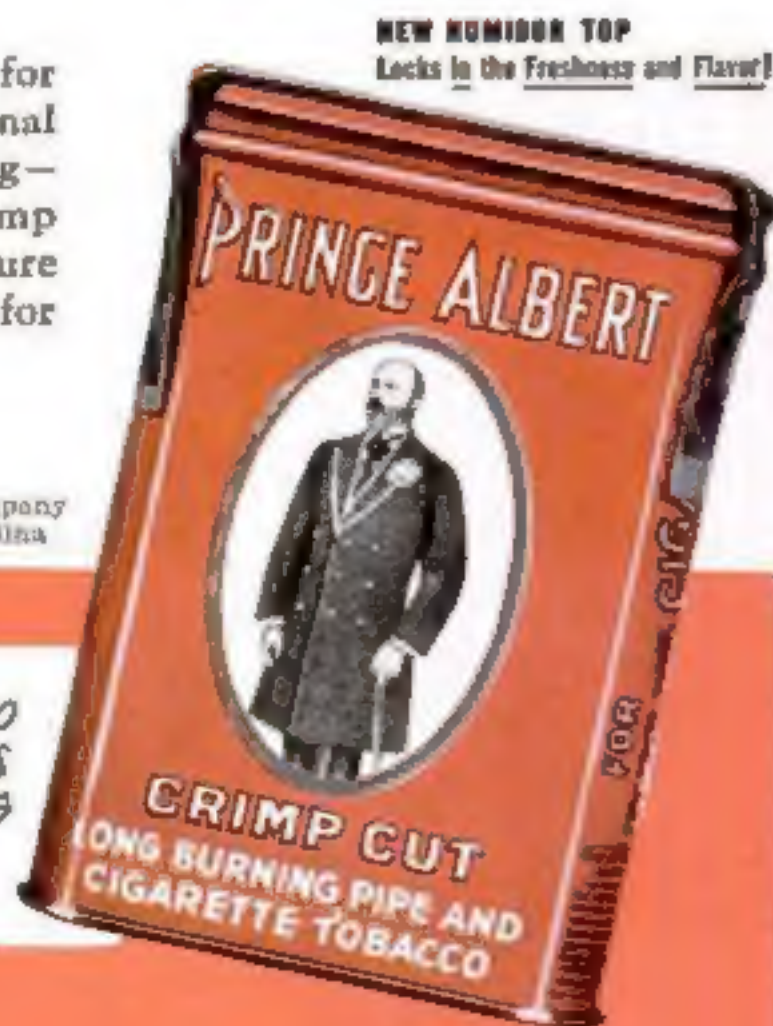
P.A.* means **P**ipe **A**ppeal
A.* means **P**rince **A**lbert

● Get Prince Albert today—and see for yourself why it's known as the National Joy Smoke. P.A. is really rich tasting—mild, and tongue-easy. That choice crimp cut tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Get Prince Albert for real smoking joy and comfort!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



"P.A. ROLLS UP SO
SMOOTH—MAKES
A GRAND-TASTING
CIGARETTE!"



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TEEN-AGERS

Sirs:

I am a teen-ager too and enjoyed your article (LIFE, Dec. 20). You are certainly paying plenty of attention to us. P-u-l-l-e-z-z-e, a front view of the boogie haircut.

NORMA WODAK

New York, N.Y.



BOOGIE CUT

Sirs:

I have never read anything so outlandish in all my life!

We are treated as socially absurd individuals and we don't like it. . . .

SALLY SINGER

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . The only girls in Atlanta who have nothing to do with boys on Thursdays are the girls who have nothing to do with them on the other six days either. . . .

NORMAN MACHT

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

Here in New York when a boy wants to kiss a girl, he doesn't spend 15 minutes making faces at her. . . .

BOB GELFMAN
JUDY HAFT

Woodmere, N.Y.

Sirs:

Is Earl Reum living? Out here in Albany he would be regarded as a "clam." . . .

GIL TREHLIC

Albany, Calif.

Sirs:

About your dos and don'ts, could you please tell me why it is wrong to neck in a car, or to neck anywhere? What would you suggest in its place—giving the Lone Ranger friendship sign?

I'll bet if I had a LIFE for every time you necked with your friend, I'd be up to my tonsils in issues.

HARVEY JOEL ENGELSHER

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Teen-agers may act that way in the West but in the east we would certainly consider them odd to say the least. We have yet to see anyone swoon over a crooner, that is, anyone more than 12 years old. We may like his voice but that's as far as it goes. We have never heard any of our friends refer to "tweets," "T. W. O.s" or "snooks." Nobody would know what they were talking about. The Temptation game is in the same class as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Fast HELP for HEADACHE



BROMO-SELTZER
FIGHTS HEADACHE
THREE WAYS

For fast help from ordinary headache always take Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer. It fights headache three ways:

1. Relieves Pain of Headache.
2. Relieves Discomfort of Upset Stomach.
3. Quiets Jumpy Nerves.

Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug store, fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Company since 1887.



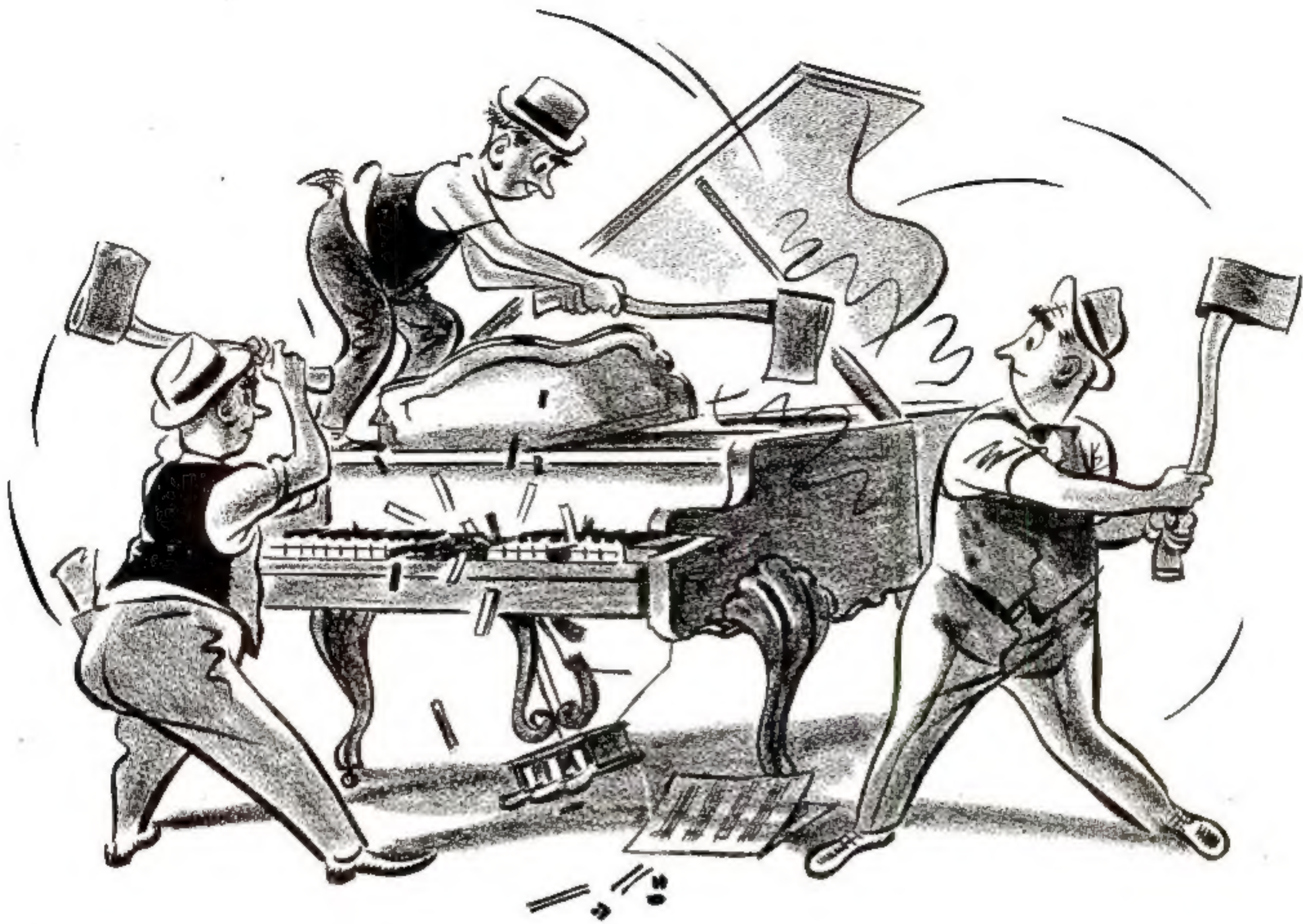
Is it raining
tonight in
GEORGIA?

Trico Windshield Wiper Motors swing more than one million Trico Wiper Blades in Georgia. When your windshield needs new blades, or arms, TRICO is the name to remember. For a clean windshield between rains, install a Trico Washer—the "Two Little Squirts."



TRICO STANDARD 50¢
TRICO "WIST ACTION" 60¢

Trico Products Corporation, Buffalo 3, N.Y.



How to tune a piano!

The piano's out of tune. So we'll chop it up. Then we'll get a tin horn instead.

Sure, these men are crazy.

But they're using the same kind of thinking a lot of people have been using on the American economic system lately.

Our American way isn't perfect. We still have our ups and downs of prices and jobs. We'll have to change that. But even so, our system works a lot better than the second-rate substitutes being peddled by some countries we could mention.

It works better because of a few simple things. We are more inventive, and we know how to use machine power to produce more goods at lower cost. We have more skilled workers than any other country. We believe in collective bargaining and enjoy its benefits. And we Americans save—and our savings go into new tools, new plants, new and better machines.

Because of this, we produce more every working hour . . . and can buy more goods with an hour's work than any other

people in the world.

We can make the system work *even better*, too: by *all* of us working *together* to turn out more for every hour we work—through better machines and methods, more power, greater skills, and by sharing the benefits through higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours.

It's a *good* system. It can be made *better*. And even now it beats anything that any other country in the world has to offer.

So—*let's tune it up, not chop it down.*

Want to help? Mail this!

I want to help.

I know that higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours and larger earnings can all result from producing more goods for every hour all of us work.

Therefore, I will ask myself how I can work more effectively every hour I am on the job, whether I am an employee, an employer, a professional man or a farmer.

I will encourage those things which help us produce more and add to everyone's prosper-

A message prepared by
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL
a non-profit organization
supported by labor, business
and the public

Published in the Public Interest by

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

ity—things like greater use of mechanical power, better machines, better distribution and better collective bargaining.

I will boost the good things in our set-up, and help to get rid of the bad.

I will try to learn all I can about why it is that Americans have more of the good things of life.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Miracle of America" which explains clearly and simply, how a still better living can be had for all, if we all work together.

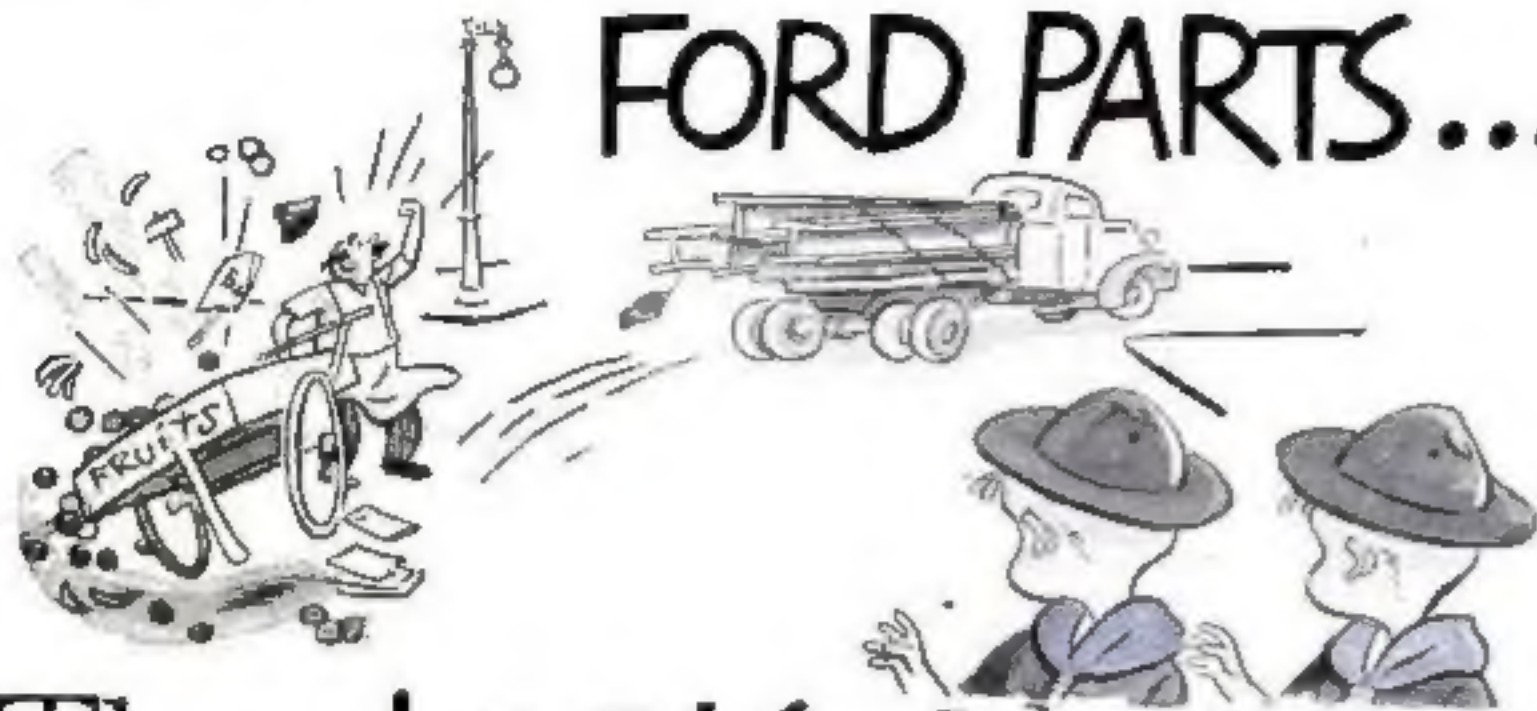
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Just like GENUINE FORD PARTS...



They LOOK alike...

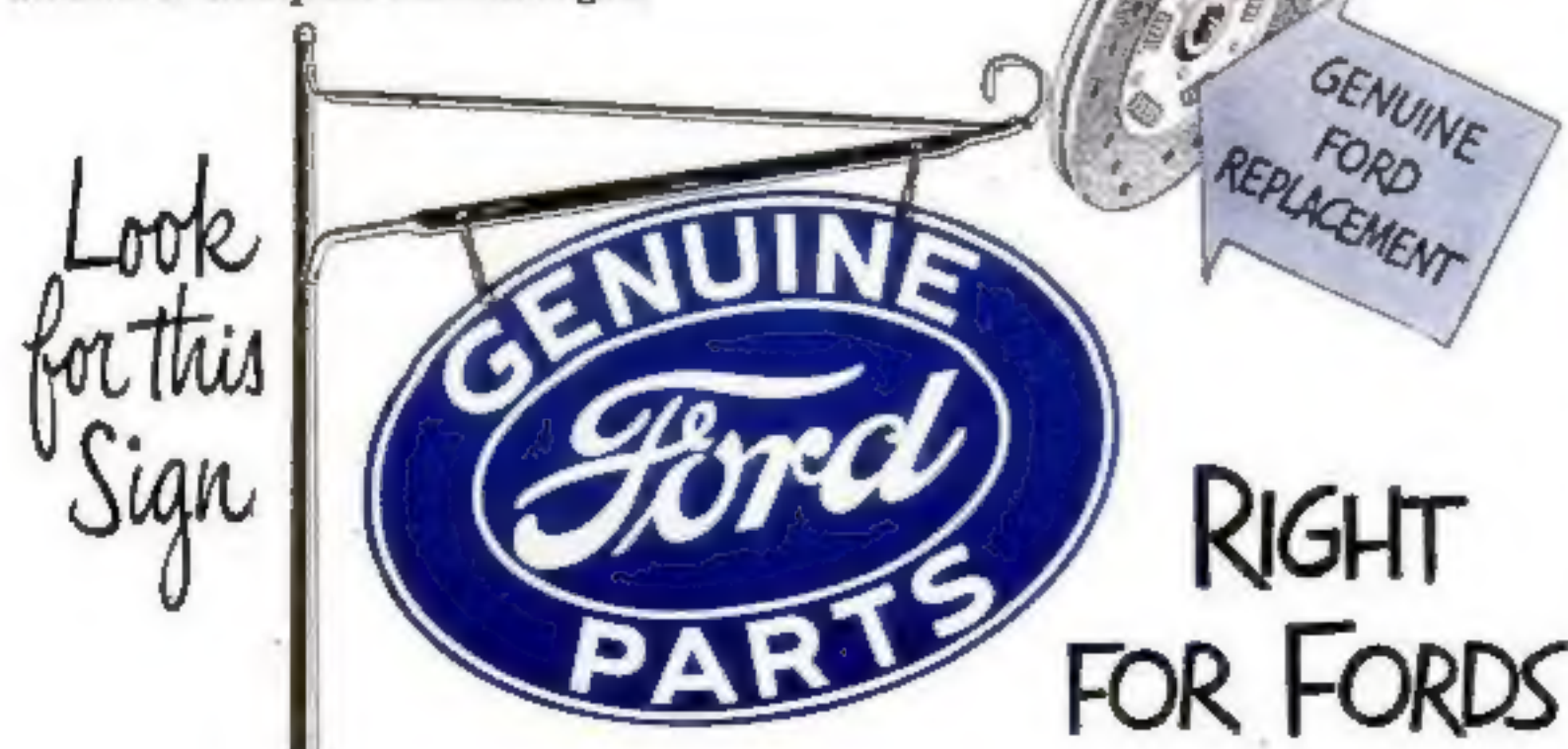


They ARE alike...



They're IDENTICAL TWINS!

● When your Ford needs a new part, be sure it's a Genuine Ford Part. Then you'll know it's an identical twin to the part built into your Ford at the factory. Genuine Ford Parts are made right to fit right to last longer. That saves you time and money and adds to your Ford's life. Look for the Genuine Ford Parts sign at all Ford Dealers and outside selected Independent Garages.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Post Office—a game for sixth graders. . . .

Your page of DOs and DON'Ts was the worst of all. Any boy or girl who had any education or breeding would know how to sit in the movies without being told. The crowning touch, however, was the picture of a girl pouring her drink on a palm tree. In the first place, she shouldn't have ordered it if she didn't want it, and in the second place, she should drink it if she did order it. If her date insisted on ordering it for her, she is perfectly right in not drinking it but does not need to throw it away. . . .

JOAN MORTON
GLORIA BRADLEY

West Orange, N.J.
Short Hills, N.J.

● Readers Morton and Bradley will be glad to know that Emily Post agrees with them rather than with Edith Heal's *Teen-Age Manual*, the book on which the DOs and DON'Ts picture was based. Asked by LIFE how a girl should dispose of an unwanted drink, she said, "The girl shouldn't permit the drink to be poured in the first place. She should turn the glass upside down or put a place card across it. If, however, someone insists on filling her glass, she should leave it alone on the table."—ED.

THE MIRACLE OF FATIMA

Sirs:

In your article on Fátima (LIFE, Dec. 20) you left out the following important details:

Before the sun fell towards the earth on Oct. 13, 1917 it was seen to spin in the heavens for a period of 10 minutes, sending out all the colors of the rainbow. It was seen over an area of 30 square miles. After the fall of the sun the 70,000 people who just a few minutes before had been soaked to the skin by the rain suddenly found themselves completely dry.

A complete account of the miracle of the sun was printed the following day in the anticlerical Lisbon newspaper *O Seculo*, written by its director Avelino d'Almeida, who had witnessed the events of the day before himself.

The Blessed Mother had promised "a miracle" for that date but had not specified in any way as to what type of miracle it would be. Consequently when the solar phenomenon took place and was seen by so vast a throng of people there was no possibility of mass or collective hallucination.

EDWARD CONNOR

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

...Those who claimed to see the vision were no doubt obsessed with the idea of the coming of the miracle and had such deep-seated desires to see a miracle that when the unusually bright sunlight appeared after the rain, a common occurrence, they thought they were seeing a miracle. This strange light and the sun leaving its orbit may very possibly have been a trick of their imaginations.

The curing of the eczema of one man and the disappearance of the paralysis of another could very possibly be coincidence. Why not more emphasis on those people who made pilgrimages to Fátima and were not cured? . . .

LOUISE LEHMAN

Troy, N.Y.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

MOTHER!

Children love



This Pleasant Laxative!

It's a wonderful feeling to see your child smile when you give her Ex-Lax! Children love its delicious chocolate taste.

For over 40 years, millions of mothers have found Ex-Lax dependable for their children. It is equally good for grown-ups. Many doctors use dependable Ex-Lax in their practice.

Ex-Lax works so comfortably... brings effective relief in a gentle way. What's more, it's easy on the system. Still only 10¢.

When Your Child has a COLD

...be sure he keeps "regular". When he needs a laxative, give him gentle Ex-Lax. It brings effective relief without upsetting him.

When Nature "forgets"... remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Here's Prompt Relief for COUGHS

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

COUGHS
Creomulsion
Chest Colds... Bronchitis

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They Made a Shocking Love Pact

—these two New Orleans beauties—to save the life of a devil-may-care Yankee, the man they both want!



Here's the tense, emotion-packed story of two passionate Southern sirens locked in a strange and bitter conflict . . . and of the "devil's bargain" they make . . . a bargain that shocks even Rampart Street . . . wickedest street of the wickedest city in the world . . . a street of scandals and scoundrels. Yes, even Rampart Street whispered, "Just how far will a woman go—to save the man she loves?" When lovely Raphaëlle d'Arendel sells herself into the most infamous establishment on Rampart Street, she does it to protect her lover—only to see him marry her most hated rival!



None wiser or more ruthless than Simone! Who—but the unscrupulous Simone—could force a man to marry her . . . a man like Captain Carrick, at that . . . who has refused her costly favors and whose heart belongs to another?

" . . . action, intrigue, and a romance that transcends all barriers." —San Antonio Express

Why does the notorious Simone de Tourneau, who holds all the aces in this tense game of hearts, plot her devilish revenge to get handsome young Carrick? Discover the answers in "Rampart Street"—a blazing love story, a rip-roaring tale of old New Orleans! Yours FREE, together with that other brand-new smash-hit, "Such As We"—yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon.

Why was lovely Raphaëlle whipped and sold to the highest bidder? The mortal terror in her eyes caught at Carrick's heart as her soft young beauty was bared before the lust-filled faces of the crowd. There would be a row of scars along her side . . . and love in her heart as long as she lived, for this Yankee who rescues her with his pistol and gold.

Rich, Beautiful...and Utterly Damned

Even at 21, this Park Avenue debutante has lived, loved and lost more than most women in an entire lifetime!



Nothing published in the past twenty years quite like this intimate story of a young girl's desperate search for love! What's behind Elaine's reckless pursuit of pleasure . . . and romance? Is it to spite her mother, who gives all her affection to Elaine's brother, Paul? Or is it to find in some man the love and devotion her dissolute father couldn't give her? And what changes Elaine—almost overnight—from a lonely adolescent into a famous debutante . . . one of the most sought-after beauties of "Cafe Society"? You'll find the answers to these questions in this fast-paced, fascinating portrayal of Elaine Chickering, the Park Avenue debutante heroine of "Such As We," who thought she knew all the answers and discovered she knew only one!

Story of Life and Love Among the Very Rich!

"A 20th Century composite of Scarlett O'Hara, Amber, and Duchess Hotspur . . . practically everything that could happen to a woman happens to her." —Raleigh News & Observer

You may find Elaine's story shocking at times in its frankness, but you'll certainly agree with the New York Times that the brilliant young author, Pierre Sichel, displays "a remarkable fearlessness in his attempt to get at the truth." Yours FREE, together with "Rampart Street"—yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon below. Accept offer today!

What makes Elaine so sure of her power over men?

And why is her life so crowded with excitement and tragedy as she goes from romance to romance in her frenzied search for love—or escape? Learn the inside story of Elaine in the terrific new best-seller, "Such As We."

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And you get 2 best-selling novels FREE to introduce you to all the many other advantages of Club membership listed below:—

You will be sent immediately FREE your copies of these two new best-sellers when you mail the coupon. You'll also become a member of The Fiction Book Club with your choice of the Club's monthly best-seller selections and you'll get these four big advantages, too:

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- 2. You Get Outstanding New Books!** Selections are made only after a careful study of current books from all publishers. From these reports of top-quality novels at \$2.75 to \$3.50, our editors select the best available books that are "the cream of the crop." Fiction Book Club selections are always outstanding best-sellers . . . books by leading authors . . . brand-new, full-size, beautiful books you will be proud to own.

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First Selection!
Great new novel of
adventure, intrigue
... blazing romance!
"Bright Feather"
by Robert Wilder
Only \$1.39 to
Club members

EVERYBODY KNEW HER SCARLET PAST . . . EXCEPT HER HUSBAND!

But nobody knew why she left him . . . why she gave up his wealth and power, to run away with his best friend, renegade Jamie Beulow! Yes, beautiful Claire Lechane, of "Bright Feather," is ruthless, exciting, thoroughly wicked . . . laughing at consequences, even risking her life . . . in her feverish search for the love she longed for. Meet her—along with some of the most unforgettable characters ever—in this novel of " . . . lust, murder, arson, intrigue and every other high crime . . . here is a corker!" —Boston Herald.

Send No Money! Mail Coupon!

BOTH BEST-SELLERS FREE!

"RAMPART STREET" and "SUCH AS WE"

The FICTION BOOK CLUB (Dept. 473), 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.

I want to take advantage of your gift offer to send me FREE—BOTH "Rampart Street" and "Such As We." At the same time enroll me as a member of The Fiction Book Club which entitles me to receive your best-selling selections at only \$1.39 (plus a few cents shipping)—a saving up to \$1.61 a book from the retail price of the publisher's edition. It is understood, however, that I do not have to accept every book offered—I may

accept or reject selections as I please; so send me regularly FREE the Club's monthly bulletin, in order that I may choose from the many books listed in the course of a year, the six I agree to purchase at only \$1.39 each (plus shipping) within the next twelve months. Since this offer may be withdrawn at any time—rush my free copies of "Rampart Street" and "Such As We," and begin Club services with that smash-hit, "Bright Feather."

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Zone No. (if any) _____
OCCUPATION _____ AGE (if under 21) _____
(Slightly higher in Canada. Address 136 Merton Street, Toronto) LF-1

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About this NEW long cigarette



Basil Rathbone says:

BR
Now, at length—quality in a long cigarette—Fatima! First Quality for thirty years. If you like a long cigarette, buy the best of long cigarettes. Buy Fatima . . . It's MY cigarette

Basil Rathbone



FIRST QUALITY FOR 30 YEARS!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

I was the spiritual director of the first American pilgrimage to Fátima last Oct. 13. If one has faith one needs no explanation, but if one does not, then no explanation is possible.

REV. PASCHAL BOLAND, O.S.B.
St. Meinrad's Monastery
St. Meinrad, Ind.

"LIFE" WEDDING

Sirs:

In anticipating our seventh wedding anniversary, we have decided to give credit where credit is due.

On Dec. 4, 1939 in your Letters column there appeared a letter from a group of sailors from the U.S.S.



MR. & MRS. J. D. BATES & SON

Honolulu, headed by the name of J. D. Bates. At that time my hobby was collecting book-match covers, and to obtain a cover from that ship I wrote to Mr. Bates. One letter led to another—and on Jan. 27, 1942 we were married. Our anniversary finds us with a son 5 years old, and thanking LIFE for making it all possible.

MRS. J. D. BATES
San Francisco, Calif.

Subscriptions received by LIFE not later than January 15th will begin with the first issue containing the

War Memoirs of Winston Churchill



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or give to your newsdealer. L-7-10



Front at night . . . warm sun at noon—that's ideal weather for a good crop of Vermont maple syrup and sugar.

Old-fashioned real maple sugar flavor

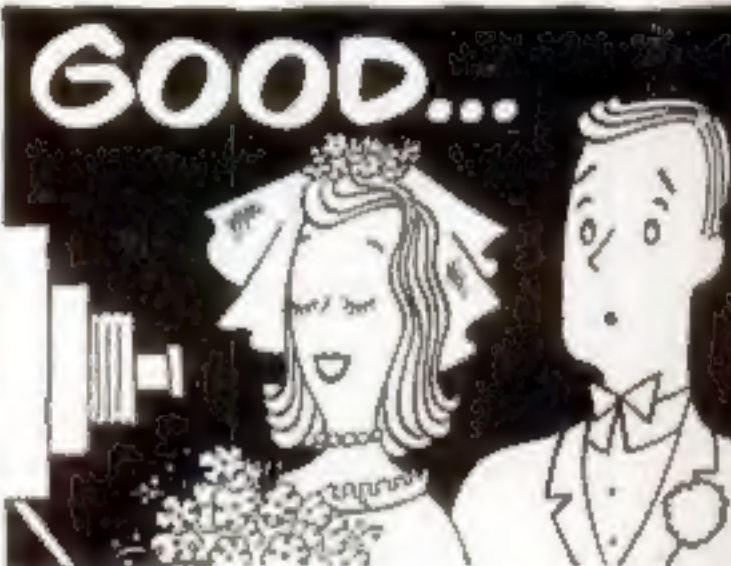
In the maple sugar country, folks young and old love to follow the whiff of wood smoke to the sugar house . . . to enjoy that grand treat—real maple sugar flavor.

To give you that flavor in Vermont Maid Syrup, our skilled blenders choose maple sugar with a rich, full flavor; then blend it with cane sugar. This gives you, at moderate cost, uniformly rich and delicious real maple sugar flavor. At your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont



Vermont Maid Syrup



America's largest selling cheese cracker!
Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.

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"Here comes the Bride"



She's Katherine Ellison. He's George J. Yundt, Jr. Both of Atlanta, Georgia. "Kappy's my dream-girl come true," says George. She's a peaches 'n' cream girl—so-o-o Woodbury lovely!



Beauty queen and queenly bride—that's Kappy. Admiring attendants arrange her soft, white veil... her soft, white skin has been cared for with mild Woodbury since Kappy's kindergarten days.



Bridesmaids beg for Kappy's bouquet. Flower-fresh skin like hers is theirs for the asking! "I keep my skin soft the Woodbury way," says Kappy. The beauty-cream ingredient in Woodbury is a "skin-smoother."



Partners on the Piedmont Driving Club court. "Woodbury 'n' me, in this case," laughs Kappy. "A girl's skin has to look smooth under the sun as well as the stars." Yes, Woodbury helps you score, girls.

Another Woodbury Deb Marries



"Wot'll it be," asks the little waiter at Aunt Fanny's Cabin. "Just more time to spend with the loveliest girl in the world," George counters. Kappy keeps her skin bewitching with Woodbury.



"M-m-m looks good!" "M-m-m looks better," answers George. And with all that Woodbury de-e-licious sweetness beside him—he doesn't mean food.



Give your skin Woodbury's plus—a rich beauty-cream ingredient!

"My facial cocktail—to tone up skin," says Kappy. "First, a lather massage—then, rinse warm, rinse cold. Skin'ssatiny!"

Now! Woodbury comes in two sizes! Bath-size and facial! Big new Woodbury's bath-perfection.

"Take a bath-size cake of Woodbury to the tub. Woodbury's beauty-cream ingredient is a 'skin-smoother'."

DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST INVITE YOU TO

Celebrate January

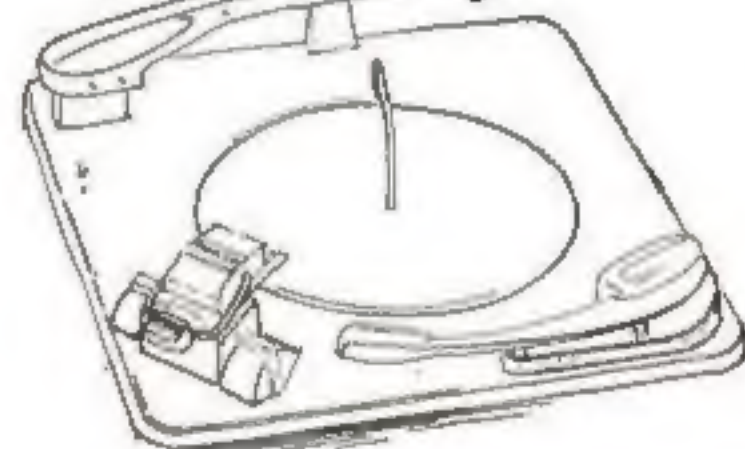
Store wide values and special events!

January belongs to Philco as dealers everywhere celebrate Philco's 18th year of leadership with the most spectacular selling event in radio history. Here *now* is your opportunity to see the sensational new Philco radio-phonographs with the double tone arm ... to hear the glorious "concert hall" realism of 45 minute records played through the ex-

clusive Philco Balanced Fidelity Reproducer ... to enjoy genuine Philco FM-AM radio and to buy a Philco console or table radio at a price that fits your purse ... because during January *your* dealer is featuring many surprises and money-saving values. Visit your Philco dealer today ... get the full details ... share in the savings ... *buy Philco!*



*Only Philco
has it!*



**"Concert Hall" Fidelity with
new exclusive tone arm**

The new Philco double tone arm radio-phonograph plays present records automatically ... and 45 minute records with the sensational Balanced Fidelity Reproducer which only Philco provides. Finest tone ever achieved ... nothing else like it!



Newest Philco Value Sensation

PHILCO 1607. Stunning, full-size console. Plays 45 minute records with revolutionary new Philco Balanced Fidelity Reproducer ... plays your present records automatically. Powerful radio with Built-in AM and Line-Cord FM Aerial. Mahogany cabinet with ample record space.

TUNE IN Philco Radio Time with Bing Crosby Wednesday evenings ... Philco Television Playhouse Sunday evenings. See your newspaper for time and station.

with PHILCO

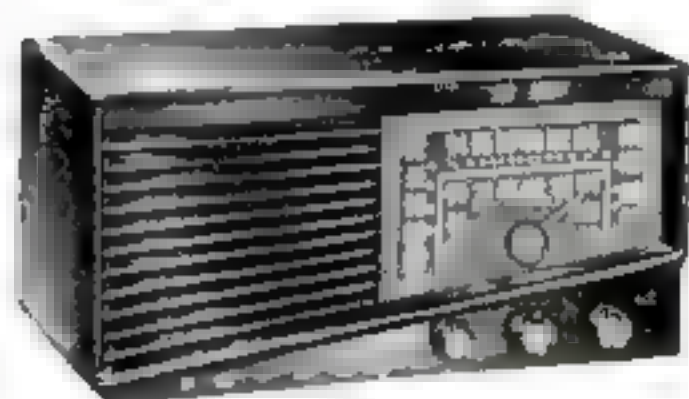


De Luxe FM-AM Combination

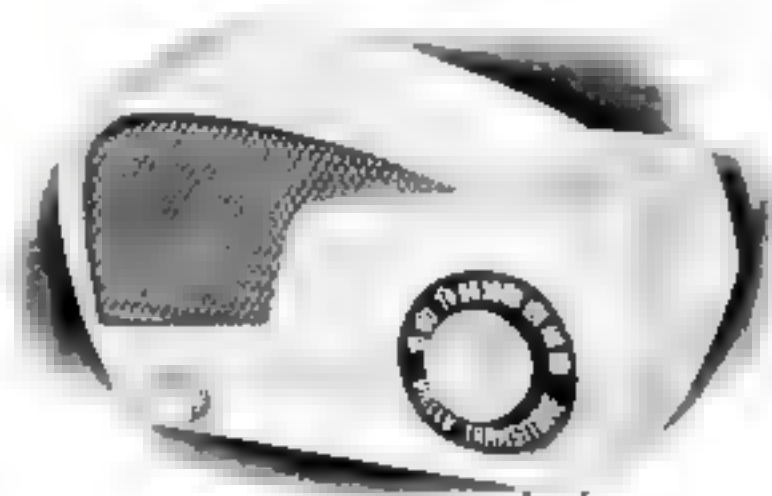
PHILCO 1613. "Concert Hall" realism is now yours with Philco Balanced Fidelity Reproducer for 45 minute Vinylite records... Automatic Changer for present records. Genuine Philco FM-AM... 12-Inch Concert Grand Dynamic Speaker. Mahogany cabinet with generous record space.



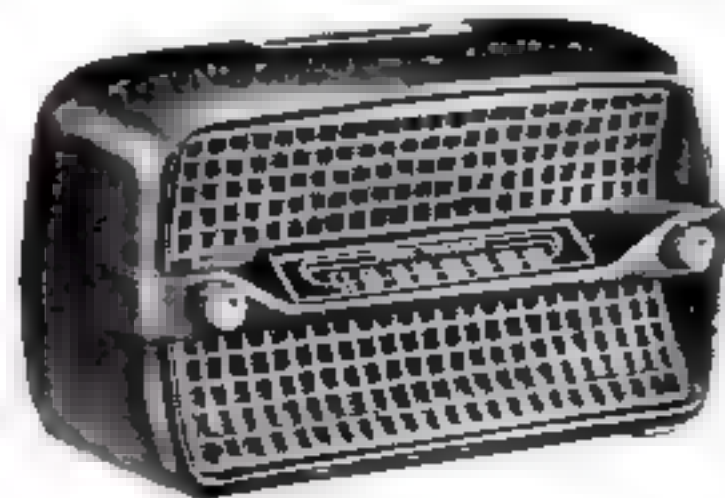
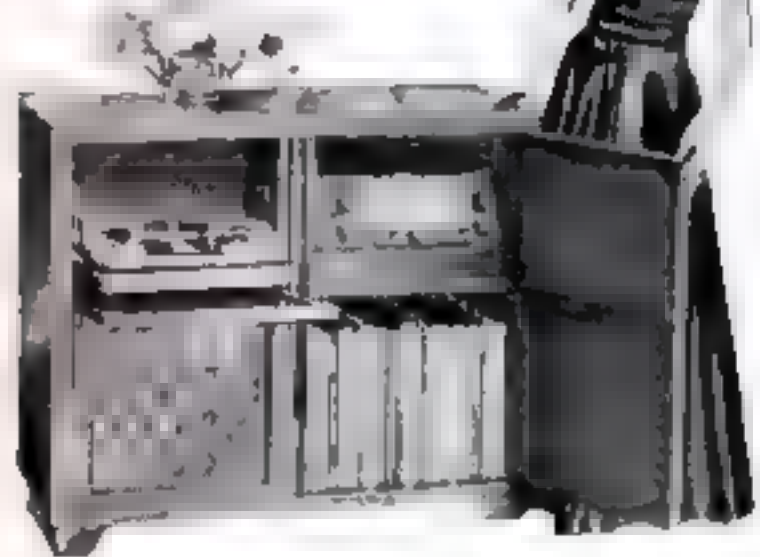
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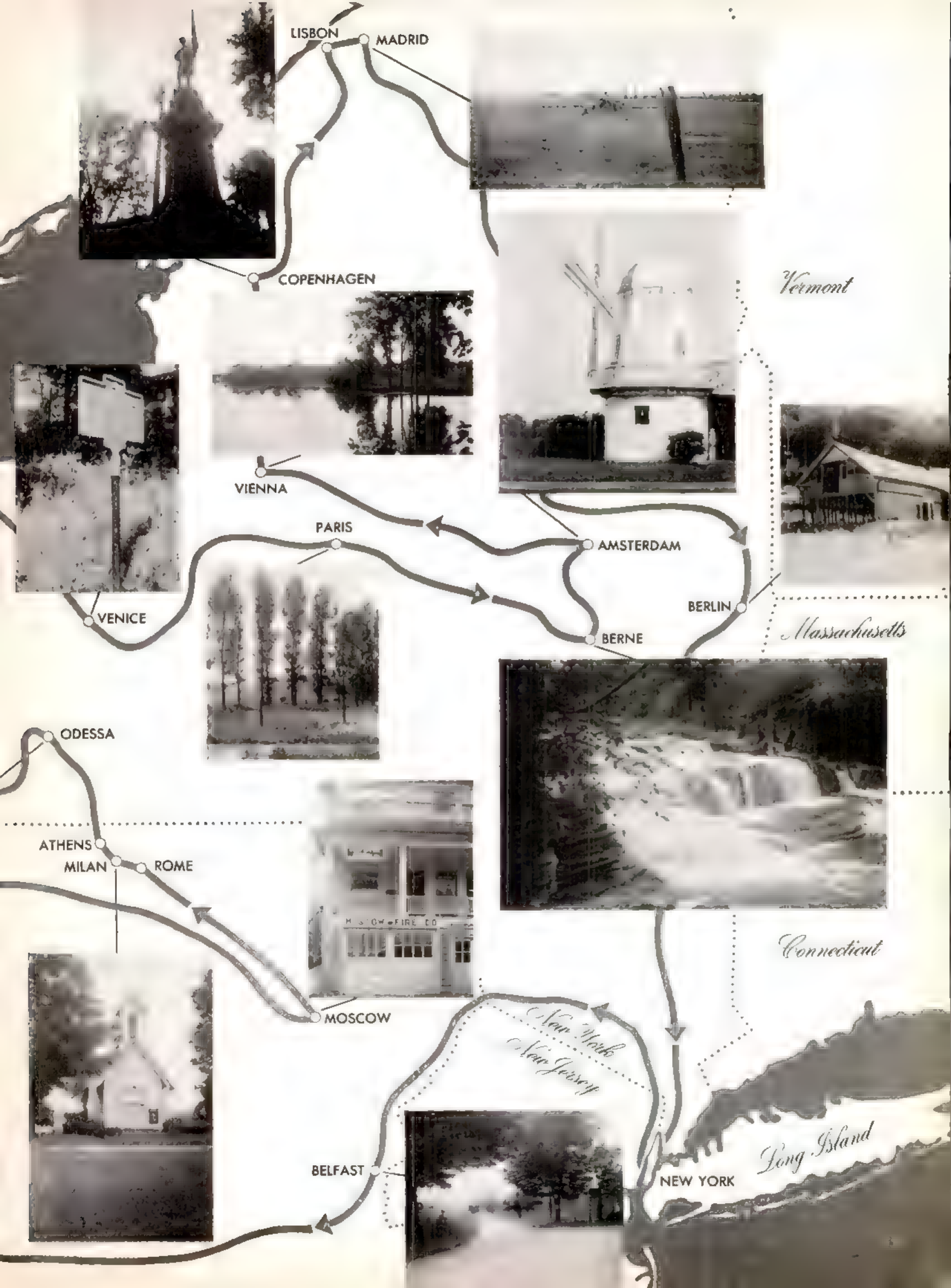
... TOURIST VISITS EUROPE'S BIG CITIES WITHOUT LEAVING U.S.



TAYLORS AND DOG

The map and snapshots shown here trace the journey of a prankish Washington, D.C. autoist who simulated an extensive European tour without leaving the U.S. He is Clarence G. Taylor, an officer of the American Automobile Association, who took his wife and Chesapeake Bay retriever on a 10-day motor trip through New York and Pennsylvania. Early settlers and surveyors, admirers of European nomenclature, managed to pack those states with one of the greatest concentrations of "foreign" city names in America. Taylor tried hard to get pictures that would show some connection with each city's namesake. In Madrid, N.Y. he dug up a couple of spotted bulls. In Berlin, N.Y. he found one ruin—a tumble-down barn. Since Russia's Black Sea port, Odessa, was a wartime oil center, at Odessa, N.Y. Taylor stopped by a Texaco gas station with a red-star sign. Naples, N.Y. offered vineyards, but Milan, Pa. provided no cathedral and only a Methodist church. Venice, N.Y. had not a single canal. The photographic subject most typical of its European counterpart was the very Dutch-looking windmill he found near Amsterdam, N.Y. When it was over, Taylor, who has never been abroad, was happier than a tourist with a trunkful of souvenirs. Mrs. Taylor, who has frequently traveled in Europe, made no comment.





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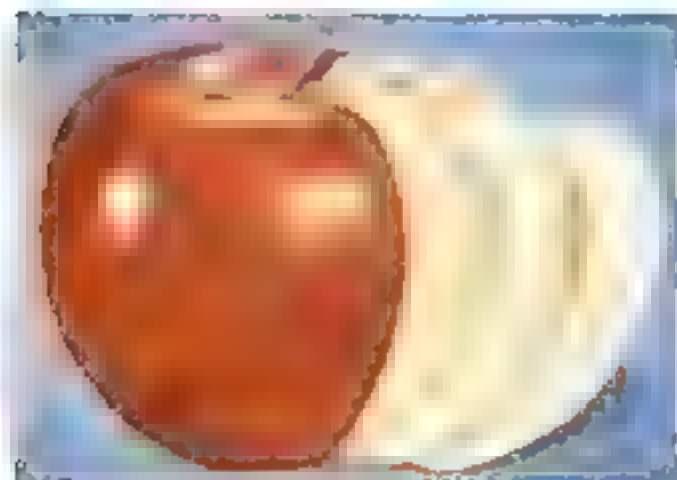
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WITH APPLE PYEQUICK

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LIFE'S COVER

New Yorker Joanne Connelley, who will be 19 next spring, is one of the prettiest of this year's crop of debutantes (pp. 54, 55). Only a year after she was romping in white blouse and green jumper at Miss Beard's School in Orange, New Jersey, Joanne is having a gay whirl at Manhattan cafe society haunts and at her friends' coming-out parties. At one of these she met Robert Sweeney, 37, who is a leading amateur golfer and London banker. They soon became engaged. With Sweeney, she confides, she would even enjoy "just a hamburger and a movie," but they have never yet tried the combination.

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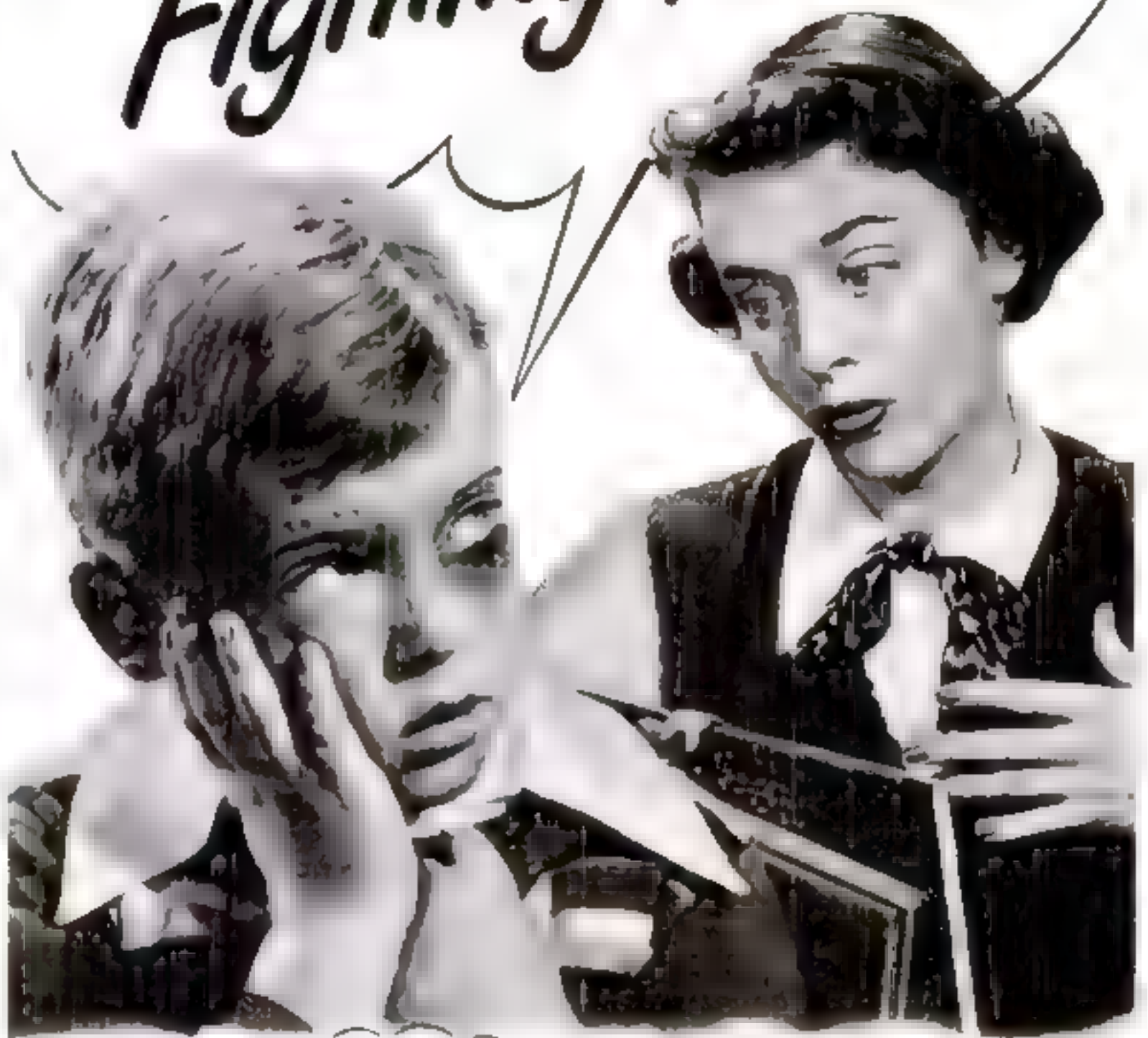
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You want Lovely FINE TEXTURE PERCALES?

Make sure they're Pepperell Percales - luxury sheets at a practical price! This real percale - next best thing to Pepperell Peercress - is woven 152 threads per square inch for exceptional smoothness, firm texture, light weight, and durability.

You want Exceptionally STURDY MUSLINS?

Pepperell Luxury Muslins are the very finest type of muslins you can buy. You'll love the delightful softness of their luxury finish. . . You'll also love their really rugged wearability, and a - *wait a minute!* An average of 145 threads per square inch gives you extra wear.

You want the most Finely Woven COMBED PERCALES?

These are Pepperell Peercress Percales. . . Only the finest have this "trousseau" texture of superfine-combed yarn, woven 204 threads per square inch. You pay more for Peercress than for ordinary percales - but we believe extra wear will give you this superb luxury at no extra cost!

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*Superfine All-Combed-Yarn Percales
Fine Texture Percales • Fine Luxury Muslins
Fine Utility Muslins*

With the Sheets You Want

*At the Prices You
Want to Pay!*

LOOK FOR THESE OUTSTANDING PEPPERELL VALUES
IN SMOOTH PERCALES, LOVELY MUSLINS

Wonderful, *wonderful* shopping news! Leading stores are featuring beautiful *Pepperell Sheets*! Smooth, lustrous, fine-textured percales—lovely soft muslins—in white and flattering “personality colors”—all such remarkable values you can’t fail to find *just* what you want. Yes, Pepperell makes *all of the four* standard types of sheets—to offer you really exceptional buys in both full-combed

and carded percales, luxury and utility muslins. Pepperell pays an extra price for selected quality cotton—bleaches gently to snowy whiteness—removes short, fuzzy fibers for extra-smooth texture—firmly weaves each inch for extra strength! Yes, you can always put your faith in Pepperell Sheets...because these are the beautiful sheets *with the tear touch in.*

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ALL IN WHITE...and FIVE FLATTERING “PERSONALITY COLORS!”



PEPPERELL SHEETS



More Happy Birthdays for You?

Most of us can now expect to live to a ripe old age. But do you know that the average American born in 1848 lived only about forty years? Today, our average life span is closer to the biblical "three score and ten" than ever before in our history—and going up!

Chances are, this means more years for you. But *more* years, unless they are good, happy years, are a doubtful blessing.

What kind of years will *your* extra years be? If you have the foresight to plan now with

The Prudential, they may well prove to be the best years of your life. For you can quit work and not be a burden on anyone, be free to travel, or just take it easy.

Secure and happy futures are the business of The Prudential. Why not let your Prudential representative help you plan yours?

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Enjoy the Prudential Family Hour of Stars—Sunday afternoons, CBS. And the Jack Berch Show—Every morning, Mondays through Fridays, NBC.

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BACK OVER THE LONELY ICECAP THE STRANDED MEN GLUMLY RETURN TO THEIR WRECKED PLANE AFTER ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE BY GLIDER HAS ENDED IN FAILURE

THE ICECAP SAGA HAS A HAPPY ENDING

The winds that sweep across Greenland in mid-winter cut like flying ice. The temperature reaches down to 40° below, and underfoot there is nothing but snow cover and ice that is sometimes packed 8,000 feet deep. The ice had been there many centuries before an Air Force C-47 sputtered weakly on Dec. 9 and plumped down on an icecap near the southwest coast.

Before the plane hit, the pilot radioed his base, code named Blue West One, that he was crash-

landing. Immediately rescue operations started (*next page*). But a B-17 and two glider attempts only added five more men to the stranded group.

Meanwhile the men lived in comparative comfort. Everything possible was dropped to them including plywood for building huts and a turkey dinner. But while they waited to be rescued, the affair became an interservice battle for publicity. The Navy jumped in, sending the carrier *Saipan* north (p. 21). The Air Force redoubled its efforts,

even using old Arctic hand Bernt Balchen. Finally, with the *Saipan* a day away, an Air Force ski- and JATO-equipped C-47 swooped onto the icecap and roared away with the stranded men.

Immediately the Air Force and the Navy made a show of thanking each other. But no one missed the fact that the Navy was disappointed, nor did the Air Force miss the opportunity to capitalize on its success by whisking the heroes right down to New York City for all the publicity possible.

RESCUE ATTEMPTS JUST ADD MORE WRECKS



FIRST PLANE down on icecap is nearly covered with snow when scouted by would-be rescuers. It is a C-47 which developed engine trouble and landed with crew of seven.



SECOND PLANE is a B-17 bomber which tried to land on ice to rescue the men. Left wheel hit an ice crevasse and engine was torn out, preventing plane from taking off again.



STRANDED GLIDER lies wrecked only a scant distance from pieces of plywood laid down on ice to assist its take-off. Towrope broke because glider wheels dug into the snow.



WHILE MEN AWAIT RESCUE this digout, half above and half below the ice surface, provides snug shelter. In this "fover" are stored a shovel and the precious alcohol.



drums which had been carried in the C-47 for de-icing purposes and now provide fuel for stoves. Living and sleeping quarters are on the other side of the doorway at center.

THESE RESCUE PLANES NEVER DID ARRIVE



GLIDER FLIGHT from field at Goose Bay, Labrador is photographed from nose of another plane. C-47 towing glider had to turn back from trip when weather closed in.



NAVY HELICOPTER practices takeoff from carrier *Sagami*, which was scheduled way when men were rescued. Helicopter a P-3C, Krivitz says, is with 100 rotors.



UNHAPPY SAILOR, called from holiday shore leave to help man the *Sagami* on rescue cruise, draws an ironic Christmas greeting in the snow blanketing a plane on flight deck.



IGLOO-TYPE HUT, made by digging down into ice and piling snow around sides, is covered by parachute supported in the center by ailerons torn from the wrecked C-17.



STOVE over which T/Sgt Louis A. Lane is here cooking coffee in his hut is made from a bloxtorch. Lane was acknowledged the most resourceful of all the marooned fliers.



MAKESHIFT LATRINE is hacked out of ice blocks and covered with parachute silk. Nicknamed the "privalon," it was connected to shacks by tunnel dug through the snow.



SUPPLIES which have been dropped to the men are gathered together near the tail of wrecked plane. Man at right waves a shovel, one of most useful of all the supplies.



INTERIOR OF PLANE is converted into a warehouse for supplies, with curtain of parachute net at far end to protect from wind. Before igloo was built men slept here.



LAUNCHING STAND for a glider rescue attempt is erected on ice. Hook on rescue plane was supposed to catch rope, thus forming towline which would pull glider into air.



JUST BEFORE RESCUE nine of the stranded men pose in front of wrecked C-47. From left are back row, Capt. Edwin W. Thompson, Warrant Officer Percy Holcomb, Lieuts. Robert McDonald, James Prevost and Alred Hedvall; bottom row, Sgt. Francis Duffy, Lieut. Howard Halstead, Sgt. Francis Sommers and Capt. Walter F. Speakman.

BACK IN CIVILIZATION part of the rescue group talks to radio hookup (*below*). From left are Sgt. Sommers, Lieut. Charles H. Blackwell, Lieut. Col. Paul G. Beaudry (who piloted the JATO-equipped C-47 rescue plane), Lieut. Charles L. Ferguson, Lieut. McDonald, Lieut. Hedvall, Sgt. Duffy, Lieut. James E. Bjerke and Lieut. Halstead.



FOREIGN POLICY

IT CAN BE HURT BY HIDDEN INFLUENCES MORE THAN BY STOLEN SECRETS

As the House Un-American Activities Committee of the 80th Congress issued its report and prepared to close its accounts last week, the U.S. public was still excitedly mulling over the evidence of Soviet espionage that had sprung from a Maryland pumpkin. The whole complicated story blended fascination, horror and swift, relentless pace as in a good Alfred Hitchcock movie thriller. But amid all the hallooing about the whodunit and the who-knew-about-it aspects of espionage, U.S. citizens were in danger of overlooking a more sinister thing. Aid to foreign spies is bad enough, but far greater diplomatic and even military damage from Soviet penetration of our State Department could arise out of deliberate inside manipulation of our foreign policy in a direction counter to U.S. interests—that is, from what might be called “seditiously motivated influence.”

Something New and Strange

To deal with the problem of “seditiously motivated influence” we must be clear in our minds about two things. The first is the nature of foreign policy, including the way it is inevitably made. The second is the nature of Soviet Communism as it operates internationally. Foreign policy is, of course, based on a calculated balance of interests which include strategic factors, economic factors and spiritual and cultural traditions. But the second thing, the activity of Soviet Communism in the international sphere, is something new and strange to our experience. We have not yet digested the meaning of its machinations as they affect our decisions.

In the making of a foreign policy it is in the nature of things for us to exalt some nations for friendship above others. But there may be perfectly legitimate differences of opinion as to where the balance of U.S. interest lies and just who our friends should be. One hundred and fifty years ago John Adams was pro-English and Thomas Jefferson was pro-French, but their respective choices of a foreign favorite were based on considerations of what was good for America, not on what was good for England or France. The slogan of “America First” would be applicable here had not Hitler corrupted its connotations by manipulating U.S. peace sentiment to non-American ends. But the corruption of a slogan does not mean that there is a virtue in putting America second or third or last. Moreover if one is going to be pro-Patagonian, to pick a hypothetical example, it should certainly not be on a “Patagonia first” basis. The only legitimate excuse for being pro-Patagonian at all is for reasons that would benefit the U.S. position (moral and spiritual as well as strategic) in a world that is unfortunately not yet unified by U.N.

Conceivably one could be for a pro-Soviet orientation of U.S. foreign policy for pro-American reasons. But anybody who is pro-Russian on an acceptable “America first—Russia second” basis owes it to himself to be aware of the special intensity of “Russia first” influences that seek to play upon and warp his judgment. All nations have certain “universalist” aspirations if they believe profoundly in their own philosophies. But the difference between the Soviet Union and other nations is that Russia is out to clamp its ideology on the rest of the world willy-nilly. The Soviet has used every

vile and violent method it can think of to further its international ambition. In its dealings with Americans, Russia sometimes makes use of American idealism, but it does so out of calculated cynicism. The only way that Hitler could hope to soften up the U.S. was to play on the deep-seated American desire for peace. The Russians make similar use of our peace sentiments, but in addition to this they take advantage of our instincts for tolerance, our desires for social reform, even our very language of Jeffersonian liberalism. The Russians “dissolve” their Communist International, or Comintern, to lull us off to sleep, but the academic nature of the “dissolution” becomes apparent when a Cominform replaces it. “Never give a bourgeois an even break,” as a Soviet P.T. Barnum might say.

Some American extremists hate Russia so virulently that they would, perhaps unwittingly, hurt America to get their emotion expressed. They see absolutely no good in the Soviet Union, not even in the aching hearts of her oppressed millions. These millions eventually can be our secret weapon against Stalin’s plans for violent aggrandizement, and we will blunt that weapon if our policy leaves out brotherly feelings toward the peoples of the Soviet Union, Stalin’s prime victims. But for every extremist who hates Russia to the point of hurting America, there are scores of Americans whose feelings toward the Soviet are such that they want to serve Moscow even at the expense of the U.S.

The “Russia Firsters”

They are not necessarily Russians by birth or descent, either, as their names (Thompson, Foster, Crosbie, Minor) often show. These people have served the Kremlin and its “international” creature, the Cominform, without cavil. They are supported directly or indirectly by the thousands of fellow travelers who do not belong to the Communist party—except body and soul. Some of the noncardholding Communist fringe characters believe sincerely and stupidly that the U.S. is a fascist, war-mongering, imperialist nation and that Russia is the world’s sole democratic and pacific power. Others just like the applause they can get on the fellow traveler circuit. The fringe would be harmless if it were not for the fact that many of its members achieved positions of influence in government, in trade unions and in social organizations during the late ‘30s and throughout the war. When Russia was “our gallant ally” they did no immediate harm; indeed, many of them were good technicians and indefatigable work horses. But when Stalin passed over from the defensive to an offensive against everybody, his former allies included, the “Russia firsters” and their innocent or stupid dupes were in a position to hurt U.S. foreign policy.

Although the whole literature of Stalinism, with its long-term deadly animosity toward capitalists and European Social Democrats alike, was there to read during the period of both the Popular Front and the wartime honeymoons, only a few bright government officials like George Kennan of the U.S. State Department bothered to understand it. Others, taking their cue from top policy makers, rushed to give “good old Joe” everything he wanted

without return commitments. During the period when we were losing our shirts at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam the fellow travelers sat at many a little State Department desk labeled with the name of this or that country or region. They helped blundering statesmen to establish the Russians on the line of the Elbe and to plow under many a proved friend of the U.S., beginning with Yugoslavia’s Mihailovich and ending (next week, next month?) with China’s Chiang Kai-shek. The Soviet stooges influenced and committed the American people and made and unmade foreign policy by their works of omission and commission. They got jobs, promotions, favorable publicity, White House dinner invitations and trips to Yalta and San Francisco at public expense. All they had to do was to wear striped pants and push U.S. cookies down Stalin’s maw.

Benefit of the Doubt

Many good Americans, from Roosevelt on down, thought the Russians would be bound by exhaustion to work for the “great design” of a peaceful world after the war was over. For a year after V-E Day Stalin got the benefit of every doubt. It was during this period that Russian agents, working in every eastern European country from Poland to Bulgaria, erected the strong oaken scaffolding which was soon to support the Iron Curtain.

The period of naivety came to an end when Secretary of State Byrnes finally woke up to the fact that the Russians could not be bound by the sort of promise that all U.S. politicians instinctively honor. There followed the tougher, self-respectful Byrnes-Vandenberg and Marshall Plan bipartisan policies for Europe, although we still refused to see what the Communists were doing in China.

Because of the hidden Communist fingers in our foreign policy we lost more in 1946 than we have managed to retrieve in all the subsequent years of diplomatic struggle. Our post-1946 European policies have finally brought us some measure of success: Western Europe is slowly recovering, the Russians have not been able to drive us out of Berlin. There remains the problem of finally achieving a peace without falling into the old 1946 trap of appeasement all over again. Are we in danger of slipping back into the 1946 mood, of allowing such hidden appeasement influences as may linger in the crevices of Washington to deal in lethal influence once again? The question, one hopes, is rhetorical—although, as Jay Franklin’s article in *Life* this week (pp. 28, 29) indicates, the possibility of a relapse should not be too blithely discounted.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

The shaggy creature shown sitting bolt upright at the piano is a dog named Mona. She is a 3-year-old female Afghan hound whose long body and wide hip bones, both characteristic of the breed, help her to hold this position. This is not Mona’s only accomplishment. Her owner, Mrs. Rodney Altman of South Norwalk, Conn., also bills her as able to talk, and in fact Mona can, when urged, produce moaning sounds which Mrs. Altman’s educated ear interprets as the story of Little Red Riding Hood.



FROM THE BOXING AFGHAN LUG UP, 1901-1902
AND THE BOXING AFGHAN LUG UP, 1901-1902

THE ROCKY ROAD TO NEPAL

U.S. minister travels four days, pays official call

After the U.S. appointed an ambassador to independent India in 1947, it gave him the extra job of being minister plenipotentiary to Nepal, an independent kingdom on India's northeastern border. This added title, it turned out, carried with it the most arduous travel facing any American diplomat: to present diplomatic credentials to the Maharajadhiraja (king) of Nepal, the ambassador must leave New Delhi and travel four days, by plane, train, automobile, sedan



LEAVING NEW DELHI, Ambassador Loy Henderson boards the embassy's plane for first part of 750-mile trip.



CHANGE TO TRAIN at Lucknow, India, gives envoy chance to stretch before proceeding by narrow-gauge rail.



SECOND TRANSFER at the Nepal border is accomplished with the help of baggage coolies, who use head to



MOUNTAIN HIKE takes Henderson (third from left) 18 miles closer to goal on fourth day of trip, after 42-mile

automobile ride advancing him from rail's end to foot of mountains. Coolies carry baggage, and also men (right).



EXHAUSTED ENVOY Henderson, with one mountain range behind him, catches a noontime nap on some hay



MINISTER greets premier at the legation maintained by U.S. at Katmandu, leads him across 'welcome' mat



NEPAL'S KING receives Henderson and accepts the credentials showing him to be minister plenipotentiary.



ATTACHES (right), fitted out with bright gold braid, tail coats for the occasion, are presented by Henderson

chair and on foot, into mountain-ringed country which is almost unknown by foreigners except the few who have the prime minister's permission to come in.

As 1948 drew to a close, Ambassador Loy Henderson left New Delhi for Nepal. The pictures below record his venture. Henderson also presented a Legion of Merit medal to Nepal's prime minister and army commander for services during the war against Japan when Nepalese Gurkha troops were based in India.

But strict Hindu tradition still forbade Nepal's rulers to dine with the visitors.

The Nepal government seems anxious to establish trade relationships with the U.S. if it can find dollars, but the outlook is dim. Export of jute, drugs and musk is being attempted, but one valuable export—opium—has no open U.S. market. If trade were established, even machinery would have to move on coolies' backs over the mountain trail that the minister plenipotentiary negotiated.



carry luggage from Indian narrow gauge railroad to Nepalese government track slightly different gauge line nearby.



WAY STATION is crowded by Nepalese (background) who watch as a journalist (right) interviews Henderson.



WHISTLE STOP along way produces surprise serenade by Nepalese flute player tootling an old Gurkha mazurka.



before starting up hill again. There are two ranges between end of highway and Nepal's capital, Katmandu.



NEAR TRAIL'S END custom requires that the traveler drop coin into brass water pot. Henderson complies.



STATELY FINALE to the long trek comes as Henderson drives up to Singha Durbar Hall in a royal carriage.



to the king of Nepal, Maharajadhiraja Tribhuvan Bir Bikram Jung Bahadur Shah Bahadur Shumshere Jung.



GILDED DAIS provides a place to talk as bareheaded minister and bejeweled prime minister swap thoughts.



HOME AGAIN in New Delhi, the travel-worn minister gets a wifely kiss while an attaché's wife (front) waits.



AT KANSAS CITY LUNCHEON PRESIDENT SITS WITH EX-BUSINESS PARTNER



PRESIDENT AND EDDIE JACOBSON ARE AMUSED BY THE HEAD TABLE CONVERSATION

HARRY TRUMAN'S FOREIGN POLICY

One group of his advisers maintains that President plans to switch to a "soft" policy toward the Russians

by JAY FRANKLIN

The most mystifying news last week was President Truman's offhand comment, at a lunch in Kansas City, that some of Russia's leaders are eager for an understanding with the U.S. The remark touched off a wave of speculation as to what the President meant and what was the policy of his administration toward Russia. In view of this worldwide interest and bafflement LIFE publishes this interpretation by Jay Franklin as an item of major news.

Mr. Franklin is a newspaper columnist who was a speechwriter for President Truman in the campaign and has had, in his own words, "many private conversations" with the President. His startling thesis is that Mr. Truman has never believed in the cur-

rent "hard" foreign policy, has consistently felt an agreement can be reached with Russia and now intends to rely on a "soft" policy to reach the agreement. Is Mr. Franklin correct in his interpretation of President Truman's postelection approach to foreign policy? Presidential Counsel Clark Clifford, for one, takes an opposite view. However it seems clear that Mr. Franklin reflects the views of others close to the President such as David Niles, Oscar Ewing and Senator Claude Pepper.

Mr. Franklin makes serious charges against Secretary of Defense Forrestal and Under Secretary of State Lovett and gravely reflects upon the motives and merits of U.S. foreign policy as applied by Sec-

retary of State Marshall. That such charges should be made by an author who considers himself entitled to identify himself and his views and charges with the President of the U.S. is a matter of legitimate interest to LIFE's readers. However in opening its columns to these views LIFE declares its own conviction that Messrs. Forrestal and Lovett are able and honorable public servants. LIFE also strongly dissents from Mr. Franklin's reflections upon the U.S. foreign policy of the past two years. Finally, LIFE dissents from the fundamental premise—that "settlement" with Russia is prevented by "ominous vested interests" rather than (as LIFE believes) by a basic conflict between democracy and Communism.

THOLSANDS upon thousands of words have been written about the bipartisan foreign policy which has been in control at Washington since 1945. Little if any attention has been paid to the foreign policy of Harry Truman. Since Nov. 2, however, there is every reason to expect that the future foreign policy of the U.S. will not be that of Marshall, Forrestal, Byrnes and Vandenberg, but will be the policy of President Truman.

The time has come to examine the approach to world affairs which Harry Truman personally believes in but which heretofore has been buried under the avalanche of incredible pressures on the White House.

"I would rather have peace than be President!" Harry Truman said in the course of his 1948 campaign—and he said it again and again and again.

Since his election he has kept on saying the same thing, a rather startling novelty to those political observers who know that peace is popular with the people and thought that the President was merely twisting the dove's tail feathers to get votes.

Just last week in his now famous off-the-cuff remarks at the Eddie Jacobson testimonial luncheon in Kansas City, Harry Truman did it again. This time he seems to be in a position to make it stick with the State Department. He said in effect, "If you don't like this olive branch you know what you can do with it."

At the Jacobson luncheon two days after Christmas the President startled newsmen and caused diplomatic goose-pimples in the State Department by suggesting that it might be possible to come to an understanding with the Soviet Union.

"There are certain leaders in the government of that country who are exceedingly anxious to have an understanding with us," said this high-placed heretic. "I'll spend my time in the next four years [trying] to reach an understanding on a basis that peace is possible with all nations. I know it can be done. The welfare of the people is the first issue."

With the casual and misleading air of Foxy Grandpa touching off a giant firecracker under his unruly nephews, Mr. Truman thus opened yet another phase in his long struggle against the organized pressures which threaten to

create an American vested interest in world unrest and which have won practically every skirmish with the President up to now.

The struggle began with the salutary incident in 1946 when Secretary of State Jimmy Byrnes persuaded Mr. Truman to dismiss Henry Wallace from the Cabinet and give 100% support to the bipartisan foreign policy. It was hinted in the President's cryptic remarks about Stalin ("I like old Joe") being a prisoner of the Politburo. (The President has also likened the White House to a prison.) During the campaign Mr. Truman planned to send Chief Justice Fred Vinson to Moscow to explore on a high level the possible moral basis for a reconciliation of the East and West.

This Vinson proposal was vetoed at the last moment by Secretary of State Marshall, who had not been consulted and who, the President believed, would not object to the chief executive's exercising his constitutional power to conduct our foreign relations. But the Truman attitude was echoed and re-echoed in various campaign speeches, including the President's peace talk to the American Legion convention at Miami, his address on atomic energy at Milwaukee and his final discussion of foreign policy at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Oct. 29. As a matter of fact Mr. Truman said nothing to Eddie Jacobson that he had not said both publicly and in private talks with White House visitors.

It takes two to make a peace

IN the immediate ancestry of this statement was, by accident, a newspaper column which I had written for release on Nov. 29 on coming changes in American foreign policy. The State Department objected to freedom of speech for a man who had helped in the Truman miracle campaign and put the heat on the White House after the column had appeared in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. The method adopted was the old familiar one of quoting with distinguished horror my statement that "by deciding . . . that a third world war can be avoided, the American people have dynamited the foundations of the whole Byrnes-Marshall-Forrestal program and have legislated changes in it." Journalists



WHILE DRINKING HIS MILK TRUMAN THINKS ABOUT SPEECH HE IS ABOUT TO MAKE



HE PREPARES TO RISE AND MAKE HIS CONTROVERSIAL COMMENT ON RUSSIA

who follow the State Department line were careful to omit quotation of my qualifying phrase, "however wisely only the future can tell" and they raised the old yammer of "appeasement."

They also completely overlooked the column's warning. I had also written: "Will the Politburo and the Stalin dictatorship recognize the shift or will they conclude that their own 'get-tough-with-America' policy is winning? It takes two to make a peace but only one to make a war, and it is still possible for the Soviet leadership to misunderstand the American point and insist on the catastrophe."

"If this should happen after the American people have decreed a halt of our own 'get-tough' policy, Russia would face a united and angry American public opinion. For that reason, even the docile bureaucrats who serve the Communist party and the regime in Russia may make way for the facts and accept peace."

These conclusions flowed from the President's own campaign statements and from my private conversations with him. They repeated what he had said or clearly implied, except that they were expressed more vigorously than he could since I hold no official position.

The duel nears a climax

THE State Department tried the old one-two-three on the President. It is now known that State Department officials got Senator Vandenberg to join with them and it is a matter of record that they tried to use the column to force Mr. Truman to disavow himself on Dec. 2 at his first Washington press conference after the election. But neither directly nor indirectly did the President indicate that he disagreed with the views expressed in the column. A question about the column had been planted with Merriman Smith of the United Press. What is interesting is that the President did not disavow the view that peace is possible and simply brushed Smith off with a remark that mine was "a typical columnist's comment." This had to content the State Department bipartisan pressure group. Now the President is applying a little pressure of his own. The long duel between the Pentagon and the White House for control of American foreign policy is approaching a fresh climax, and the Eddie Jacobson incident reflects the policy discussions now agitating the Truman Cabinet.

It is in the Cabinet that the President has been facing his greatest pressure, for it is there that he confronts the two wings of the ominous vested interest in the continuation of bad relations between America and Russia: the munitions interests and the Arabian oil interests. It is interesting to note in this regard that his Secretary of Defense, Jim Forrestal, and his Under Secretary of State, Bob Lovett, were both investment bankers in private life and it is a well-known fact that the investment banking industry has loaned huge sums to munitions makers and the oil industry.

On the clearly indicated need for an alert, ample and modern national defense, the munitions industries and the Pentagon have erected a skyscraping superstructure. Here the issue is the old matter of the power of the purse—shall the civilians or the Army control appropriations? In this fight the President is helped by the Bureau of the Budget—a large and competent group of experts, headed by the suave and able Jimmy Webb, directly under the White House.

The battle is over the \$15 billion ceiling on defense appropriations for the next fiscal year. Many military men are reluctant to believe that the age of fairy gold has come to an end and want about \$25 billion. They have lost this battle on the Cabinet level and are prepared to take the fight to Congress and the newspapers. After all, the difference between \$15 billion and \$25 billion is exactly \$10 billion—and that is a lot of money.

Arabian oil—those billions of barrels of petroleum underneath the extensive deserts of the Near East—exerts a tidal pull on our foreign policy that has made the State Department seem at times the spearhead for the oil industry. Here it is not so much General Marshall as it is Under Secretary Lovett who reflects

the gigantic financial interest and strategic preoccupation of the undeveloped oil lands of the Near East.

At times during the campaign it even seemed to some of the President's advisers that the State Department was actively working for the Republican candidate. As one of Truman's passionately anonymous assistants remarked, anonymously but most passionately, "Every time we feel as though our feet are being eaten away by rats, we look down and there's a diplomat!"

It was Palestine that served as President Truman's best defense against this diplomatic task force, with Clark Clifford absorbing the heat. The Arabs had the oil and the President had to consider the political attitudes of American Jewry. By insisting on a solution in Palestine that would consider the welfare of the emergent state of Israel, Mr. Truman was able to keep Arabian oil from drowning our national principles and compromising our long-range strategic interests in a distant and almost undefensible neck of the woods, right in Russia's backyard. But with billions of dollars at stake and with the Soviet Union in the Near Eastern picture, pressing hard on Greece, Turkey and Iran, the struggle is not easy and it is still far from being finally decided.

Underlying all these matters of Cabinet pressure is the great and unmeasured political pressure of the new Democratic party and the 81st Congress. It is there that the issue will be decided—on Capitol Hill. The Democratic senators and representatives have gone to Washington with their individual mandates from the voters in their respective states and districts. In many cases their mandates were more emphatic than the President's. In Washington they must either serve or betray the interests of the middle-of-the-road voters who elected them along with President Truman. They must answer to the farmers, the industrial workers, the housewives, the veterans and the Negroes whose votes gave them and Truman control at Washington.

What were the promises?

THE President assumes that the people want action: a foreign policy for peace and progressive welfare legislation at home. By all the laws of popular sovereignty under representative government they are entitled to action subject to the principle of majority rule. The whole fate of the Truman administration and perhaps the fate of the world depends on the Democratic party's ability to deliver a reasonable facsimile of the measures proposed, promised and implied in the recent campaign.

Those promises include a new and informal approach to the central problem of peace with Russia. They also imply a new and determined approach to the domestic problem of the Wall Street "gluttons of privilege," including the investment bankers who with the high brass have managed our foreign policy for the last few years. Since the banks and the industries they control are the chief beneficiaries of an unlimited defense program and a "munitions economy" which gives the profits of wartime without the controls or the taxes of a "war economy," it seems clear that Mr. Truman did not speak without premeditation when he gave Eddie Jacobson the low-down on his search for peace and his belief that the Kremlin was not monolithic. Hence the post-Christmas heat wave at Washington.

Close friends of the President say that he takes a dim view of individuals and organizations that try to put the heat on the President of the U.S. and that he is apt to lash out at those who attempt to pressure him into doing something against the public interest. Since he has to make as many as 50 decisions a day, some of them of world importance, and since he knows that he is not infallible, it follows that he has made and will make mistakes.

It seems reasonably clear, however, that the American people will not regard it as a mistake if he drives the money-changers out of the temple or takes a little of the poison ivy from around the olive branch which he is determined to wave at his fellow prisoner in the domed and distant Kremlin.



WEARY GENERALISSIMO Chiang (*right*), a Methodist, and his old friend Wang Chung-hui sing hymns at Nanking's Victory Church at Sunday service.



GOOD HOST CHIANG manages a wry smile as he entertains American ECA Chief Paul Hoffman, who by that time was obviously convinced that the Nationalist defeat was likely.

CHIANG SOFTENS


Defeats by Communists inspire
a New Year offer to talk peace

New Year comes twice in China. As the Western new year began, China's Chiang Kai-shek offered to talk peace with the Communists—two months after promising "eight more years of war." He responded to pressure to resign by adding, "I am not concerned with my own position. . . ." In view of Communist victory—which reached the Yangtze below Nanking—few believed that the Reds would talk on Chiang's terms, which included safeguarding the "entity of the armed forces." But no-


body could doubt that Chiang was softening. He looked miserably tired as he sang hymns at Nanking (*above, left*). The atmosphere of defeat was heightened during the recent visit of ECA Administrator Paul Hoffman (*above, right*), who suspended ECA development projects in China and reluctantly concluded that Chiang's cause seemed nearly lost. China waited for Chiang to decide. His message on Jan. 1 was not the last word. China expected more by its own New Year, January 29.




SHANGHAI'S SOOCHOW CREEK IS FILLED FROM BANK TO BANK BY SAMPANS AND OTHER RIVER CRAFT SEEKING REFUGE FROM WAR ALONG THE YANGTZE RIVER



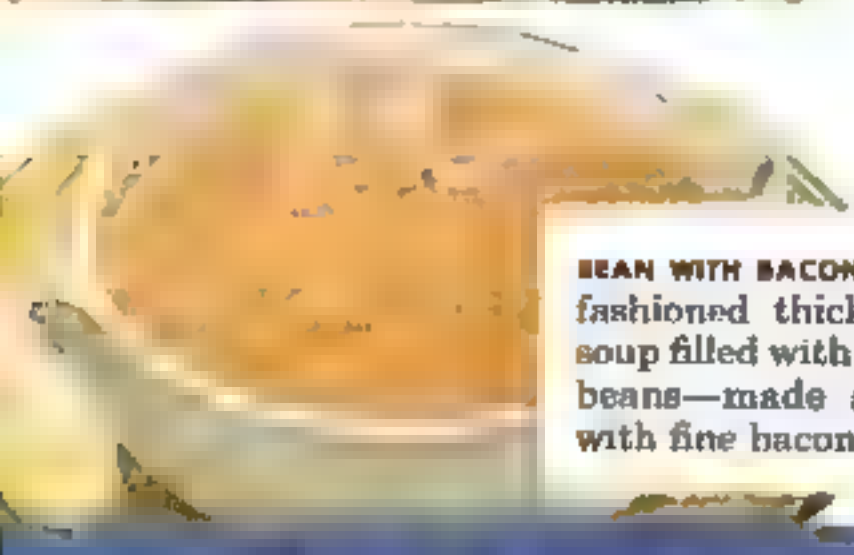
ASPARAGUS: A purée of fresh asparagus, blended with table butter. Garnished with tender asparagus cuts.




CHICKEN GUMBO: Okra, tomatoes, rice—pieces of chicken—savory seasoning—a fine chicken stock.



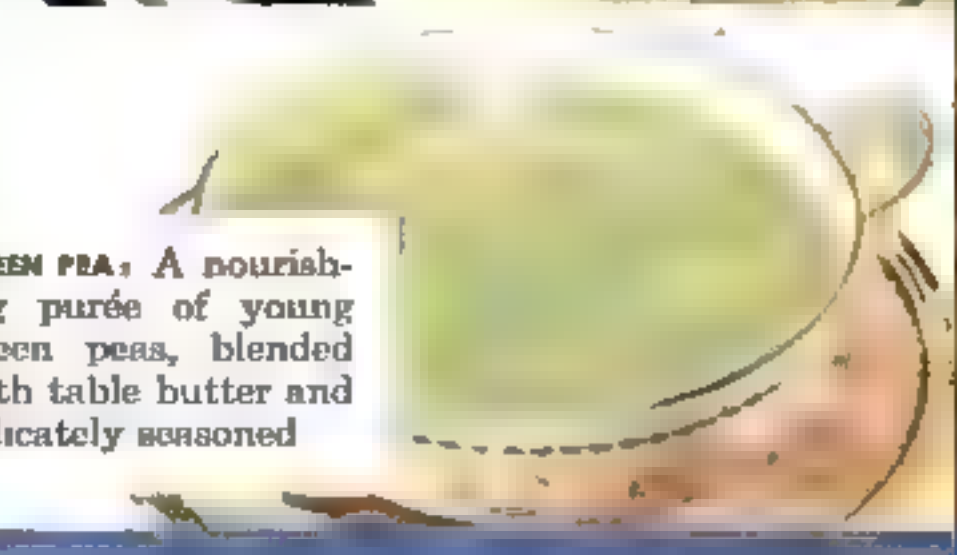
OX TAIL: Hearty English-style soup made of good beef stock, meaty ox tail joints, barley and vegetables.



BEAN WITH BACON: Old-fashioned thick bean soup filled with tender beans—made savory with fine bacon.



CHICKEN NOODLE: Rich chicken stock, with tender pieces of chicken and old-fashioned hearty egg noodles.



GREEN PEA: A nourishing purée of young green peas, blended with table butter and delicately seasoned.

"21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM"

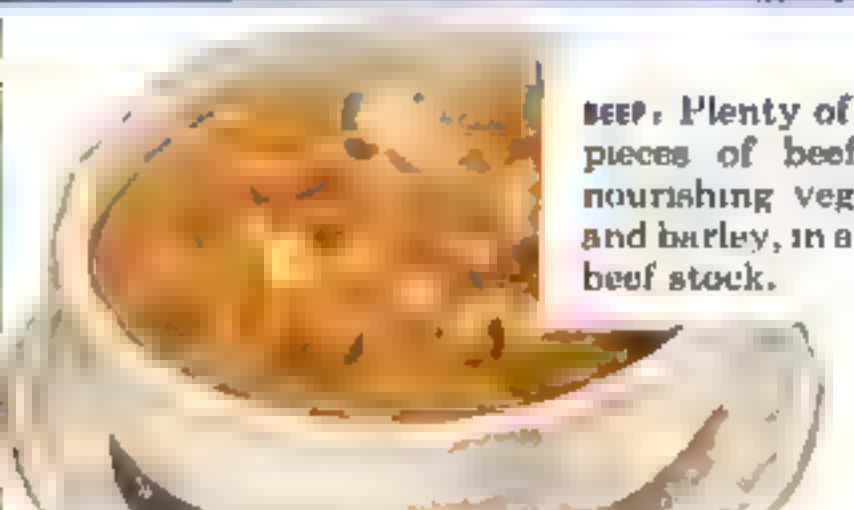
HOW MANY OF THESE FINE SOUPS DO YOU KNOW?

The next time you visit the grocer's, give an "extra look" at the Campbell's Soup Section. Go adventuring among the 21 Kinds. You will find them all delicious, all nourishing. All good value, too—something you'll specially appreciate these days!

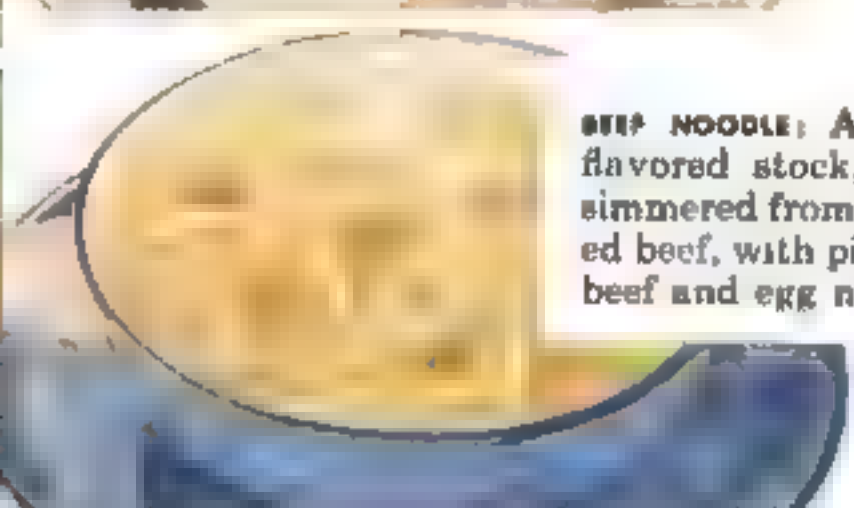


Campbell's SOUPS


LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



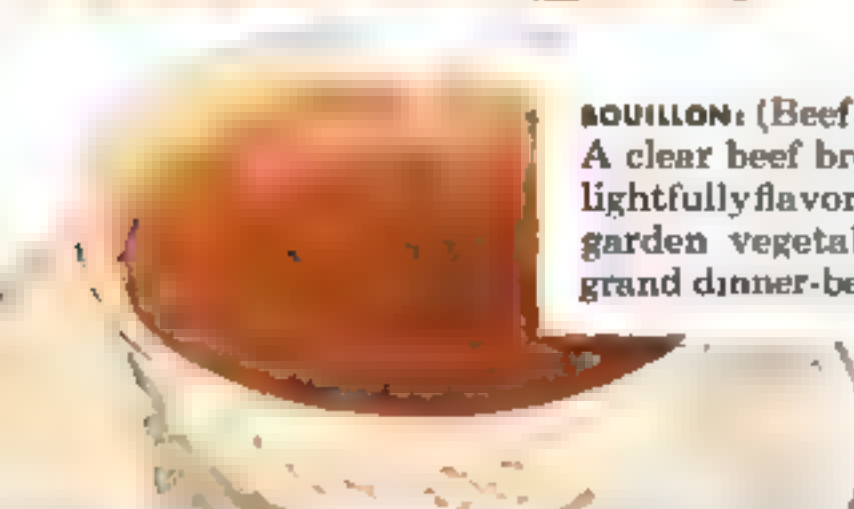
BEEF: Plenty of tender pieces of beef, with nourishing vegetables and barley, in a hearty beef stock.




BEEF NOODLE: A deep-flavored stock, slow-simmered from selected beef, with pieces of beef and egg noodles.




BLACK BEAN: Smooth purée made of fine black beans, seasoned to your taste. Nourishing and delicious.




BOUILLON: (Beef Broth) A clear beef broth delightfully flavored with garden vegetables—a grand dinner-beginner.



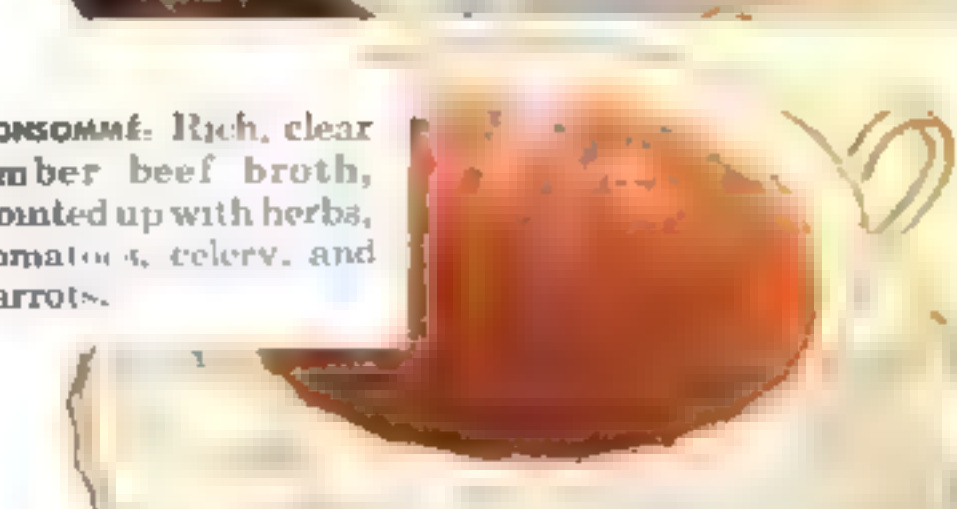
CHICKEN WITH RICE: Fine, plump chickens are simmered to give a chicken-rich broth—rice, pieces of chicken.




New! CREAM OF CHICKEN: Rich chicken stock, heavy sweet cream—with pieces of chicken and tender celery cuts.



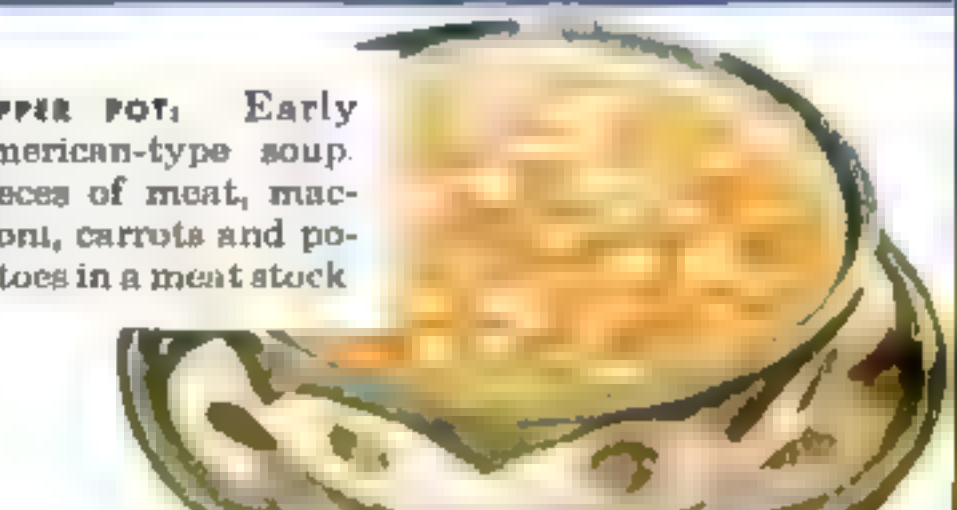
CLAM CHOWDER: Chopped clams, tomatoes, potatoes—and savory herbs, in deep-flavored tangy clam broth.



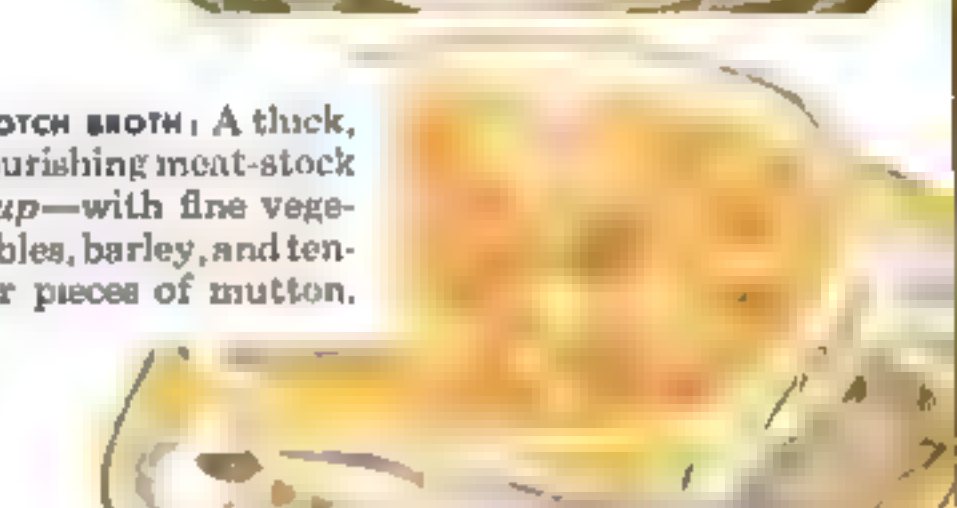
CONSOMME: Rich, clear amber beef broth, pointed up with herbs, tomatoes, celery, and carrots.



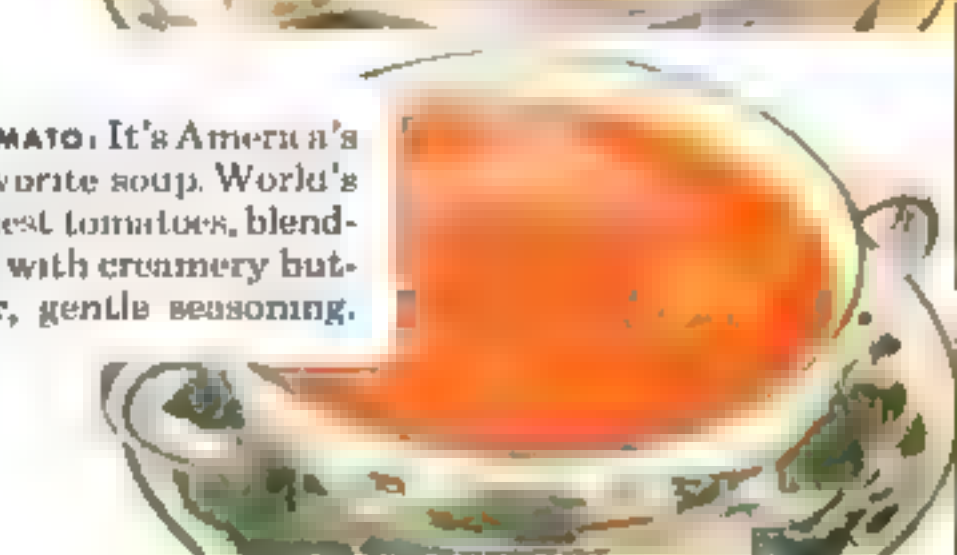
CREAM OF MUSHROOM: Cultivated mushrooms blended with extra-heavy whipping cream. Mushroom pieces.




PEPPER POT: Early American-type soup. Pieces of meat, macaroni, carrots and potatoes in a meat stock.



SCOTCH BROTH: A thick, nourishing meat-stock soup—with fine vegetables, barley, and tender pieces of mutton.




TOMATO: It's America's favorite soup. World's finest tomatoes, blended with creamery butter, gentle seasoning.



VEGETABLE: Fifteen different kinds of garden vegetables in a nourishing beef stock. It's hearty and homey.



VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE: Another fine vegetable soup, filled with tender vegetables. Made without beef stock.



VEGETABLE-BEEF: Garden vegetables, nourishing barley and tender pieces of beef—all in a hearty beef stock.



Hankering for a new vegetable?...

Try Birds Eye BEAN-O-TASH!

HERE'S THE tastiest way yet to serve those full-of-snap and full-of-flavor Birds Eye French Style Green Beans.

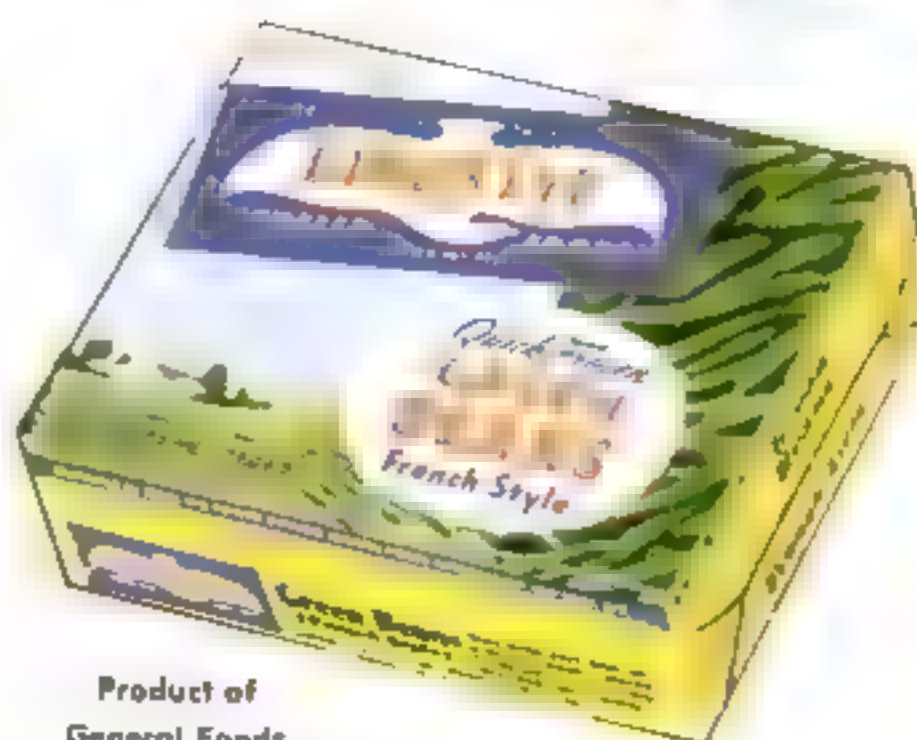
Pair 'em up with the world's sweetest, milkiest golden corn, Birds Eye Corn!

You never had vegetable-eating like it!

Those Birds Eye Green Beans are really *farm-fresh!* Picked in their tender youth, washed and cut with record speed. Then, all their country goodness is quick-frozen in *so fast*, you can practically taste the dew on 'em!

DO try Birds Eye *Bean-O-Tash* tonight! And try these two Birds Eye wonder vegetables "solo," too. They're work-free, waste-free! And you can depend on their luscious Birds Eye flavor to be *always* the same!

A word to the wise: Be sure to look for the "Birds Eye" trade-mark when you shop for your green beans and corn. It's your *guarantee* of the finest in quick-frozen foods.



RECIPE FOR BIRDS EYE BEAN-O-TASH!

(NO WORK! NO WASTE!)



1. Cook one package of *farm-fresh* Birds Eye Green Beans (French style or plain-cut) as directed on the package.



2. At the same time, cook one package of the sweet-and-milky Birds Eye Golden Sweet Corn as directed.



3. Combine beans and corn. Add butter and seasonings to taste.



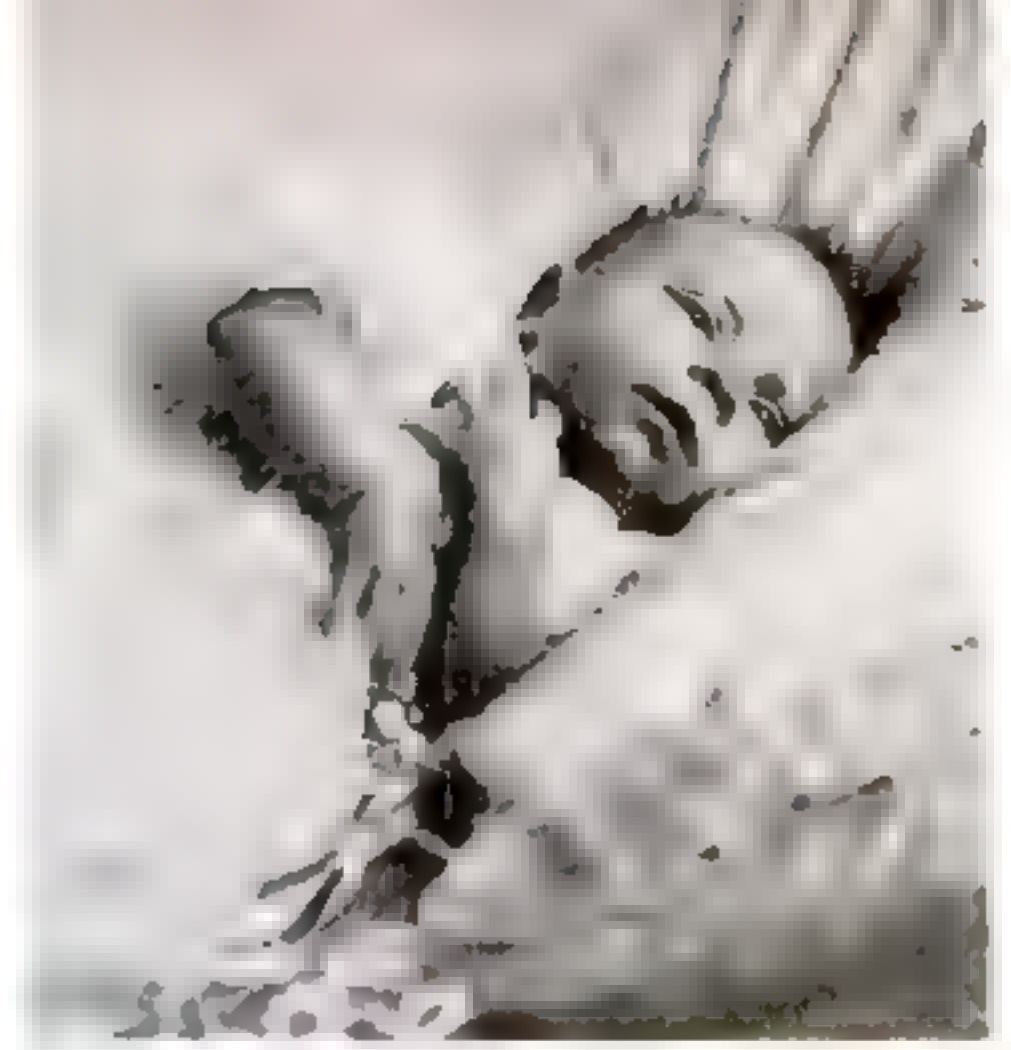
4. Enjoy the swellest vegetable dish that ever got chummy with a fine, plump Birds Eye Chicken—or a slice of ham—or *whatever* you're having!

THOSE WONDERFUL ROYAL BABIES

H.R.H. Prince Charles of Edinburgh "sits" for his first solo portrait

The absurdly thoughtful face below was front-page news throughout the world last week. Photographer Cecil Beaton, who took the picture, solemnly announced that his subject, who was 28 days old at the time, displayed acute interest, boredom, wistfulness and defiance. It was also disclosed that the young man in question, Prince Charles of Edin-

burgh, has blue eyes, "a little fair tuft of hair" and a wonderful disposition. Just to complete the royal flutter, a photographic agency dug out a picture of Prince Charles's mother, Princess Elizabeth, at about the same age and in a strikingly similar pose (right). She was said at the time to have bright blue eyes, "golden" hair and a wonderful disposition.



BABY ELIZABETH HAD BLUE EYES, GOLDEN HAIR



IN HIS LACY, CANOPIED CRIB AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE PRINCE CHARLES "KEPT SHOUTING AND GURGLING TO HIMSELF" WHILE HIS PICTURE WAS BEING TAKEN



IN ELIMINATIONS AT PASADENA'S BROOKSIDE PARK 138 CONTESTANTS FOR QUEEN ARE WINNOWNED DOWN TO 26, THEN TO SEVEN, FINALLY TO NO. 133, VIRGINIA BOWER.



PRIMPING FOR JUDGES, girls help each other out. To be eligible for the competition, girls must be students from Pasadena's two junior colleges and they must never have been married.

PASADENA CHOOSES ANNUAL ROSE QUEEN

Mailman's daughter wins famed beauty contest



DURING "PERSONALITY" INTERVIEW, a vital part of the pageant, Fritie Harrison is visibly nervous. Later she became one of the princesses.



THE SEVEN FINALISTS WILL CONSTITUTE THE ROYAL COURT (BELOW, RIGHT). THE CONTEST PROCEDURE HAS BEEN CARRIED ON LIKE THIS EVERY YEAR SINCE 1930

The most venerable institution in the now widely exploited U. S. beauty contest field is the annual selection in Pasadena, Calif. of the Queen of the Tournament of Roses. The competition, which dates back to 1905 and culminates on New Year's Day, is so strait-laced that when last year's queen announced her engagement on New Year's Eve, Pasadena was badly shaken. This year's winner of the almost vestal honor is Virginia Bower (right), the daughter of a government mail messenger. To win, strictly unengaged Virginia had to demonstrate her superiority over 137 rivals (above, left) in personality and intelligence as well as in beauty. On Jan. 1 her duties were to appear in a parade, preside over the ceremonies at the California-Northwestern Rose Bowl game and then promptly retire from her glories and go back to school.



JUDGES HUDDLE in the bleachers while the girls watch intently. An appointment to the judging committee is considered a high honor in Pasadena.



CROWNING OF THE QUEEN takes place Dec. 28 in Pasadena Civic Auditorium. Here the president of the Tournament Association places crown on Virginia's head as her court looks on.



LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

musical perfection for your home

You choose quality appearance, construction and performance when your piano is the genuine Lester Betsy Ross Spinet. Made by the same family for 61 years, this 88 note instrument is a masterpiece of musical excellence . . . an outstanding decorative asset for your home.

Magnificent tone, responsive touch and full volume inspire beginners and accomplished pianists . . . make playing a pleasurable experience for children and adults. Compactly sized . . . the Betsy Ross Spinet is available in both traditional and contemporary styles.

See . . . hear and play the newest models at your dealer who will gladly arrange convenient terms.

Guaranteed for ten years; made **ONLY** by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.

A BEAUTIFUL PIANO WITH A MAGNIFICENT TONE



sold by America's foremost piano dealers

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AFTER TOO MUCH SAKE AND PAINFUL BAT ON HEAD, IZUMIYAMA RESTS

SAKE IN THE DIET

Wine, woman make finance minister forget budget



MRS. YAMASHITA

The big building that houses Japan's Diet is unheated, so sometimes before an all-night session Diet members consume as much as 30 gallons of sake (pronounced sah-key) to keep warm. But Finance Minister Sanroku Izumiyama, at a dinner Dec. 13 before presenting his budget, was warmer than most. After patting the waitresses, he finally fixed his attentions on Opposition Diet Member Mrs. Haruye Yamashita (left). When she reminded him of the budget, he replied gallantly, "Who cares about the budget? I love you."

Mrs. Yamashita fled, pursued by Izumiyama, who tried to kiss her, clumsily bit her. Mrs. Yamashita gracefully countered with a right to the head, made her escape. By morning the scandal had rocked the entire cabinet and Izumiyama had revived himself enough to resign.



TRYING IN VAIN TO SOBER UP, IZUMIYAMA EMERGES FROM MEN'S ROOM



First Again with Tobacco Men!

More independent experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly
than the next 2 leading brands combined!

[Based on an impartial survey which reveals the smoking preference of
men who really know tobacco—expansionists, buyers and warehousemen.]

So, for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment,
smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke.

Remember

L.S./M.F.T.



Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco!

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

Hunt's Heavenly Peaches

at down-to-earth prices!



A real *bang for the buck* — that's what you get when you ask your grocer for Hunt's Heavenly Peaches!

Because these nellow beauties are *hand picked* for you...and then canned in *heavy* sugar syrup, to bring out their delicious flavor. Yet they —

Cost no more — usually less — than other peaches you've bought! So get Hunt's Heavenly Peaches for your money! Look for the Hunt red label.

Hunt-for the best



TIRED BUT \$3,500 RICHER, BETTING MAN J. SMITH FEREBEE SITS BESIDE A PILE OF EMPTY SHOTGUN SHELLS AFTER COMPLETING 101 ROUNDS OF NONSTOP SKEET

SKEET MARATHON

Chicago broker scores 2,121 hits
in 2,525 shots to win \$3,500 bet

The man shown here is J. Smith Ferebee, a Chicago insurance broker and sportsman given to impulsive bets in clubroom bars. Ferebee once won \$3,500 and built a plantation by shooting 144 holes of golf between dawn and dusk. That was nothing, however, compared to the shooting he did just before this picture was taken recently in Chicago. Ferebee boasted he could fire 100 rounds (2,500 shots) of skeet in 10 hours and break at least two thirds of the clay-pigeon targets. Nobody believed

him, and yet Ferebee had no doubts about the durability of a human's mind when subjected to the recoil of a shotgun. But now in his own street stall. Averaging one shot every six seconds, Ferebee actually completed 101 rounds in only 4 hours and 13 minutes and hit 2,121, or 84% of the 2,525 targets. He wore out two automatic guns and one scorekeeper, but after collecting \$3,500 in bets he was not too tired to sit back with the remains of \$200 worth of shells and a satisfied smile (above).

Quick! Change Dryskin Hands into
Sofskin' Hands



*The softest, youngest-looking
 hands that ever cuddled a kitten!*

The moment you smooth on Sofskin Creme...oh, what a beautiful difference! Instantly, this new 4-action cream starts softening, smoothing, beautifying. With its special penetrating formula, Sofskin works its creamy goodness *into* dry surface skin...doesn't just slick the top. Suddenly you have 'Sofskin' Hands...younger-looking all over! Use Sofskin Creme...*whenever, wherever* you want softer, smoother, lovelier skin!



More women than ever before use

Sofskin
 CREME

Softens dry-feeling hand-skin!
Smooths roughened surface skin!
Protects against soapy-water dryness!
Beautifies — hands look whiter, younger!



A jarful of
 'Sofskin' Hands!
 In beautiful
 black-and-gold
 jars at drug
 and cosmetic
 counters.

Sofskin—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Skeet Marathon CONTINUED



AT 6:49 A.M., eight minutes after official daylight, Ferebee fires his first shot against background of lights which are still blazing on Chicago's Outer Drive.



CHANGING STATIONS, Ferebee is followed by an assistant as he hurries to the next shooting post at Lincoln Park Gun Club. Course has eight stations



HOT SOUP is brought to Ferebee in cups as he hangs away in 84th round. He stopped three times—twice for soup and calisthenics, once to eat a candy bar.



AS THE SUN RISES off Lake Michigan, Ferebee has to shoot into the glare, but already he is considerably ahead of schedule. He did 30 rounds in first hour



and targets are thrown from small houses at left and right. Skeet was formerly called "round-the-clock shooting" since the marksman moves between shots.



AT 11:07 A.M., when empty shells litter the range, Ferebee fires final shot of 101st "good measure" round. He covered six miles around the concrete course.

FLOWERS and CANDY? HMMMM!



"What's wrong with flowers and candy for my own little wife?"

"Nothing, to be sure. But am I supposed to receive them in a forgiving or a festive mood?"

"Festive, my suspicious pet. We're celebrating tonight—celebrating my freedom from worry and your freedom from care. You are looking upon a man with Insured Income!"

"George, what have you been up to?"

"I'm trying to tell you. Today I fixed it up with Mutual Life so that no matter what may happen to me, you'll always have a regular monthly income—and if nothing happens to

me, we'll have money enough for a comfortable retirement later on. Thanks to Mutual Life's Insured Income planning, I can manage it without straining the budget at all. That, I maintain, is worth celebrating."

• • •

Insured Income planning is the sound, economical way of matching present budget with future need, to provide complete life insurance protection for your family and yourself. Insured Income is practical because it builds on what you already own: your savings, Social Security, pension rights and present life insurance.

Let the Mutual Life career Field Underwriter in your community explain how Insured Income can help you.

Insured  Income

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

34 NASSAU STREET

NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

—Your Social Security—WORTH \$3,000 OR \$13,000?—

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET — Learn the facts of Social Security . . . how it teams with your life insurance. If you live in the U. S., mail the coupon below. You'll also receive a handy filing envelope to keep official records you, or your wife, may need later to collect benefits without costly delay.

Yes, I would like your FREE Social Security Booklet—L-52.

NAME AGE

HOME ADDRESS

CITY COUNTY

STATE OCCUPATION



VETERANS KEEP YOUR "G.I." LIFE INSURANCE!



A GANG OF DESPERADOES LINES UP AT A BAR FOR A SLUG OF WHISKY AND PLOTS A BANK ROBBERY IN THE SINISTER FASHION APPROPRIATE TO WESTERNS

THE GREAT AMERICAN HORSE OPERA

A typical western, examined as an art form, becomes a changeless, stylized struggle between good and evil

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY JOHN FLOREA

In recent years the western or horse opera, known in the trade as the "oater," has come to be recognized as an art form just as formal as the ballet or the symphony. In essence it is the American morality play. To prove his contention that all this is so, LIFE Photographer John Florea took these unusual pictures during the shooting of *Yellow Sky*. This is a \$1,450,000 western with big-name stars (Gregory Peck, Anne Baxter, Richard Widmark) and technical talent from 20th Century-Fox's top drawer, but it is basically a typical oater. Florea decided to strip the film to essentials to show its simple elements. He eliminated the backgrounds and all but a few props. He lined the actors up against neutral backdrops and photographed them (using color to highlight the costumes although the movie itself is in black and white) as they appear at climactic moments. The result can be recognized by any moviegoer as a series of standard scenes that make up the changeless pattern of the western.

It is 40-odd years since the first movie cowboy drew his trusty six-shooter and laid low some child of iniquity out in the wide open spaces. Scholars

say the first cowboy star was "Broncho Billy" Anderson, who has long been forgotten along with the Indians and cattle rustlers he slew. But the world took that cowboy to its heart, and from that day on the same rough-hewn, horse-loving, eagle-eyed figure of a man (named Tom Mix, William S. Hart, Hoot Gibson or what have you) has been galloping and shooting over the same land. Nothing is ever omitted: neither the villain and his slinking cronies; nor the maid, always beautiful, usually in distress; nor the vague locale ("west of the Pecos," "under the Tonto Rim"); nor the shining moral—that the straight and honest path is the right one.

Hollywood was quick to learn that it had got hold of a good formula, and ever since the westerns have been carrying to the ends of the earth their image of American character and customs. There have been minor changes: guitar strumming came into fashion with Gene Autry, and a humane attitude toward Indians is now popular. But the essence of the western—rapid action, sharply defined characters, the triumph of straight-shooting justice—has never changed because the public did not want it to.

RAMSEYVILLE



HOURS
10:00 A.M.
4:00 P.M.

BANK ROBBERY led by Stretch (Gregory Peck) and Dude (Richard Widmark) gets *Yellow Sky* off to a fast start. All westerns abound with lawless ruffians, who by the end must reform or bite the dust.



RETRIBUTION begins to catch up with the bad men when Jed (Robert Adler, *left*), one of the robber band, is shot by a pursuing force of hard-riding cavalry and falls off his horse to die alone and unmourned in the desert wastes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT around a fire in the arid salt flats, the robbers face the gr in prospect of a long hot trek with only what water is left in their canteens. The clownish old man who filled his canteen with whisky and the youngster who drank his water too soon are foils to the strong silent men who never complain.



DYING OF THIRST, the men crawl into the ghost town of Yellow Sky and collapse near a wrecked saloon. A gun-toting girl (Anne Baxter) who is living in the town with her prospector grandfather looks them over mistrustfully and tells them where they can find water. The first meeting of lovers in westerns is always chilly.



PASSIONATE EMBRACE in the barn signifies the triumph of softer, more human sentiments in the hardened breast of the hero. From now on he and the girl will act together to protect her grandfather's share of the gold. Western heroes are notoriously shy at making love, and scenes like this are kept to a minimum.



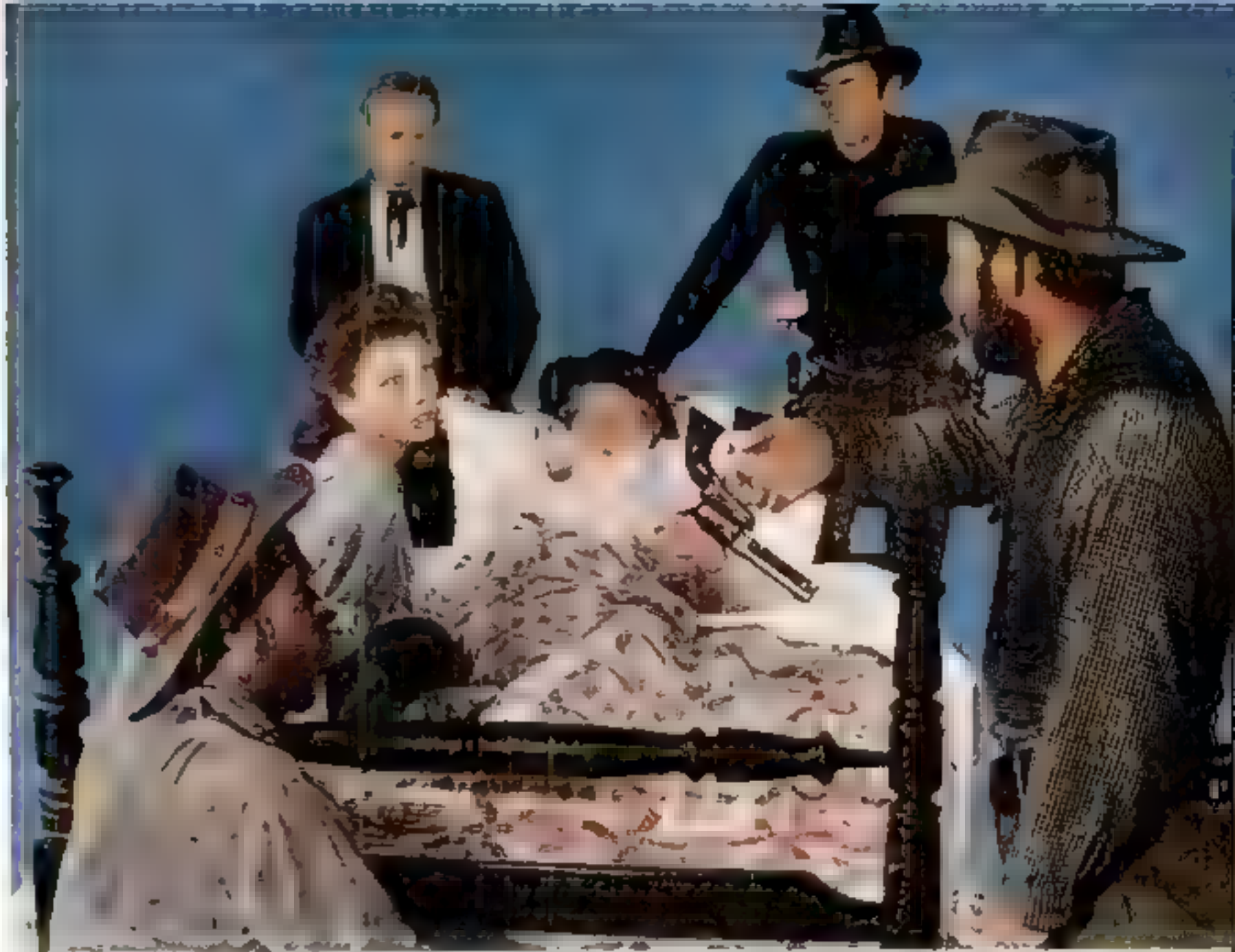
THE GRANDFATHER'S GOLD is discovered in the cave where he had concealed it. This is the signal for the division of the desperadoes into the two classes that populate all westerns—the good guys and the bad guys. Street's character, almost wholly reformed by now, wants to keep the agreement and leave the old



CRAZED WITH JOY, the bandits throw themselves down at the water hole and get their first good drink in many days. The girl and her grandfather want them to move on right away, but they stick around, and it does not take them long to find out that the old man has struck gold and has a treasure hidden somewhere nearby.



man half of the gold. But the others, led by the greedy Dude, insist on taking it all. They depose Stretch from leadership of the gang and from then on there can only be recourse to the classic method of settling disputes in that part of the country: gunplay. The zang of bullets will be continuous until the last villain is disposed of.



WOUNDED IN A GUNFIGHT, the old man agrees to tell where the gold is hidden when Stretch agrees to let him keep half. The girl hates Stretch at first (this is a must in westerns), but he is beginning to make an impression on her and she is beginning to have a beneficial effect on his somewhat surly temperament.



WOUNDED AND REPENTANT, two of the bandits come over to the good guys' side as Stretch shoots it out with the rest of the gang. Dude has meanwhile revealed the full and unrepentant villainy of his nature by trying to make off with all the old man's gold himself. The stage is set for a bullet-spattered climax.

"Yellow Sky" CONTINUED



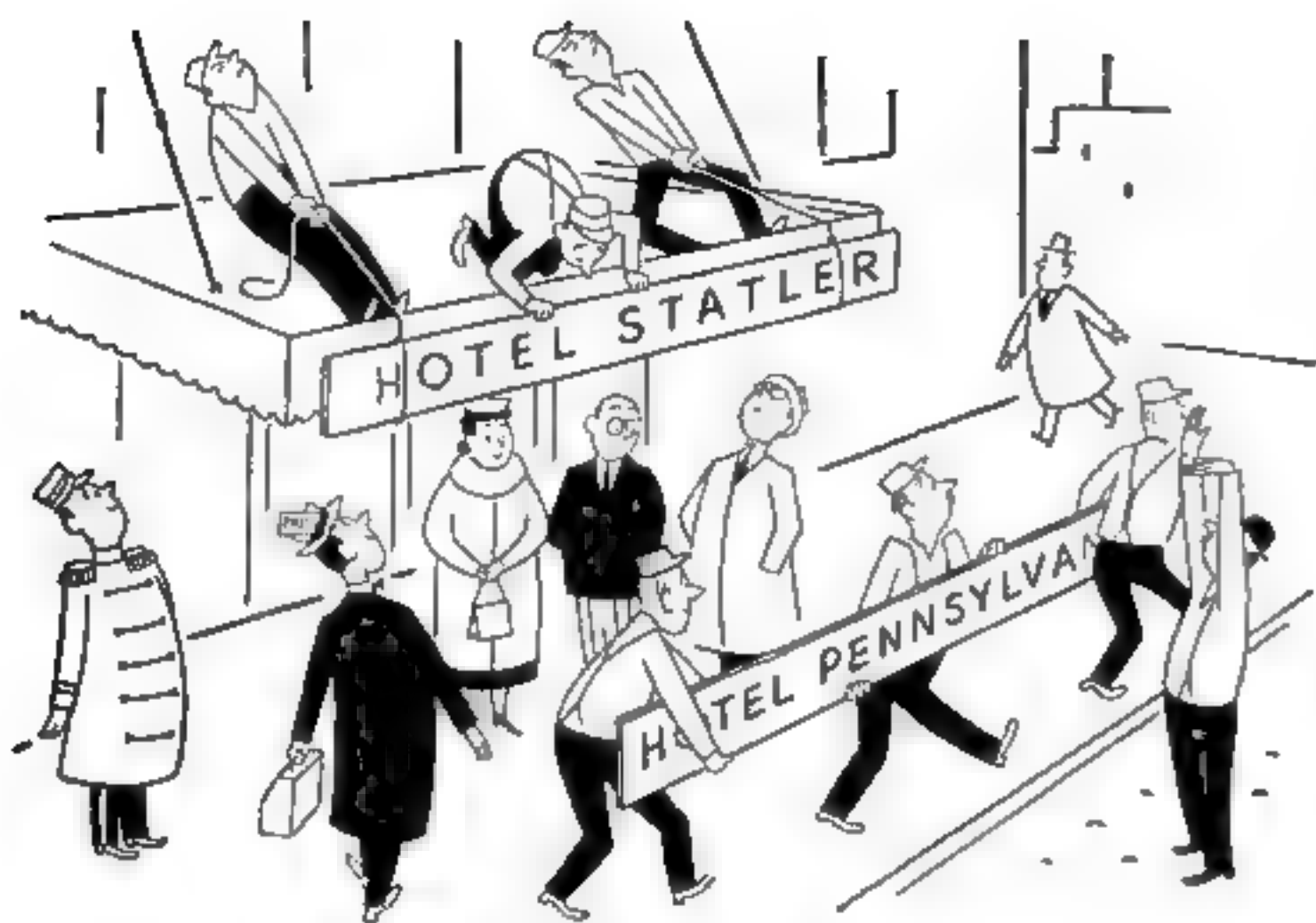
JUST DESERTS are received by the villain Dude in the form of a pistol bullet fired by the reformed Stretch in the wrecked saloon. Another ruffian lies dead

under a roulette wheel. Stretch is slightly wounded in this encounter, then decides to go completely straight and give back all the stolen money to the bank.



LOVE TRIUMPHS when Stretch returns to Yellow Sky from the bank with a hat he bought from a town lady. The girl, though she was brought up among the

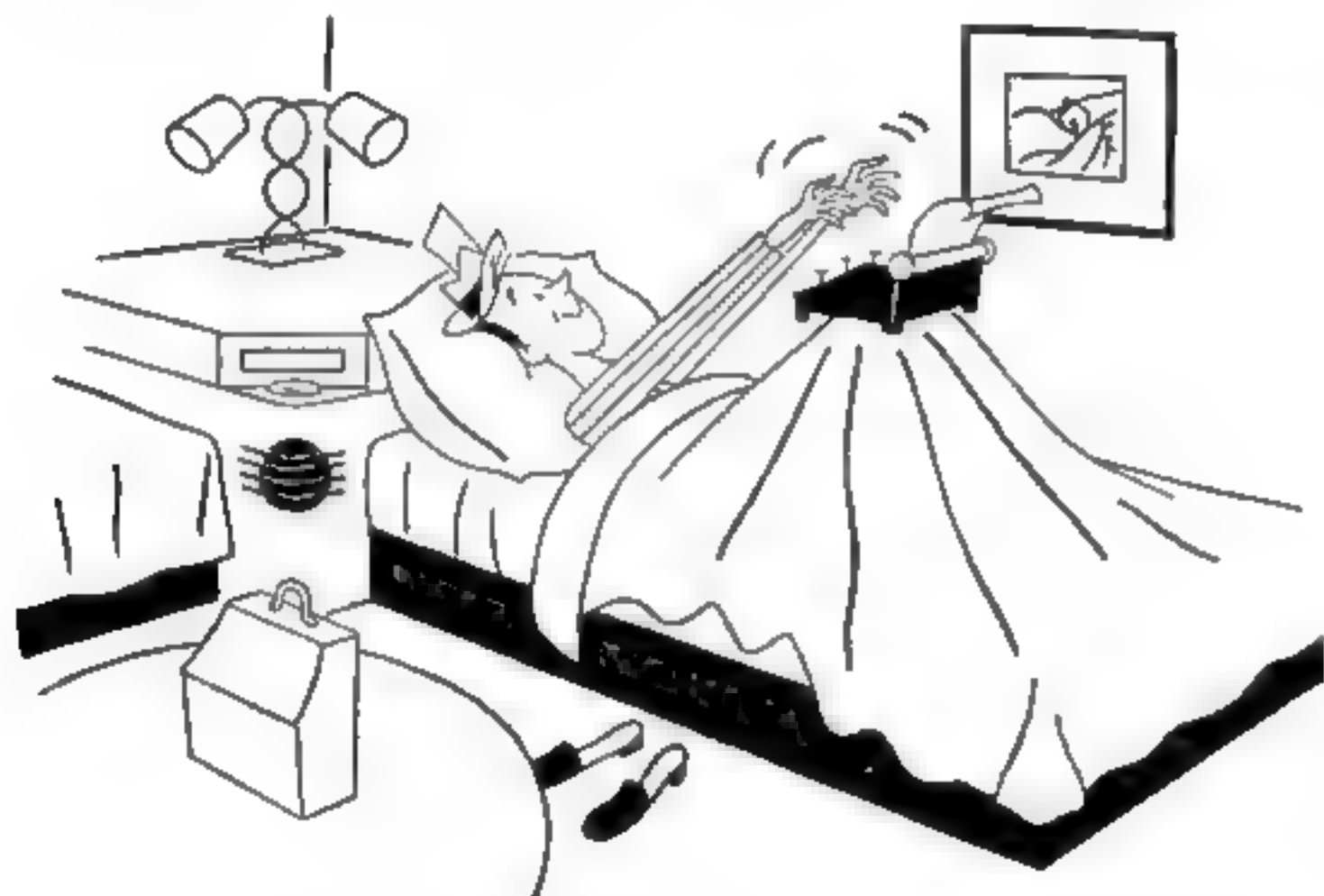
Apaches, has a feminine heart, and she goes riding off with her man. The movie thus ends, like all good westerns, with a promise of long and law-abiding bliss.



1. Roving Rob, Reporter, wandered into New York town,
And saw the Hotel Pennsylvania's sign was coming down.
But as he watched, a new sign rose, and Roving Rob cried, "Wow!
The Hotel Pennsylvania is the **HOTEL STATLER**, now!"



2. For years the Pennsylvania's been a Statler-run hotel,
Now travelers all will cheer the news it's *Statler-owned* as well!
"The Statler name's a guarantee," said Rob, "of all that's best.
At Hotel Statler in New York, you really are a guest."



3. "The famous Statler bed," said Rob, "has brought the Statler glory,
Its super comfort's headline-news in any bedtime story.
Eight hundred thirty-seven springs soothe care away and sorrow—
I'll fill in other details when you wake me up tomorrow."



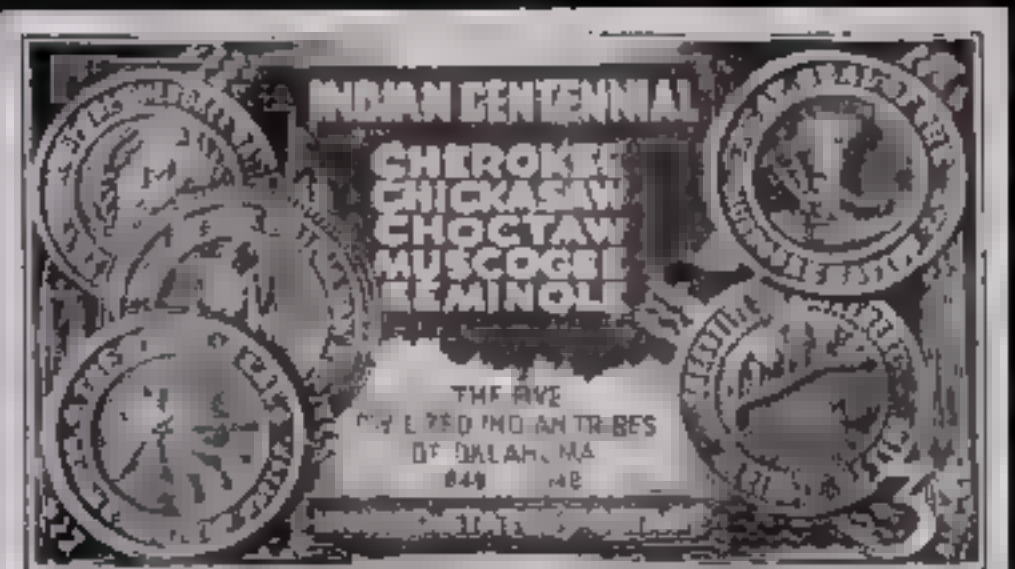
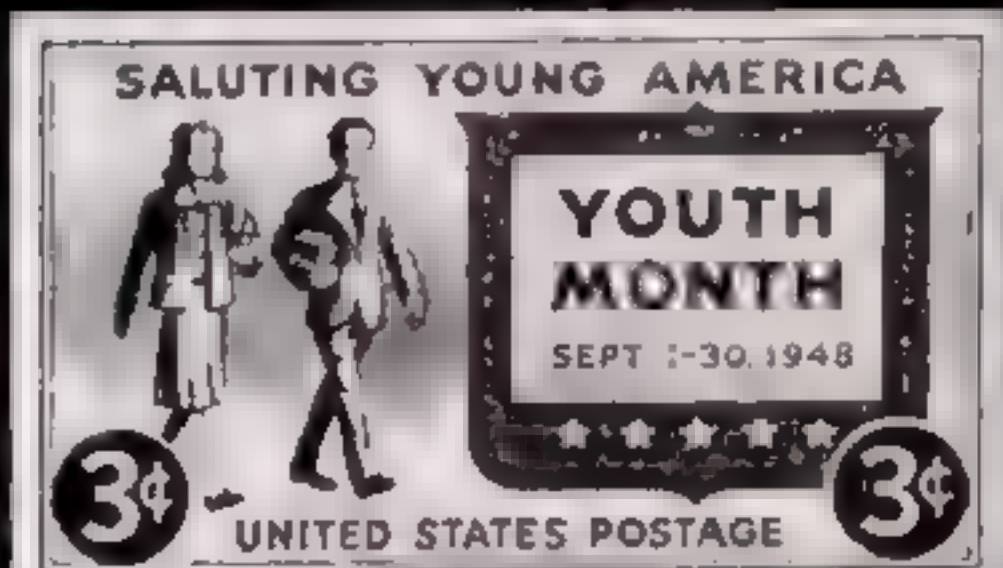
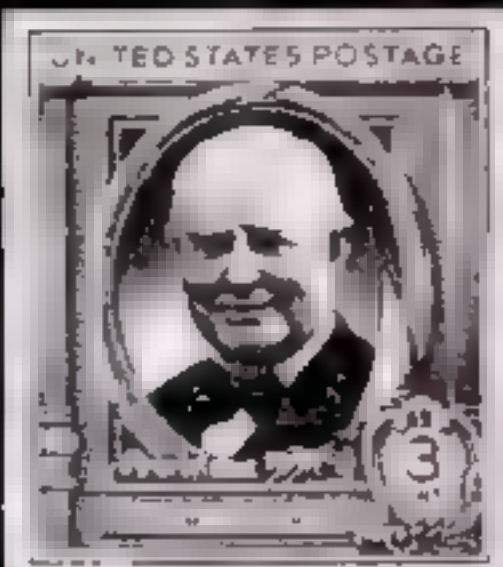
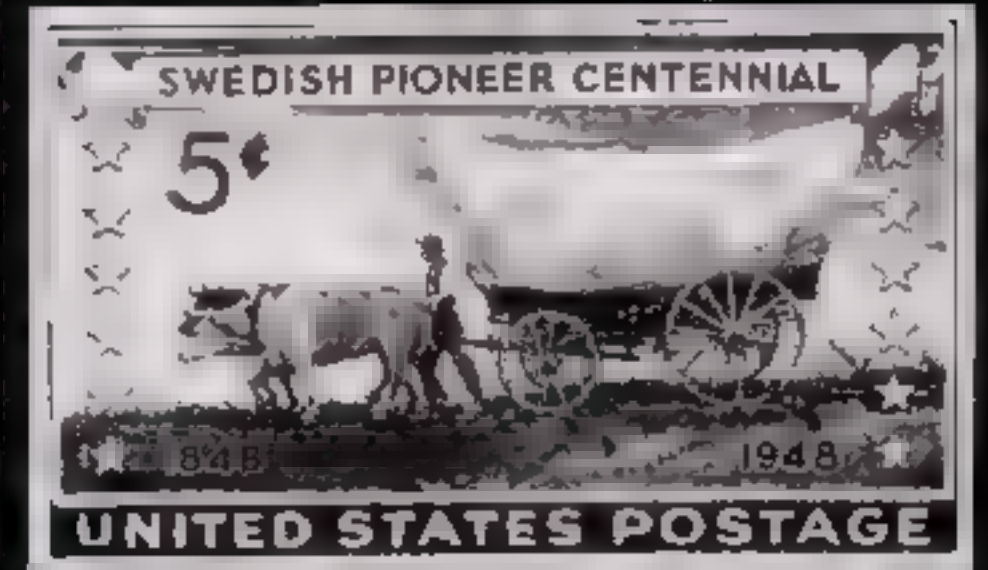
4. Reporting on the Statler meals sure pleased the Roving Rob.
"With food as good as this," he said, "I really *love* my job!
Each dish is perfectly prepared, each tempts my appetite.
I ought to file my story, but—I'd rather eat than write!"

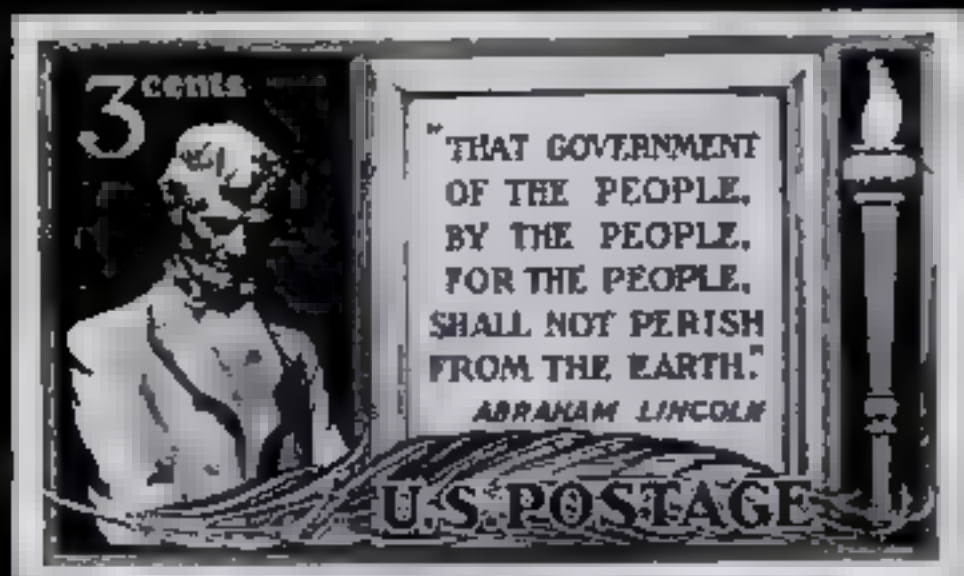


5. "A Statler in New York," cried Rob, "is happy inspiration;
It's close to business, shops, and shows, and to the railroad station.
So, travelers-to-Manhattan, please remember what I say:
The Hotel Statler now will be your favorite place to stay!"



STATLER HOTELS: NEW YORK (FORMERLY HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA)
BOSTON • BUFFALO • CLEVELAND
DETROIT • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON
STATLER OPERATED HOTEL WILLIAM PENN • PITTSBURGH





TOO MANY STAMPS

U.S. printed such a variety in 1948 that even postmasters were confused

During the December rush a letter bearing a Christmas seal instead of a stamp traveled scot free from Seattle to the addressee in Omaha, causing some damage to the dignity of the Omaha postmaster when the fact was pointed out to him. However, the postmaster was hardly at fault. The U.S. issued so many stamps in 1948 as to raise the possibility that any citizen could take advantage of the confusion, frank his mail with a portrait of Donald Duck and stand a fair chance of getting away with it.

Starting right out in January with a stamp honoring the Negro scientist George Washington Carver (opposite, upper left) and ending in December with a tribute to Joel Chandler Harris, author of *Uncle Remus* (above), the U.S. put out no less than 29 special issues. Many of them were ordered by members of the 80th Congress (p. 50) who felt the need to butter up their constituents in an election year and were eager to pay their respects to suffragettes (third row from top, left), Turners, volunteer firemen and chaplains—not to mention Texans, Californians, Swedes and Indians. Congressmen who themselves had no stamps to offer at this time approved the legislation in a brotherly spirit and thereby curried goodwill among their colleagues for the next election year of 1950. Then, in their hour of need, they presumably will be able to persuade their associates to return the favor by authorizing stamps in honor of such vital institutions as the Friday Afternoon Bridge Club of Cannon Ball, N. Dak.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF LEAVES HAIR MORE RADIANT!



The handy Prell tube means no slippery bottles or messy jars that break—no liquid to spill or run into your eyes.



No embarrassing dandruff when you're a regular Prell user. Regular Prell shampoos control ugly, unsightly dandruff!

Doctors' examinations proved Prell Radiant-Creme Shampoo removes unsightly dandruff in as little as 3 minutes, and that regular Prell shampoos control it! And Prell—with its exclusive formula, its amazing cleansing ingredient—leaves your hair so radiant too, more radiant and more dazzling than any soap shampoo you can buy, cream or liquid. After Prell your hair is easier to curl, easier to manage, a perfect joy in every way.

Concentrated for Economy!

Prell goes farther than any other known shampoo, because it's more concentrated! And that tube's so handy—men like it in the shower, children say it makes shampooing fun. Get a tube of Prell for your family today—you'll all like it!

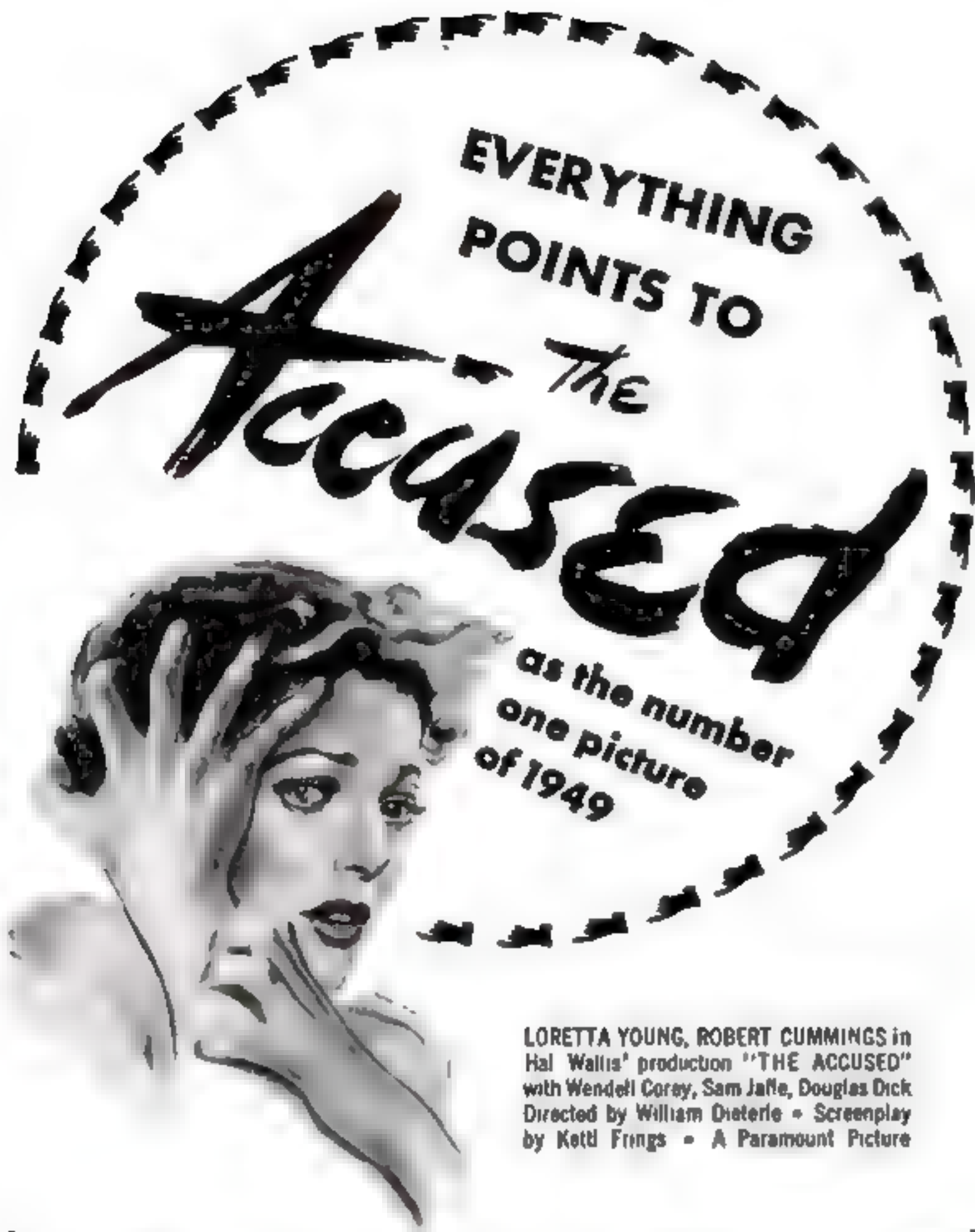


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Procter & Gamble

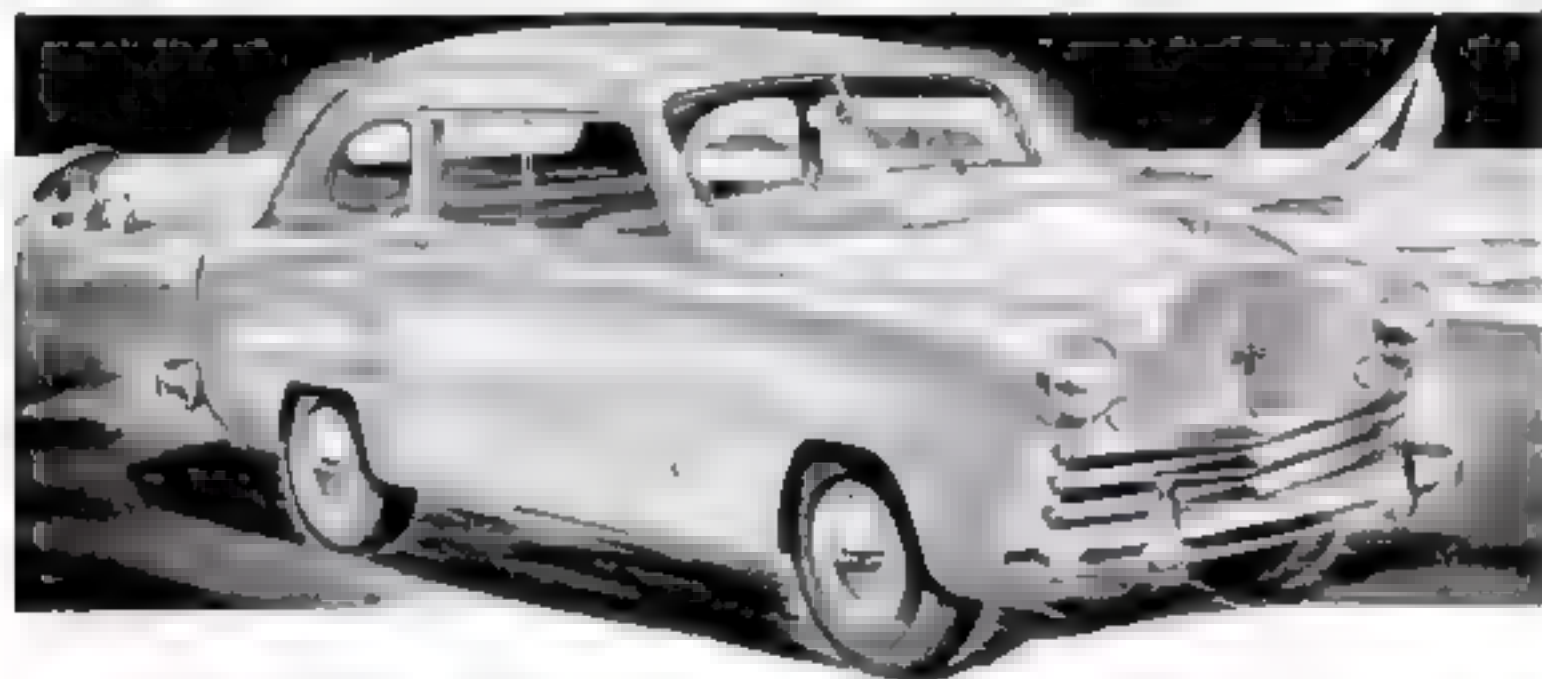


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EVERYTHING
POINTS TO
The Accused
as the number
one picture
of 1949



LORETTA YOUNG, ROBERT CUMMINGS in
Hal Wallis' production "THE ACCUSED"
with Wendell Corey, Sam Jaffe, Douglas Dick
Directed by William Dieterle • Screenplay
by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture



CROSLEY announces big new models

HUNDREDS OF IMPROVEMENTS!

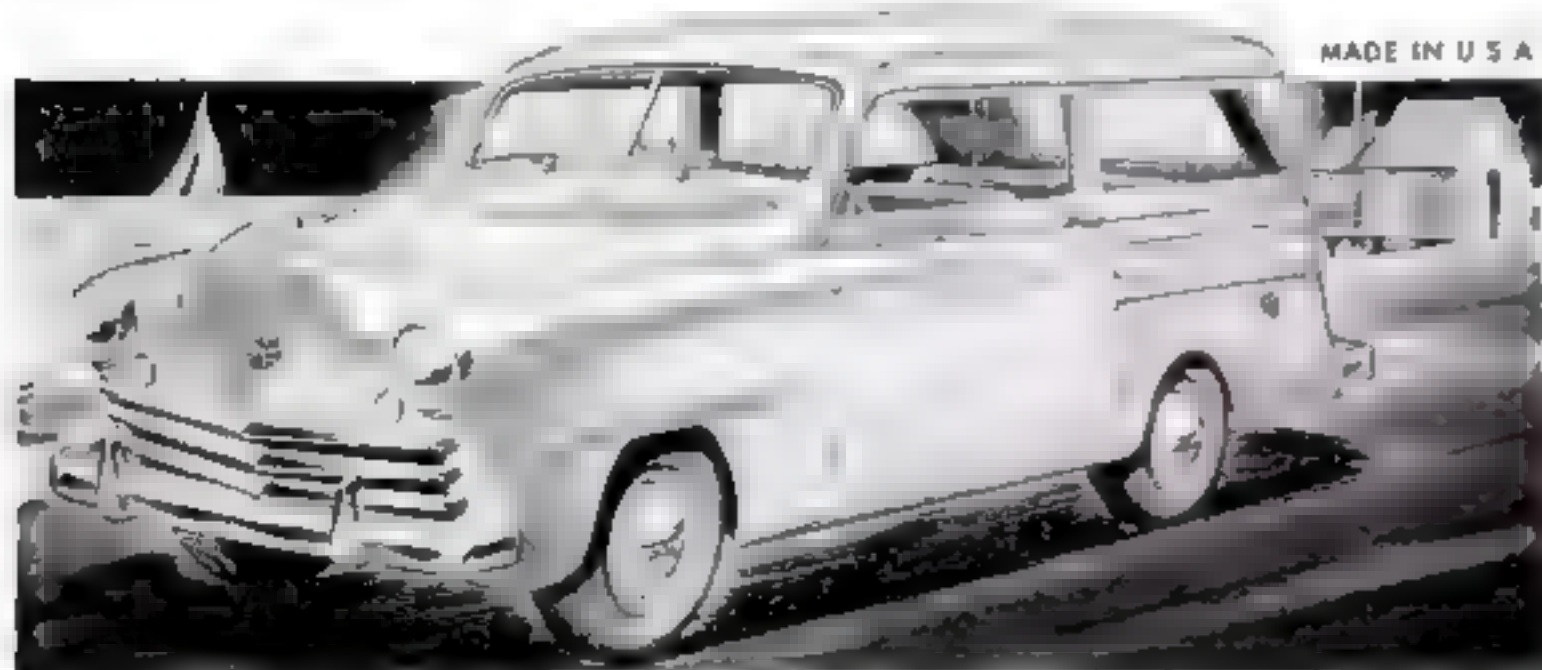
Crosley is truly a fine car. Again Crosley leads with America's highest compression ratio... 7.8 to 1. Even more power and greater economy—up to 50 miles on a gallon. And you can own a Crosley for the price of an 8-year-old high-upkeep used car. Prices range downward from the Station Wagon at only \$929 F.O.B., Marion, Ind. So drive a Crosley—the new style leader that saves you money when you buy it, saves you money as you drive it!

NEW CROSLEY DELUXE SEDAN is bigger! It's the latest word in American design—new speed line styling, sweep fenders. New, rich interior, choice fabrics. Seats 4 with ample luggage room.

NEW CROSLEY STATION WAGON with larger, larger body lines. Seats 4, or 2 with $\frac{1}{2}$ ton load. All steel. No increase in price.

CROSLEY
A FINE CAR

See the new Crosley cars at your dealer's — also Convertible, Panel Delivery and Pick Up. Or write for catalogue—Crosley Motors, Inc., 2530-EE Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.



Stamps CONTINUED

THESE MEN SPONSORED STAMPS



POULTRY LOVER Antoni N. Sadlak (left), Connecticut congressman who sponsored stamp on wall, shows his hand-painted necktie to constituent Paul Ives, editor of *Cackle and Crow*, magazine of who's who in the poultry industry.



POPPY LOVER Paul Brown, Georgia congressman, gazes fondly at a blow-up of his own stamp honoring Moina Michael, Georgia teacher and Y.M.C.A. worker who thought up the idea of selling Buddy poppies on Memorial Day.



FIRE-FIGHTING ENTHUSIAST J. Caleb Boggs, representative from Delaware, got his idea for the Peter Stuyvesant commemorative stamp at Christmas 1947, when a group of volunteers snuffed out a fire on his father's farm.

These wonderful Hot Rolls can be on your table *anytime!*



RIGHT OUT OF YOUR OWN OVEN... thanks to the magic of Duff's—the *first and finest* Hot Roll Mix! Anyone can bake this quick-easy way... all kinds of dinner rolls... sweet rolls and coffee cake, too!

**JUST
ADD WATER
THAT'S ALL!**

*...And you'll want to try
these other ~~mixes~~ mixes too!*

THEY'RE ALL FULLY-PREPARED



DEVIL'S FOOD M X

For rich, chocolaty cake that's extra-delicious, always use Duff's Mix.



SPICE CAKE M X

Duff's special blend of pure spices gives this cake its wonderful flavor.



WHITE CAKE M X

Makes two big layers of the finest, lightest white cake ever.



GINGERBREAD MIX

Kids love gingerbread, and especially Duff's. Swell for cookies, too.



HOT MUFFIN MIX

For grand hot muffins, shortcakes, cobbles, you can't beat Duff's!



WAFFLE MIX

Crisp, golden waffles and deluxe pancakes... so easy with Duff's!



*America's Most Famous
Line of Baking Mixes*

Now at stores across the nation—

Cannon's



never before such Cannon's—in so many beautiful colors!

TRADE
MADE
CANNON'S
Towels • Sheets

Winter Carnival!

super values from
~~49¢~~ to ~~1.98~~
—and scores more from 39¢ to 2.95

MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
CANNON
towels • blankets

never before such patterns—in every price bracket!

stock up at Cannon's Winter Carnival with wonderful towel buys!

CANNON MILLS, INC., 70 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY 13



FIVE ATTRACTIVE NEW YORK DEBUTANTES (*from left*), Cornelia Duryea, Cynthia Cogswell, Joan Lloyd, Grace Dyer and Sarah Peil, gather in white evening gowns before being presented at the annual Debutante Cotillion on

Dec. 20. The party, a benefit for the New York Infirmary, attracts some 125 Jews, who pay \$50 each to bring one escort and \$10 for each extra escort. All five girls above, like most girls coming out this season, also had their own individual parties.



AT PITTSBURGH'S CINDERELLA BALL GEORGE BURGWIN AS PRINCE CHARMING LEADS BURD STEVENSON, WHOSE NAME HE DREW FROM A PUMPKIN, TO THRONE

COMING-OUT SEASON

Debutantes preen and dance and enjoy themselves

To all the young, healthy, happy ladies on these pages (and to Joanne Connelley on LIFE's cover) 1948 will be memorable as the year they "came out." Singly or in masses, primed and scrubbed and elegantly dressed, they have been formally accepted as adult members of their particular spheres of society. This is a less important moment in a girl's life than it used to be in the old days, when young ladies were not supposed to travel alone, much less get married, before their official debut. But the deb party is still a glamorous occasion and as rigidly formalized as initiation ceremonies among the Solomon Islanders. In Pittsburgh (*above*) the young ladies perform a grand march with their fathers as prelude to the coronation of a Cinderella who will be queen of the ball. In Boston (*right*), parties are judged by the number of young men converging on them from Harvard and the more fashionable private schools. Many debuts this winter are being made at balls which raise money for charity. Pittsburgh's aided St. Margaret's Memorial Hospital. It is no longer good form to give parties like Barbara Hutton's in 1930, when the Ritz-Carlton ballroom was decorated with \$60,000 worth of real trees, flowers and sprigs of eucalyptus and Prohibition champagne was gulped down 1,000 blue-blooded throats.



AT BOSTON DEBUTANTE BALL, given to raise funds for food for England, pretty and popular deb Lea Pratt finds herself surrounded by eager young blades.

THAT B-W OVERDRIVE really pays off in my car!

...says Edward W. Munson, Salesman, Chicago

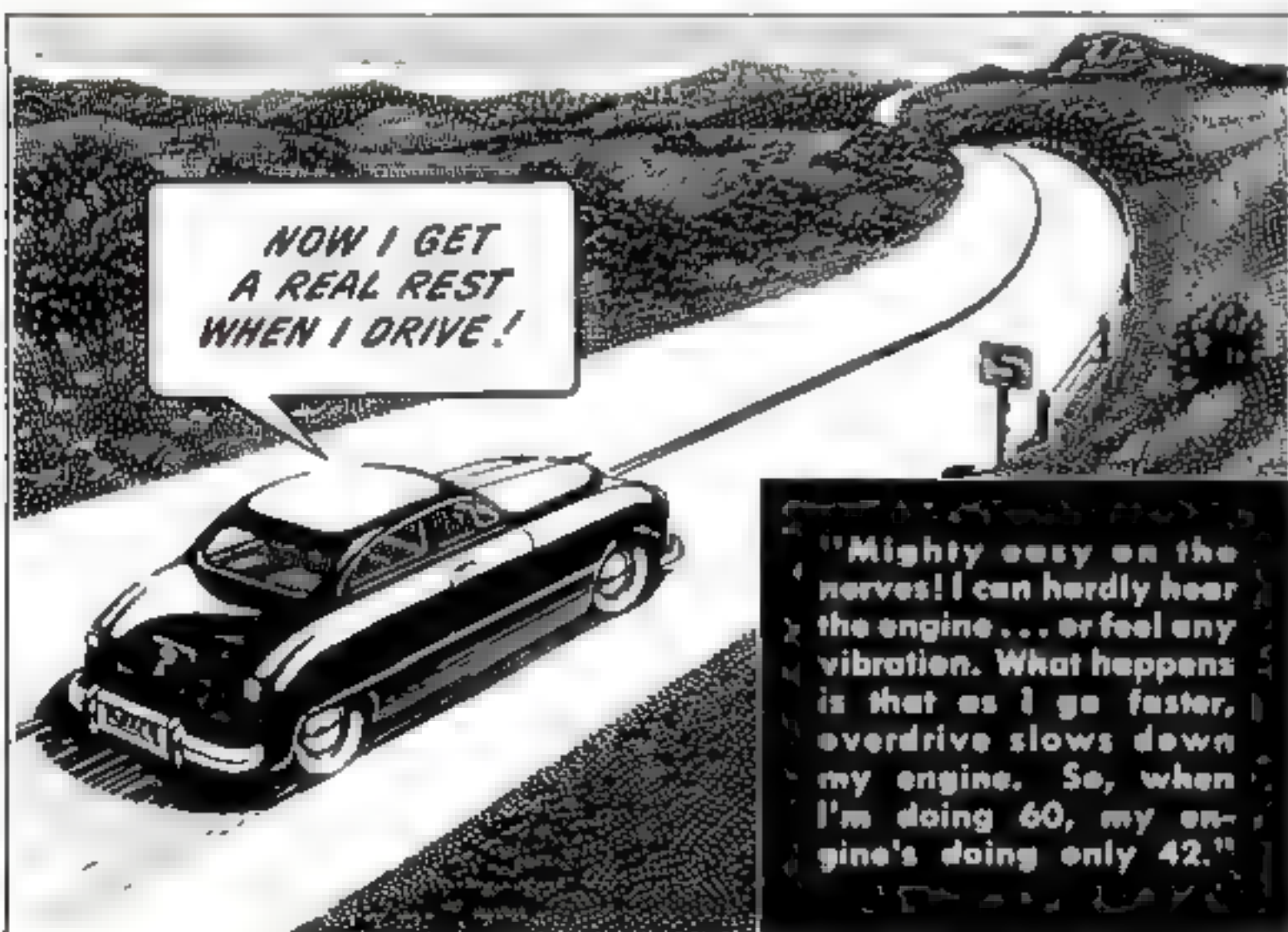


Mr. Munson, sales representative for an important industrial tool company, is one of nearly 2 million car owners enjoying the ease and economy of B-W Automatic Overdrive. This advance-type transmission, made for leading car manufacturers by B-W's Warner Gear Division, provides extra gear ratios and automatically gives the needed power for the least gas.

"500 miles a week is average driving for me. On long runs and in the city, 12 months a year, I've really given my overdrive a workout. I haven't had to change my way of driving, but the work's sure been taken out of it."

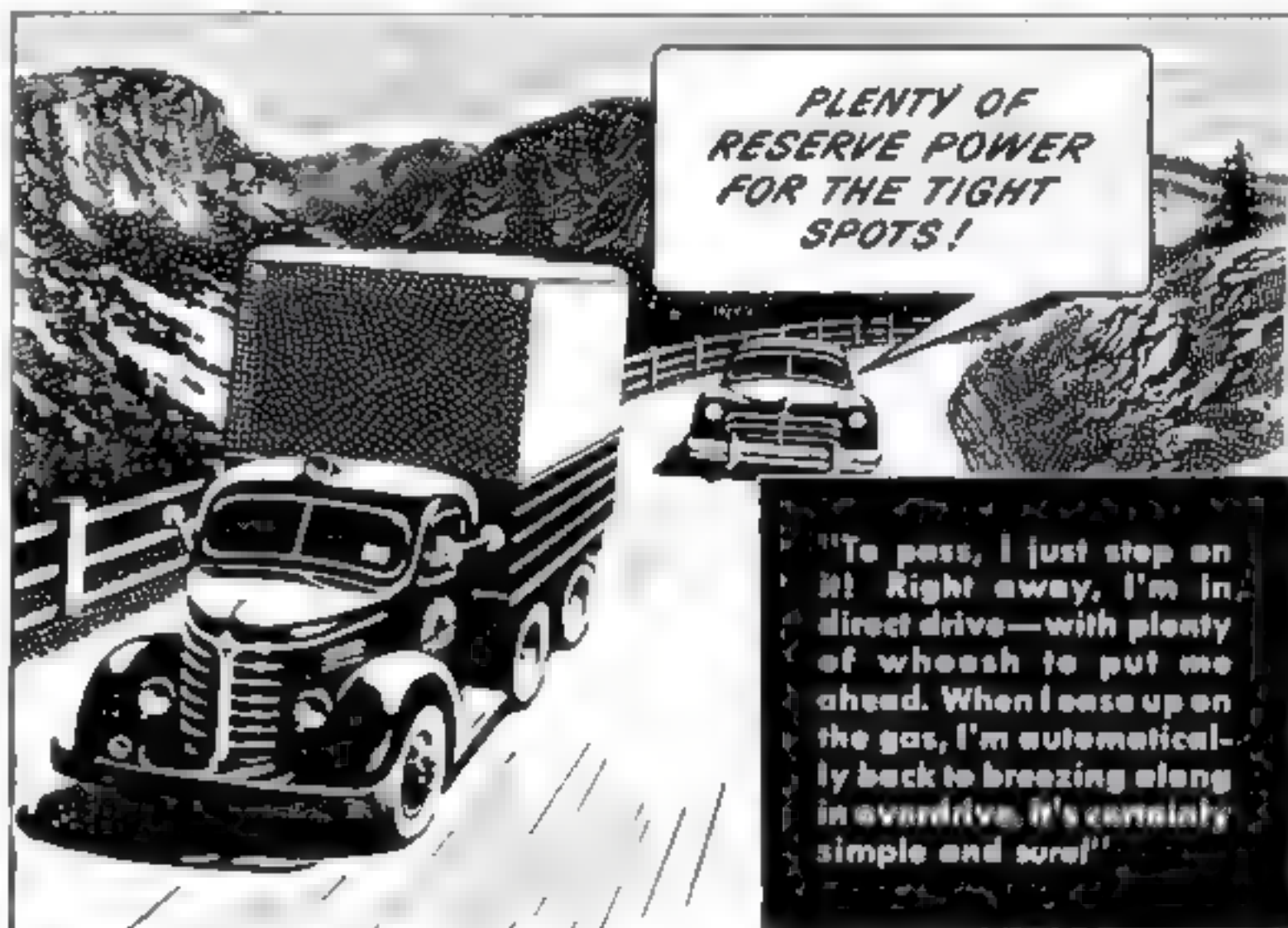


"I just leave it in second. Only time I need the clutch in traffic is for full stops. The way it works—there's an automatic shift to a faster, overdrive second, soon's I gain speed. I slow down—there's regular second again."



"Mighty easy on the nerves! I can hardly hear the engine... or feel any vibration. What happens is that as I go faster, overdrive slows down my engine. So, when I'm doing 60, my engine's doing only 42."

"I get up to 30 miles free in every 100! That's how much my gas savings amount to. And I know overdrive has saved me a lot of fancy repair bills, too... because it cuts down so much on engine wear."



"To pass, I just step on it! Right away, I'm in direct drive—with plenty of whoosh to put me ahead. When I ease up on the gas, I'm automatically back to breezing along in overdrive. It's certainly simple and sure!"

"Of course, I'm the boss! Just by touching a dash control, I can be in permanent conventional drive any time. But believe me, I stay in overdrive. It adds such comfort. And I figure it paid for itself in 20,000 miles."



ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN BENEFITS
EVERY DAY FROM THE 185 PRODUCTS MADE BY

BORG-WARNER

19 OF THE 20 MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ONE OR MORE PARTS BY BORG-WARNER. These units form BORG-WARNER, Executive Offices, 310 South Michigan Ave., Chicago: BORG & BECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • DETROIT VAPOR STOVE • FRANKLIN STEEL • INGERSOLL STEEL • INGERSOLL UTILITY UNIT • LONG MANUFACTURING • LONG MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. • MARBON • MARVEL • SCHEBLER CARBURETOR • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN, LTD. • NORGE • NORGE-HEAT • NORGE MACHINE PRODUCTS • PESCO PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • SUPERIOR SHEET STEEL • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WARNER GEAR CO., LTD.

CONSCIENTIOUS COP ARRESTS RELATIVES

Doing duty "always makes someone mad"

When he joined the police force in Belvidere, Ill. two years ago, LeRoy Kaschub announced that nothing would stand between him and his duty. This was usual for a rookie cop, so Belvidere paid no attention.

City Alderman Marvin Labke kept right on driving a bus without a license. Officer Kaschub told the alderman, "You all look alike to me," and hauled him off to court. He arrested another alderman, "Ike" Eicksteat, for illegal parking. Shortly thereafter Kaschub found his own family standing between him and his duty, but he did not forget his resolution. His wife Winifred paid a fine without protest when he caught her disregarding the town's new parking meters, but his brother Carl, caught similarly red-handed, made the mistake of trying to reason with him. "Shut up," said Officer Kaschub, "or I'll throw you in the cooler."

Now Belvidere knows for sure that it has a superconscientious cop on its force. The day before his wedding to Officer Kaschub's sister-in-law, 29-year-old Clifford Pundt and his best man topped off a dull wedding rehearsal by racing their cars away from church, bumpers abreast. One of the wedding ushers who saw this tomfoolery was Kaschub, the conscientious cop. The groom and best man scarcely got home ahead of a summons. At the hearing (*below*), which the magistrate kindly postponed until after the honeymoon, Newlywed Pundt had his say. "On a church porch how could he tell how fast we were going?" he asked. "Besides, he was supposed to be attending as an usher." But the law sat solidly on the side of the conscientious cop and the fine was \$10. "But," added the magistrate, "the fine will be suspended as a wedding present." Free of the law the newlyweds drove carefully home with their landlord, who happens to be Officer LeRoy Kaschub.



KASCHUB STANDS ON LOGAN AVENUE IN BELVIDERE WHERE HE LETS NOTHING INTERFERE WITH DUTY



COMPLAINING WITNESS Kaschub (*right*) testifies before Magistrate Carl Suhr and a hostile audience composed largely of his own relatives. Insisting he was duty-

bound to arrest his sister-in-law's bridegroom on the day before their wedding, Officer Kaschub admitted, "Things would be a lot more pleasant for me if I hadn't done it."

GET Sunshine's Greatest Benefits



AT RECORD LOW COST



A COMPLETE SUNLAMP

Sperti—first in sales, first in sun-lamp design, is now first to bring you a super-power 565 watt sunlamp at unheard-of low-cost! The Sperti Portable is compact as a camera, folds for traveling, weighs only 3 lbs., yet gives you all the healthful, ultra-violet benefits of larger, bulkier models! Tans any skin the sun will tan—tans it faster than the sun itself! Covers wide area; is not a narrow-beam or "bulb-type" lamp. Unit consists of genuine high-intensity Mercury-Arc tube (not bulb). Safe, approved by Underwriters' Laboratories. Full 565 watts. Operating wattage, 400 watts. 110-120 volts. Operates on A.C. or D.C. current. Guaranteed by Sperti—the largest manufacturer of sunlamps in the world!

Now!

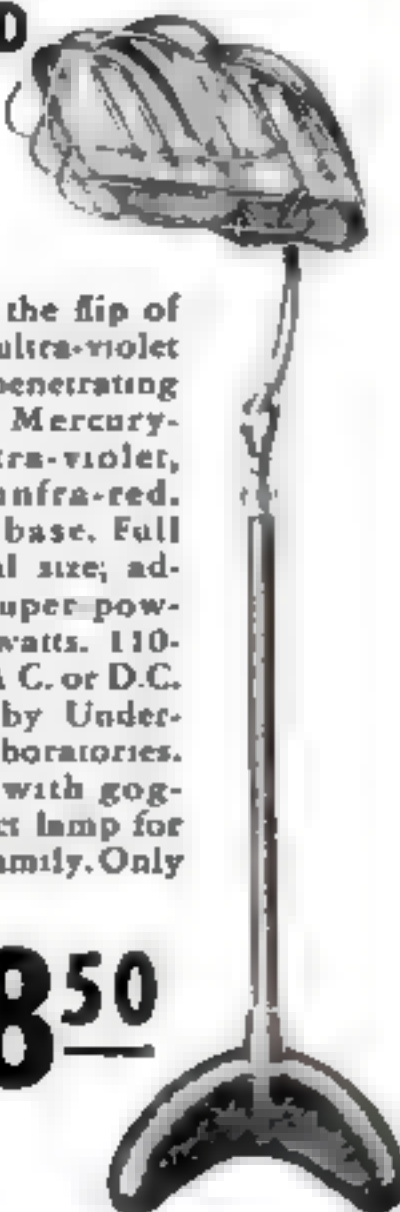
SUPER POWER 565 WATT
PORTABLE
SUNLAMP

only **\$19⁹⁵**

FAMOUS SPERTI 2-IN-1 ULTRA-VIOLET INFRA-RED LAMP

At last! At the flip of a switch—ultra-violet or muscle-penetrating infra-red! Mercury-Arc for ultra-violet, separate infra-red. Weighted base. Full professional size; adjustable. Super-powered, 575 watts. 110-120 volts. A.C. or D.C. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories. Complete with goggles. Perfect lamp for the whole family. Only

\$48⁵⁰



LARGEST
MANUFACTURER
OF SUNLAMPS

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SPERTI FARADAY, INC.

CINCINNATI 12,
OHIO

Conscientious Cop CONTINUED



GUILTY GROOM Pundt shakes hands with Magistrate Suhr after his fine is suspended as a wedding present. The magistrate also suspended the best man's fine but warned both of the defendants, "Don't let me catch you in here again."



ARRESTED WIFE Winifred holds paper with an unsigned warning about her cop husband: "FOOL KASCHUB. Get Your License Before He Gets You."



ARRESTED BROTHER Carl, the town gambler, claims Kaschub lives wrong: "He doesn't drink, smoke or gamble; that's why he works so hard."



ARRESTED ALDERMAN Marvin Libke, had to give up bus driving because of Kaschub but admits the cop "seems to be doing a pretty good job."



ARRESTED ALDERMAN "Ike" Ecksteat, believes Kaschub's personality has been warped by his job: "He's just like a kid with a new toy."



AT THE HEARING Alfred Rainwater (left), the best man, Edward White (center), bride's father; Clifford Pundt (right), groom, stand near their wives to take oath. White, who is also Kaschub's father-in-law, testified for Pundt.

You've got the sweetest little

Angel Face
by POND'S

IT'S NEW—the little-girl glow that's making you look so much lovelier! *New*—the touchable, velvety smoothness of your face. And *very new*—the secret of the whole delightful transformation. It's Pond's sensational new make-up—*Angel Face!*

EASIER! FOUNDATION AND POWDER—ALL IN ONE! Angel Face smooths on with its puff—and *stays*. No wet sponge, no greasy fingers. Gives a soft, *natural* finish. Never drying or shiny.

CAN'T SPILL OVER YOUR HANDBAG OR CLOTHES! Tuck an Angel Face in your handbag, and you have the complete, neat makings of a superb, quick make-up at your fingertips anytime . . . anywhere!

ASK THE WOMAN WHO USES ONE! Rafaele, Duchess of Leinster, says, "Pond's Angel Face always looks fresh and natural, and is so easy to use! I carry mine with me everywhere!" And Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor says, "Every day I use it, I'm more enchanted with Angel Face. It goes on so smoothly and stays on so well!"



Pond's Angel Face

is the newest kind of new make-up! Foundation and powder *all in one!* Your choice of five perfect complexion tones. Complete with puff, eighty-nine cents, plus tax.



This New Coffee Flavor

Makes Early Morning Angels

It turns Bears into Dears...it's a wonderful, wonderful spirit-lifting success

● "My husband is a grump before breakfast, but now he's an angel after!" writes a grateful lady. "One day he even brought a cup of your wonderful new coffee to my bedside. What makes it taste so heavenly?"

Selecciones, lady, Selecciones (Pronounced selek-sue-o-nays)!

Selecciones means just what it says . . . selection . . . selection . . . selection . . . of all the coffees in Chase & Sanborn's new blend. Some are selected

mostly to give the right body, some mostly for flavor.

Here's what you get in the "flavor" coffees:

- Selection from tree to cup! Selection from pedigreed trees grown under shade.
- Selection at the peak of ripeness—deep red—not green. Picked individually when mature—"spot-picked."
- Selection to assure uniformity of flavor—hand-selected twice, before and after curing.

Yes, they're rich, ripe and uniform—these "flavor" coffees in Chase & Sanborn's new *Selecciones* blend! All the Chase & Sanborn your grocer has is the new *Selecciones*! Try it!

If you don't think it's the best coffee you ever tasted, just send us the unused portion and we'll give you double your money back. Get your pound of Chase & Sanborn's *Selecciones* today! (It's vacuum-packed, of course.) And long live your houseful of early morning "angels"!

Selecciones
MEANS:
"SELECTED
FROM
TREE TO CUP"



SELECTED FROM "SHADE-GROWN" PEDIGREED TREES

Chase & Sanborn's "flavor" coffees come from trees cross-bred like prize rosebushes—literally pedigreed. But to produce the richest flavored coffee beans, these trees must grow under shade trees.



SELECTED FOR RIPENESS AND UNIFORMITY

For richest flavor, coffee beans must be picked at the peak of ripeness. The "flavor" coffees in the new Chase & Sanborn are picked by hand for ripeness and uniformity, hand-selected twice, before and after curing.

FOR A DELICIOUS CUP OF COFFEE INSTANTLY!

Mix it right in the cup! No waste . . . no grounds . . . no pot to wash. Ask for the new Chase & Sanborn Instant Coffee Product.



Products of Standard Brands Incorporated, 393 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

The NEW Chase & Sanborn

A New Secret Blend
—"*Selecciones*"



Hindu Love Dance

The colorful scene above is the climax of a 400-year-old Hindu dance called *Serenade of Love*. A high-caste Indian warrior (standing, left) is greeting his beloved princess in the peacock-adorned courtyard of a great Mogul. He is expressing the height of his passion by quivering his eyelids while describing with his hands a corsage of lotus flowers. To American audiences, a performer doing this is not really letting himself go. But in the subtle art of India the smallest movement like the twitch of an eye or the lift of a finger signifies a high peak of emotion. The part of the warrior here is danced by Ram Gopal, leader of a famous Hindu ballet troupe which recently made its U.S. debut. The princess, swirling to the fast beat

of the drum and the jingle of her ankle bells, is danced by a girl named Shevanti, who this season became the favorite barefoot ballerina of the New York critics.

Ram Gopal, the son of a lawyer in Mysore, India, was turned over at 4 to local priests, who taught him the neglected dance legends of Hindu mythology. Although determined to revive his countrymen's interest in ballet, Ram Gopal has so far found his most appreciative audiences in Europe and America. At home it has been an uphill battle. In spite of all the wealth of India, no financial angels have appeared. "All the maharajas want," he says bitterly, "is to go to Monte Carlo and breed race horses."



Mr. Robert L. Ripley, distinguished Artist, Author and Lecturer, photographed with his priceless collection of Oriental curios

For Men of Distinction... **LORD CALVERT**

TREASURE IN A TALL GLASS. Because Men of Distinction are usually men of moderation, Lord Calvert is called upon to make their occasional drink a truly glorious one. Look to this notable whiskey —so rare . . . so smooth . . . so wonderfully mellow—to make your next highball a really delightful event!

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY



IN SAN BRUNO, CALIF. MG OWNER TED MEIERS WHIZZES THROUGH AN EMPTY 7-TON LUMBER CARRIER WITH ONLY FIVE INCHES CLEARANCE ON EITHER SIDE

MG MIDGET CRAZE

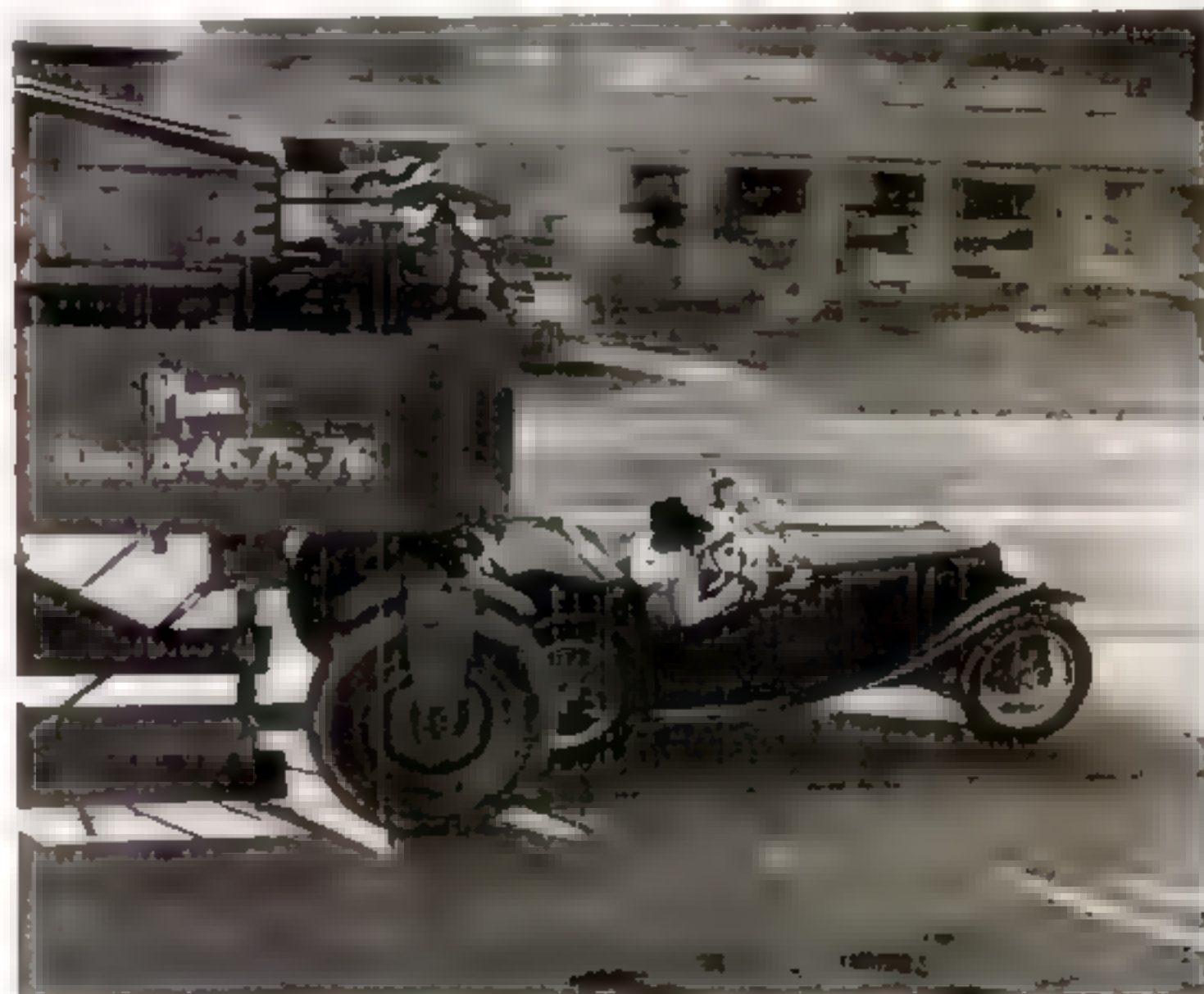
Americans who like a flashy car
fall for a tiny British roadster

The whippetlike roadster shown here is rapidly coming to be regarded by American sports-car lovers with the same passionate affection they once lavished on the Stutz Bearcat of the 1920s. It is the 10-hp British-made MG Midget, a wartime favorite of GIs in England. MG stands for Morris Garage, an early, humble name of Carmaker William Morris' big Nuffield Organization. The car, only 11 feet, 7½ inches long, costs \$2,395 in the U.S. Although lighter, it is, like the Bearcat, low-slung,

flashy and fast (93 mph) and has the same appeal for show-offs and gadget lovers, who often trade MGs "to see how she leans." With about 2,000 MG owners in the U.S., the MG craze has now reached a point where MG clubs are springing up all over the country. Recently one club left San Francisco in 16 MGs for a weekend jaunt. After 200 miles of driving, racing and tinkering, two members had enough zeal left to achieve their dream—to whip through a huge lumber carrier (*above and below*).



ENTERING the lumber carrier, which is going some 15 mph, Meiers' MG travels at 35. The stunt, which requires close tuning and a sharp eye, is extremely dangerous.

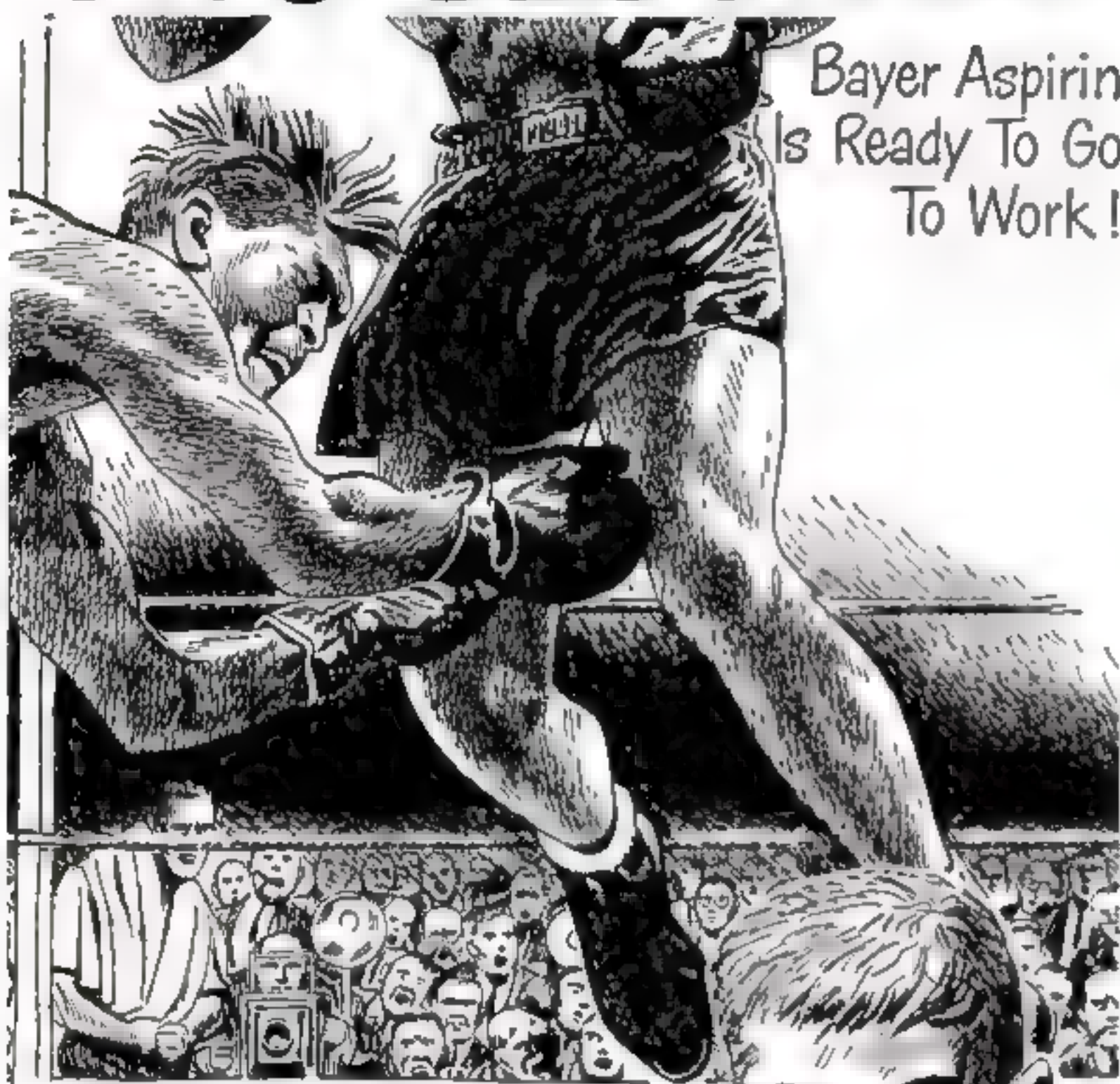


EMERGING from the big carrier with a dented fender is Evelyn Wheeler's little MG. The club got permission to try the stunt from lumber company and San Bruno police.



In 11 Seconds
The Fastest Fight
On Record Was
Completed...
But In Only

TWO SECONDS



Bayer Aspirin
Is Ready To Go
To Work!

MAKE THIS TEST!

To see how fast Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work, drop it in a glass of water and time its disintegrating speed. What happens in the glass, happens in your stomach.



The reason Bayer Aspirin provides amazingly fast relief from ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain is that it starts disintegrating almost instantly you take it...is actually ready to go to work in *two seconds*.

This two second action is important because *fast relief* is important when you're in pain. But there are *other* important reasons why millions of people use genuine Bayer Aspirin.

Among these are its effectiveness and its gentleness. Bayer Aspirin's single active ingredient is *so effective*, doctors regularly prescribe it for pain relief...is *so gentle* to the system mothers give it even to small children on their doctors' advice.

So don't experiment with drugs that have not stood the test of time. Use Bayer Aspirin for fast—and *dependable*—pain relief. And when you buy, buy by name. Ask for *Bayer Aspirin*.

***Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine**

BAYER ASPIRIN

MG Craze CONTINUED



MGs BURN UP ROAD to Volcano, Calif. Four-cylinder MGs get 30 miles a gallon, have springs with very little give for ground gripping at high speeds.



BEAR RUG is tossed over top to keep it spotless. Owner Ernest Hodges covered his car at every stop while others polished brightwork and tuned motors.



BEMUSED YOUNGSTERS watch the cars as the caravan passes through Jackson, Calif. At another stop, owners gave rides to all kids who wanted them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

New lotion sensation a beauty miracle for your WHOLE HAND!

BEAUTIFIES SKIN

New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly — protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

SMOOTHS KNUCKLES

Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast—never feels sticky!

SOFTENS KUTICLE

Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

SATINIZES PALMS

Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses

WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for extra effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms, legs...try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINE



Hinds

Honey and Almond
Fragrance Cream

NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE



Authentic
Western
Denims
for Boys

NOW with ZIPPERS!

Go Western, young man, with these rugged denims. Made of tough Box, Sanforized denim, copper riveted, double-stitched with heavy orange thread and inside swinging pockets.



\$2.29

Anywhere in U.S.A.

IN SIZES
1-22
20" to 32"
Waist

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

ON ORDER DIRECT



If your boys' store doesn't stock 'em — order direct — and the price is right

OKLAHOMA CLOTHING MFG., Inc.
OKLAHOMA CITY 2, OKLA.

Buy 1 Hair Net
and get 1 Free!



hand made
of human hair
VENIDA
The Guaranteed
HAIR NETS

We make this special offer as a token of appreciation to old friends and to introduce Venida Hair Nets to new users.

CUT OUT THIS AD!

Any department or drug store will redeem it for 1 Venida Hair Net FREE when you purchase 1 at regular price and present coupon.

CAP, BOB OR ADJUSTABLE FRINGE
SINGLE OR DOUBLE MESH
WITH OR WITHOUT ELASTIC

CHOICE
OF ANY
COLOR
WHITE, GREY
or PURPLE

20¢

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RIESER CO., INC., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y. 18



WHEEL-CHANGING technique is shown by Club Organizer Bjorne Qvale. Hubcaps which can be "knocked off and on" permit three-minute wheel change.



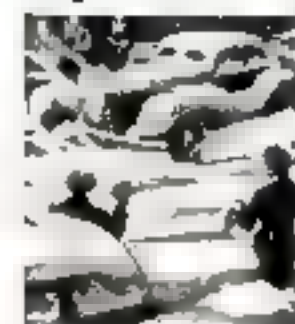
TINKERING in hotel lounge goes on far into the night. Parts, which have odd names like "dipper switch," "squab" and "scuttle," are obtainable in U.S.



SNUGGED DOWN on hotel porch and lawn, MGs are covered against the 28° cold. Said one owner, "We just like to be different in a nonobnoxious way."

**RISLONE with your oil
makes winter starts
quick and easy**

—gets rid of gum and sludge
for guaranteed smoother
power within 10 miles



Your car runs better in any weather with Rislone in your oil to work its "motor magic."

In Winter — it keeps the oil free-flowing for quick,

easy starting. It keeps grease from thickening, too. So put a little in your transmission and differential. That protects gears, makes shifting easy in spite of cold weather.

In any weather — Rislone frees sticking valves, restores lost compression, gives you smooth power in all gears, at all speeds.

Rislone is an oil-alloy that keeps modern motor-oils doing their best. It absorbs gum and sludge as you drive, to keep your car at peak performance all the time.

Prove it to yourself. Add a quart of Rislone to your oil today. If you can't feel a smooth-driving difference in 10 miles — you get a full refund. Available at car dealers, better garages, and service stations everywhere. The Shaler Co., Waupun, Wis.

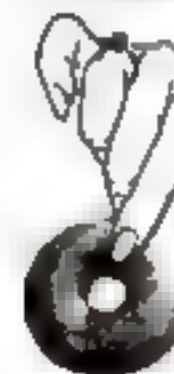


Whenever you change your oil
..put in
a quart of **SHALER**

Rislone

(2 quarts for larger cars). As you add oil,
make every fourth quart RISLONE

\$100 REWARD
for each "Donut Ditty" published



FOR FLAVOR, FOR FRESHNESS,
FOR LIGHTNESS THAT'S GRAND,
FOR DONUTS DELICIOUS
TRY DOWNYFLAKE BRAND.

Submitted by ROBERT L. MILLER
Nyack, New York

Send us your DOWNYFLAKE jingles. \$100
will be paid for each one published. Jingles
cannot be returned or acknowledged.
Mail to DOWNYFLAKE, Dept. M-24,
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Downyflake
the light, tender **DONUTS**

DOUGHNUT CORP. OF AMERICA, 393-7th Ave., N. Y. 1, N. Y.

WHO'S LOONEY?

Two inmates of the insane asylum were talking together at breakfast. "You know, Mary," said Gertrude, "I was just thinking how nice it would be to be home, cooking up some hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal for my husband. And he would come into the kitchen and give me a big grin because he loves that delicious, nutty-tasting meal better than any other kind."

"Look here, Gertrude," cackled Mary, "you'll be getting out of here soon. You're talking sense!"

(ADVT.)

GIVE YOUR HEALTH a daily Florida tune-up!



FIGHT FATIGUE!

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!

FORTIFY WITH VITAMIN C!

For good health and good looks there's nothing like a daily tonic of wake-up Florida grapefruit, with that zestful, tangy goodness you'll find in no other grapefruit.

Both the fresh fruit and the canned juice are full of natural

vitamin C, other vitamins, minerals, and fruit-sugar energy.

At least once a day make it a point to give yourself a tune up with Florida grapefruit—either the delicious fresh fruit or the equally healthful canned juice.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT

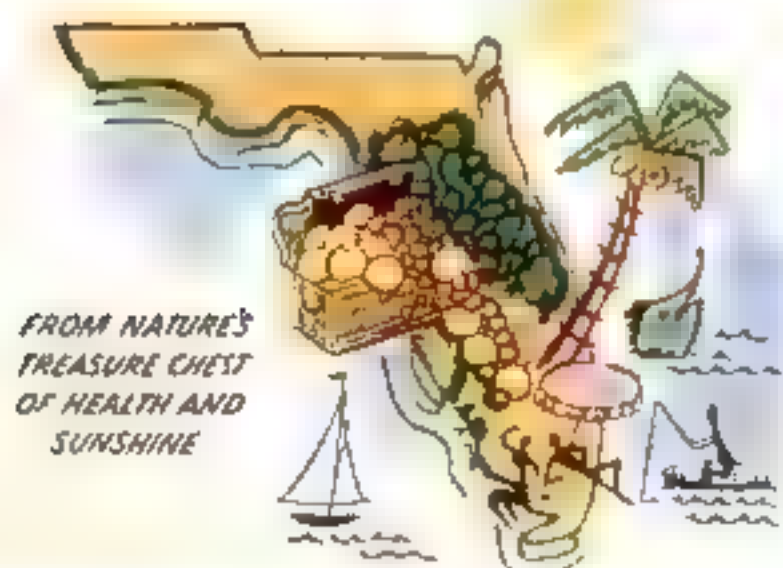
FRESH



...OR



CANNED JUICE

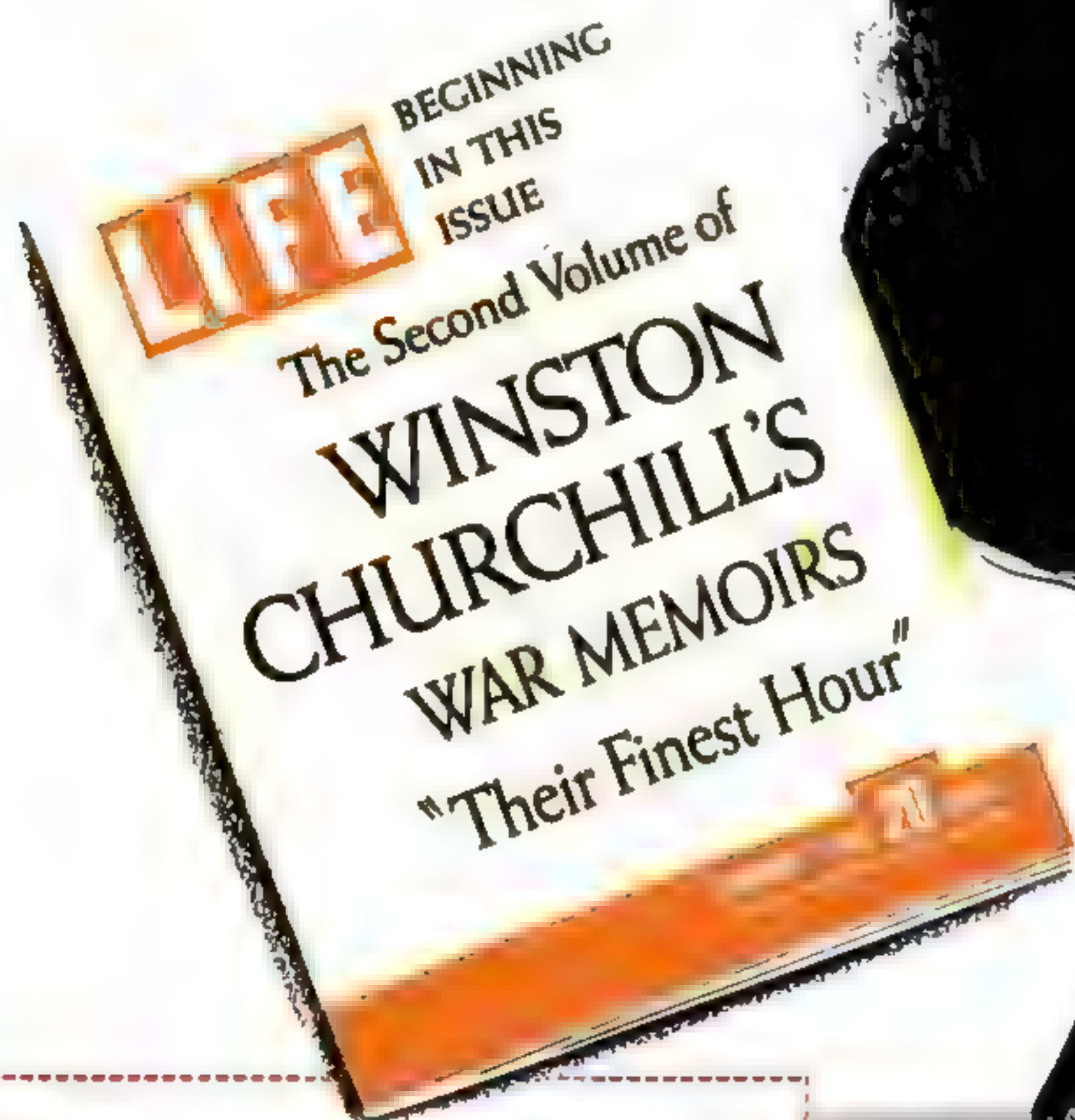


The second volume of Winston Churchill's War Memoirs will begin in the issue of LIFE for February 7th and continue through seven successive weeks.

Issue by issue you will read the stirring story of a momentous era . . . those desperate months of 1940 when France fought and fell, when Dunkirk became a citadel of heroes and Britain stood and fought alone.

Happenings past will become well remembered as Mr. Churchill casts new light on those dark days when the "Axis" formed and arrayed itself against his nation, and German wolfpacks scourged the seas . . . and later, on the brighter days when lend-lease aid came from America and victory was won in the desert.

These Memoirs, written by a man who has made much of the history he now records will be illustrated by an inspiring collection of paintings and photographs in LIFE's condensation.



Subscriptions received by January 15th will begin with the issue containing the first installment of the Memoirs.

540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Enter my 52 week LIFE subscription in time for the first Churchill issue. ☐ Bill me for \$6.

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☐ New

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L-1-10

" . . . we shall fight on the seas and oceans . . . we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, in the fields, in the streets and in the hills. We shall never surrender."

7 8 1 0 3 1 1, Feb 7



DOWNTOWN BABUSHKA GETS UPTOWN LOOK BY BEING FITTED TO HEAD, DECORATED WITH RHINESTONE CLIPS. FROM SUZY, \$5.50

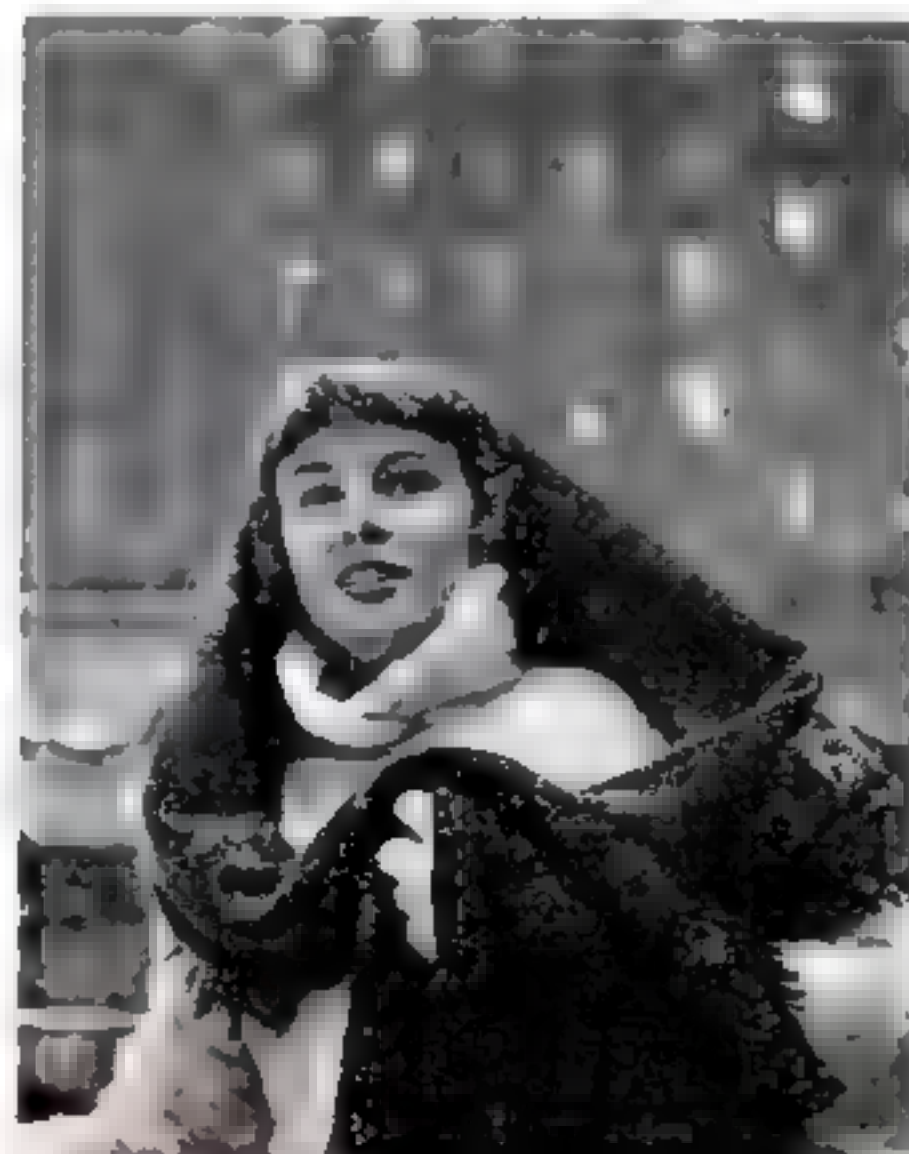
City Snow Gear

New accessories are slick and practical

For the last two years fashion has been out of step with winter weather. Venturing into blast or blizzard, women have been forced to cover their New Look elegance with plain old stadium boots, mackintoshes and peasant scarves. This winter's snow gear, including such unusual things as strapless ear muffs, fur-topped spats and mitten-covered gloves, for the first time matches the grace of indoor clothes. In spite of the rhinestone and other bits of unfunctional decorations they also keep the wearer warm.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PLAID STOLE which was worn around shoulders this fall becomes a winter head cover or a giant scarf.



A SECOND LOOK gets you RARE QUALITY



FIRST LOOK

...Symbol of
Quality

The front label
is your guide
in identifying
the brand with
the qualities
you want.

SECOND LOOK

...Proof of
Quality

The back label
tells you the
age and amount
of base whiskies
in the blend.

*A Second Look shows
Today's Three Feathers has rare
5,6,7-year-old whiskies**

* **RARE BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof.** The straight
whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 35%
straight whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits. 12% whiskey
5 years old. 20% whiskey 6 years old. 3% whiskey 7 years
old. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y.

THREE FEATHERS
choice of those who
take a second look for quality

WINTER FASHIONS CONTINUED



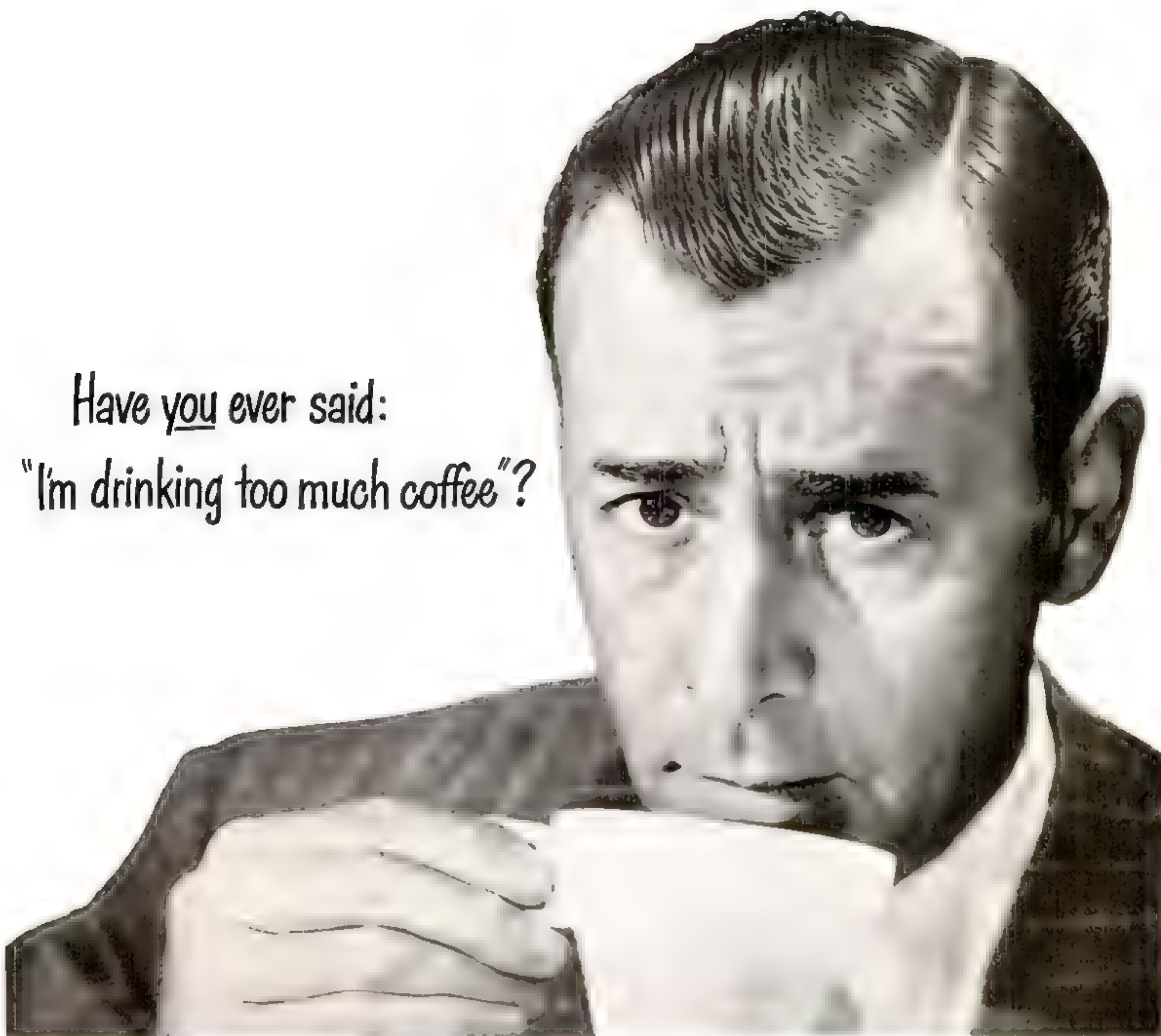
STRAPLESS EAR MUFFS by Atlas (\$1) hug the entire ear to which they are individually clipped, thus eliminating the usual overhead strap.



TURBAN of gray wool jersey has two gold rings above brow, warmly covers all of the wearer's head. From Accessory Fashions, it costs \$2.98.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

Have you ever said:
"I'm drinking too much coffee"?



YOU PROBABLY HAVE . . . if you're like most people who love a good cup of coffee.

For coffee is so enticing, so delightful, so hospitable a beverage that one cup just seems to lead to another.

And yet . . . and yet . . . you realize that you must be watchful, lest you reach the point where the caffeine in coffee might make you sleepless, nervous, even irritable and "out of sorts." (With *some* people, the caffeine in a *single* cup of coffee can have that effect!)

So, when you *are* nervous and tense . . . wakeful at night . . . you wonder, naturally, if coffee is to blame. Should you limit yourself to a certain amount? To certain times of day? Should you give up coffee *altogether*?

THE ONLY PERFECT ANSWER—DRINK SANKA COFFEE

Sanka Coffee brings you *two* great pleasures. The first is the rich, satisfying, and very special flavor—

goodness that coffee-lovers get only from *real* coffee.

The second is the pleasure of never worrying about how much coffee you drink or when you drink it.

You can drink all you want—one cup or six; morning, noon, or midnight—enjoy it to the fullest, and never give a thought to possible caffeine-effects!

ALL COFFEE—REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN—FREE

The reason—as millions know—is that Sanka is wonderful coffee *with the caffeine taken out*.

That's why Sanka gives you the enjoyment that real coffee and only real coffee can give. The same immediate sense of comfort and satisfaction—the warm, bracing cheer.

And yet Sanka will free your mind completely from the slightest question about your coffee-drinking habits.

Why not start drinking Sanka Coffee tomorrow? You have nothing to lose . . . and possibly a great deal to gain.

Sanka Coffee

Real coffee with the worry taken out.
Drink it and sleep!



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All look like nature's GIFT.

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Even the slickest pickpocket is no match for your American Express Travelers Cheques. For until you sign them nobody else can spend them! And if they're stolen or lost you get a prompt refund. They're the safe way to protect your travel and pocket cash. And to spend them anywhere, the only identification you need is your signature. For these are the most widely accepted cheques in all the world.

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TWO-WAY GLOVES, British-invented and used by RAF during war, have leather outer mitten which zips back to reveal fingered wool glove.



SPATS made in gray felt with sealskin fur by Frank Brothers can be worn over shoes or rubbers to protect nylon-clad ankles. Price is \$12.95.



"I was curious..."



"I tasted it..."



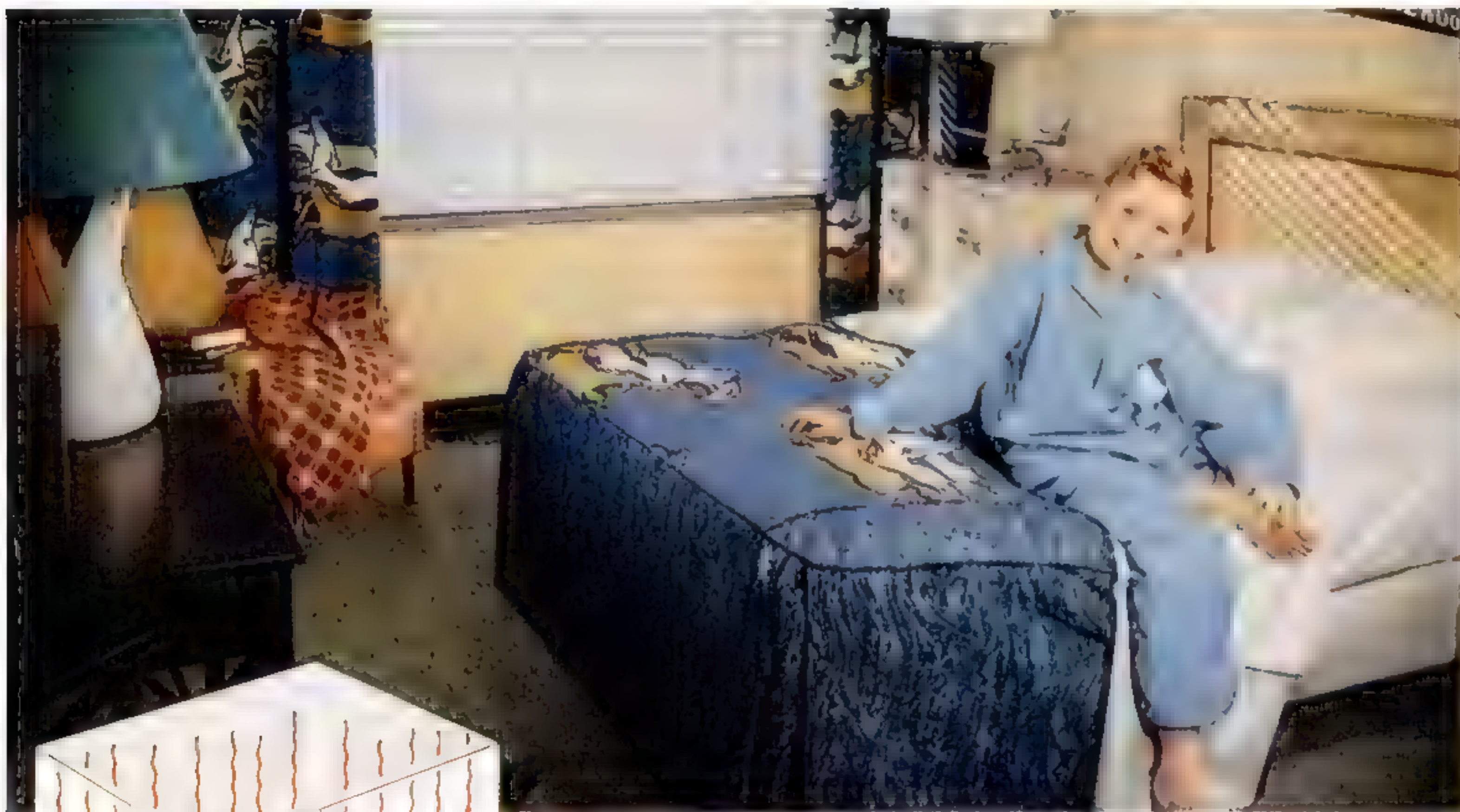
Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

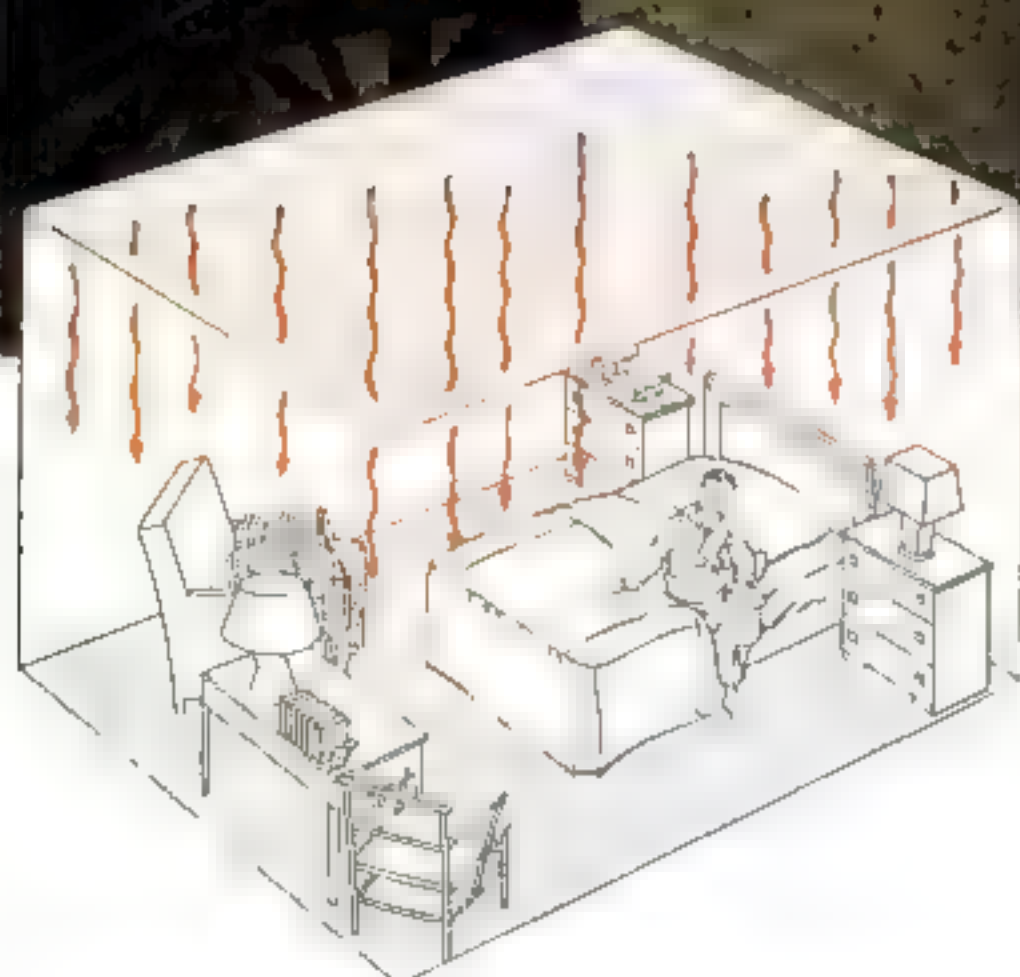


THE *LUSTRON* HOME

The newest kind of Heating for the newest kind of House



This is the "second bedroom" of the new Lustron Home, identical to the first bedroom.



What a joy on a chilly morning— Lustron's radiant panel heating

Just think what this means in daily comfort and well-being! The average difference in temperature between floors and ceilings in the Lustron Home is only three degrees. Like sun rays, heat rays from the ceiling warm every object in the room, smoothly, evenly. (See diagram.) Complete wall and ceiling insulation naturally makes for greater comfort, summer and winter. Tested in two years of severe winters under actual living conditions, Lustron's radiant panel heating system is simple, efficient and economical.

Imagine waking up in the morning and stepping out of bed onto a nice toasty-warm floor! That's one of the new joys of living that await you in the radiant-heated Lustron Home.

The entire ceiling is the source of smooth, even heat. It's like having the sun for a ceiling, for actual rays of heat are sent downward into each room, warming every inch and corner.

This means no chilly drafts where children play, no moving currents of heated air to carry dirt through the house, no dust-catching radiators and grilles to eat up valuable floor space. And the Lustron heating system is completely automatic—just set the thermostat.

Radiant panel heating is just one feature of this new precision-engineered house. The lifetime beauty of porcelain enamel is combined with the known strength and permanence of steel—a "first" for new materials in home building. Volume production keeps the price within the means of the average American family. Plan to inspect the Lustron demonstration home in your community soon.

For complete story of the Lustron Home, send 25¢ (cash only) for beautiful new 16-page booklet—all the details on why Lustron is America's "new standard for living."

LUSTRON CORPORATION, Box 2023Y, Columbus 16, Ohio





THE RULING ELDERS AND WIVES OF HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH BREAK BREAD AND POUR GRAPE JUICE FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

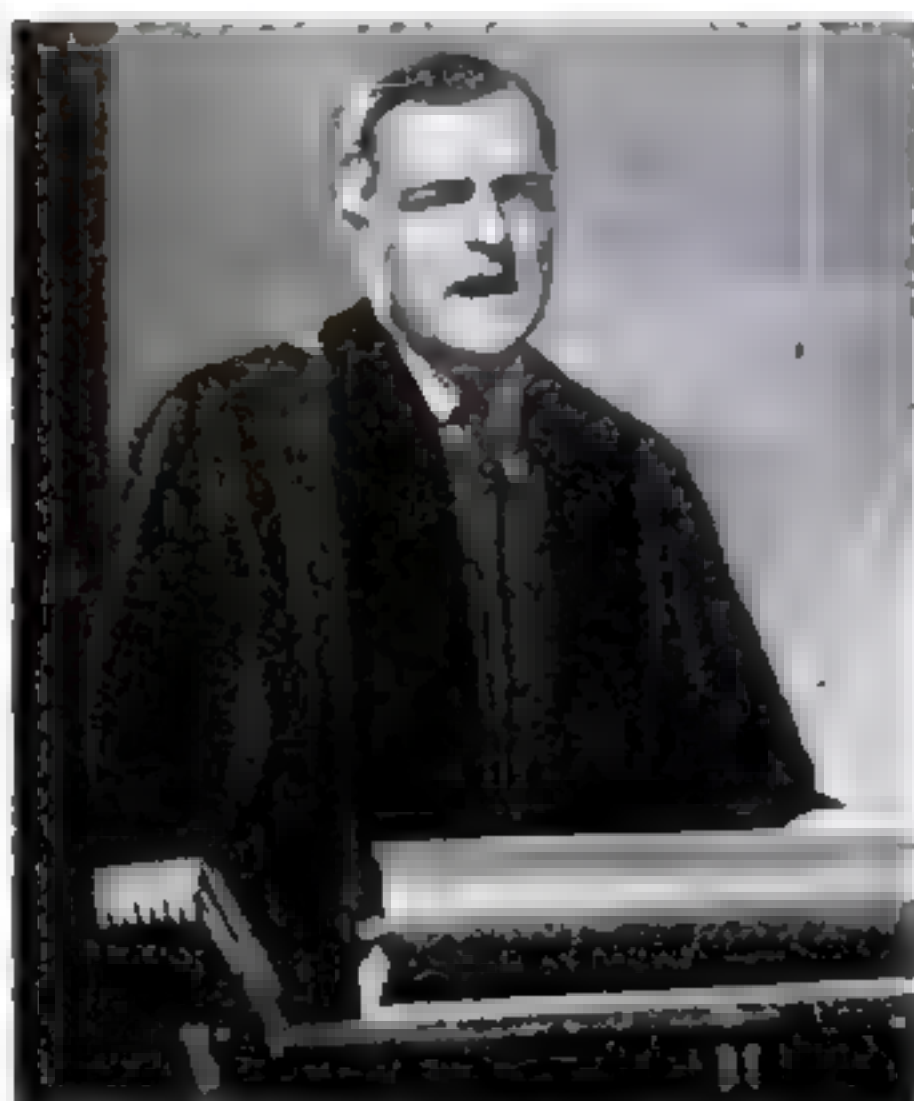
A vigorous agency for a sober faith grows big in Hollywood

"Man's chief and highest end," every Presbyterian is taught, "is to glorify God and fully to enjoy Him forever." Presbyterians obey this precept but with restraint. They glorify God soberly, enjoy Him with small show of exultation. Their approach is marked by reverent simplicity to which, as the church has grown and prospered, has been added an air of well being. This air surrounds their enureches, their church services and even their churchly chores, an activity which engages the attention of the group above which is preparing the Communion.

These are elders and elders' wives of the First Presbyterian Church

of Hollywood. In most Presbyterian churches one or two people do this pious chore. But this church needs a small troop of helpers, for it is the biggest Presbyterian church in the U.S., with a membership of 5,353. It is a prime example of vigorous, successful American Protestantism. To achieve success it has held to traditional Presbyterian ritual while taking on some highly untraditional ways of getting and keeping members (p. 78-81). In size and spirit it expresses a new, aggressive kind of Presbyterianism which, by casting aside some old restraints, has found new ways of leading people to the enjoyment and glorification of God.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



CHIEF MINISTER of Hollywood First Presbyterian Church is the Rev. Louis H. Evans, 51, D.D., LL.D. His father was also a Presbyterian minister.

SERVICES

Piety in a simple setting brings big Sunday crowds

Every Sunday morning the 1,700 seats in the Hollywood First Presbyterian Church are filled not for just one but two services. For the crowds, who come early (*below*), the church has five full-time ministers and five full choirs, but every service is simple. The choirs sing at different services and the assistant ministers alternate with the head minister, the Rev. Dr. Louis H. Evans (*above*), the man responsible for the success of the church.

Dr. Evans, whose early pastorate had been in North Dakota, left a Pittsburgh church for his present pulpit eight years ago with doubts as to the wisdom of the move and the piety of Hollywood. Now he is thoroughly impressed by the eagerness and seriousness of his congregation. It in turn is impressed by Dr. Evans, a man whose energy seems inexhaustible and whose sermons are full of well-thought-out Christian doctrine, of plain speaking and pious scolding.

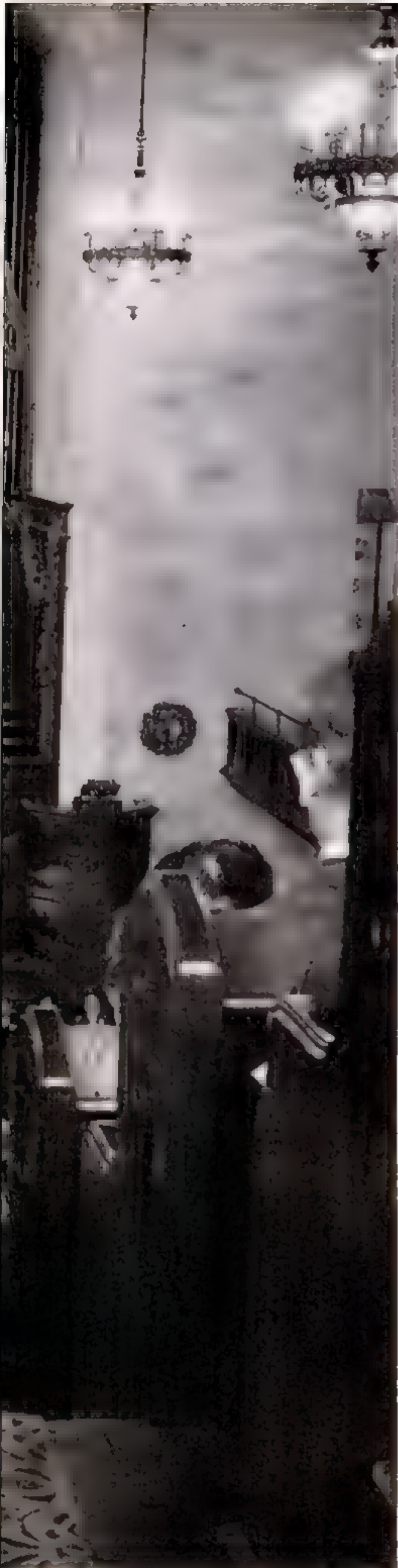


CROWDS LINE UP outside main church building during first Sunday-morning services to be sure of seats for second service. Overflow sits in basement.



CHURCH AUDITORIUM has old familiar accoutrements of Presbyterianism—the tall organ pipes above pulpit, the front but simple woodwork, the

thick, solid patterned rug (*foreground*). In pulpit minister leads responsive reading. Above the pulpit sits church's senior choir with Christian flag (*in d.n.*)



above them. Elders flank cloth-covered Communion table (center). In keeping with Presbyterian ritual, it stands no higher than lowest level of worshipers.



BAPTISM (above) is one of only two Presbyterian sacraments. The other is the Lord's Supper, or Communion (below). Here George M. Sutton is baptized

by Assistant Minister Dr. Clair B. Cahagen. Baby's father and mother, who met in this same church as children, promise to bring up the baby as a Christian.



THE LORD'S SUPPER, biggest event of church, is held four times a year. Here Dr. Evans offers grape juice to congregation, who, believing Christ is present

bly with them, take Communion bread, symbol of Christ's body, and grape juice, symbol of His blood, to ask forgiveness for past sins, to help them in future.



NEW MEMBERS of church are baptized before joining. Above is Melodi Black, 21.



STUDENT Eugene Ashley, 21, attended church as soldier during war, returned when he came to school nearby.



MOVIE COSTUMER Gertrude Hamlen was Christian Scientist, heard Dr. Evans, became Presbyterian.



GOSPEL BOMBS are made by church's college students. They pack pamphlets into colored cellophane tubes in order to advertise church activities, then scatter them over nearby college campus. In each bomb they also place a pencil with

which to sign up. The group's goal has been to manufacture one million Gospel Bombs to send throughout the country. For the Hollywood church every 100 bombs distributed by its Soul Warning Group, have brought in five new members.



SECRETARY Donna Cameron joined the Presbyterian church because she found friends at its youth gatherings.



ACROBAT Howard Krick has joined because Hollywood Presbyterian church's messages and music impress him.



BOOKKEEPER Leota Clark used to go to Church of the Open Door in Los Angeles.

FIFTY MEMBERS A MONTH

Businesslike methods win flocks of new followers and help to swell the treasury

New members come into the First Presbyterian Church at the rate of 50 a month. They are brought in not by high-pressure evangelism but by businesslike organization. The church has Hollywood mapped out in sectors which it watches for arrival of potential Presbyterians within its area. Gospel Bombs (opposite page) are packed and Devision Days are held on which Sunday-school members are gently urged to join the church. Once the youngsters are in, a committee persuades parents to come to church.

The organizing success has swelled the church's finances. First thing Dr. Evans did on arriving in 1941 was to tackle the church's \$250,000 debt. He cleared it up in a year and now the church's income runs well ahead of expenses. A third of the church's \$350,000 annual income goes to benevolences, including support of 21 missionaries in 16 different countries. The rest goes for church expenses and into a fund which will put up in Hollywood a whole city block of buildings to care for the church's own needs.



FINANCIAL RESOURCES of the church are depicted on this chart as a dam, with money flowing like water. At left the money is shown to come from the rent and sale of property owned by church, from youth club dues, from special cam-

paigns and club projects, from offering of regular members which is usually sealed in envelopes before it is placed in collection plates, from listeners to the church's radio broadcasts and from the loose money deposited in the plates by visitors.



CHURCH PARTY brings out minister, Dr. Evans, here covered with confetti as he talks to Barbara Fox, 20. She belongs to Celtic Cross, a club of young

people who have decided to devote their lives to full-time church work. At their parties Hollywood Presbyterians sing and stage stunts but do not dance.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL STUDENTS earnestly study small New Testaments, even though some are upside down and wrong side out (center). This is the



MOVIE ACTORS, all members of church, plan a film called *Christ on Trial*. At front left is Virginia Mayo and behind her, in line, Mrs. Porter Hall.

Rhonda Fleming and Mrs. Dennis Morgan. At right is Miss Mayo's husband Michael O'Shea, behind him Porter Hall. At far end stands Donald Crisp.

ACTIVITIES

The children join clubs and the movie stars work

The Hollywood church has 3,966 children enrolled in its Sunday school, which is the biggest in its denomination. But it also keeps its doors open for youngsters on weekdays. It supports 22 youth clubs which meet in the church. Some clubs, like the sororities, are alien to traditional Presbyterianism but the children like them.

The church tries to engage all ages and talents in its activities. It gets movie stars involved in its work and is happy about a church ladies' group called the Cordons of Prayer. Its members have exchanged telephone numbers, so that if catastrophe strikes a church member the club can pray simultaneously within five minutes.



beginners' class for 4-year-olds, who are given real Testaments so they will feel they are taking active part in the class. After Sunday school class many

children stay in church's nursery so parents can attend worship services. The children learn Bible stories by play acting, dressing a doll up in a coat of

many colors, then tossing it like Joseph, into a pit. The Sunday school also has baby pews and a toy organ with which children can play at churchgoing.



SORORITY SERVICE is held by candlelight to install new officers. Called Chi Gamma Chi, it is group of high-school girls. It holds children's parties



AT STUNT NIGHT Henrietta Mears (left), superintendent of the Sunday school, smiles with college boy (right) who has dressed himself up to mimic her.



"THE SAINTS," a church basketball team which gave itself that name, pray before a game in court gym. Second stringers (standing) also bow heads.



RULING ELDERS of the church stand in a body to sing a hymn during special service before ordaining new elders. The church has 36 elders who exam-

ine beliefs of church's new members carefully before admitting them. Finances of the church are directed by a board of directors, a select group of seven elders.

THE ELDERS

They are elected by congregation to rule the church

Presbyterians get their name from their system of government. Presbyters (from a Greek word used in the Bible and in early Christian churches) are elders who rule the congregation. They are elected by the congregation, given the responsibility for its spiritual welfare and the power to govern its churchly affairs. The congregation, jealous of its democracy, keeps strict

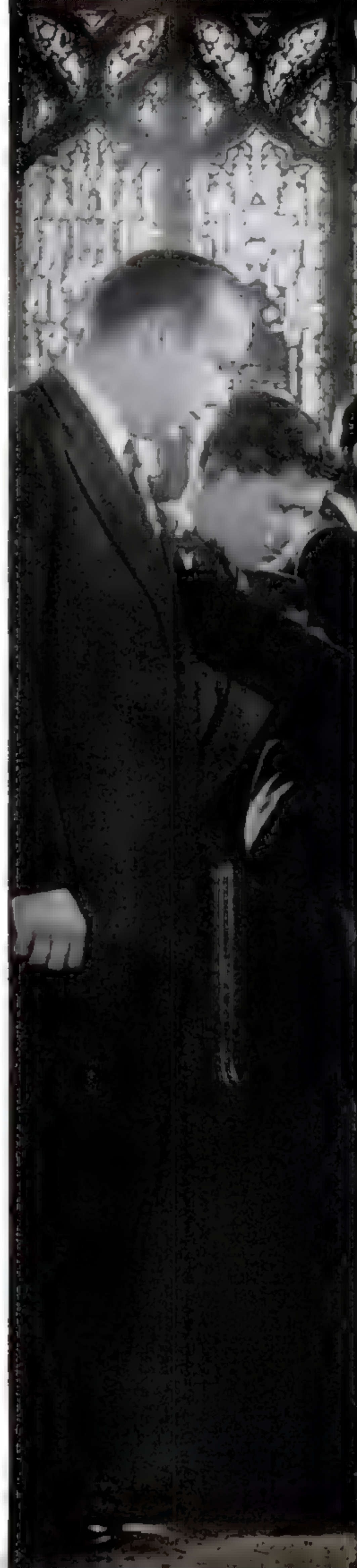
control of the elders and limits their terms to three years.

Under the elders come deacons (*right*), whose main duties are to take up collections and tend to church charities. The Hollywood Presbyterian church has grown so big that the whole congregation has been subdivided into 36 flocks to help elders and deacons keep track of all members.



VOTING MEMBERS of Hollywood First Presbyterian Church include everyone in the entire congregation. They meet every January to hear annual

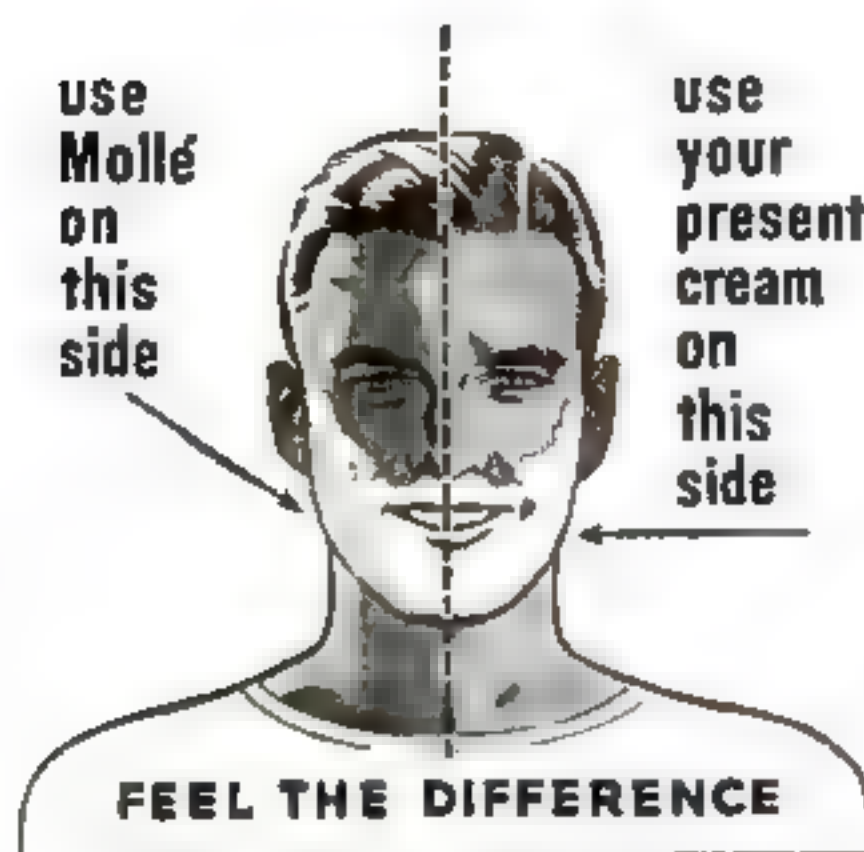
report and to elect new elders and deacons. Votes are made by voice or by raising the right hand unless, in a deadlock, the voters choose to use secret ballots.





NEW DEACONS ARE ORDAINED BY LAYING ON OF HANDS

"WEEK-END TEST" proves: Cleaner, more soothing shaves!



Don't just guess what gives you the best shave—make this Mollé "Week-end Test."

1. Let your beard grow during the week end.
2. Monday morning, when your whiskers are at their longest and toughest, put your present cream on half your face.
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...if Mollé does not give you the best shave you ever had in your life, let a tube today.

If this test does not convince you, just mail us back the Mollé tube. Address, Box 49, New York 8, N. Y.

THE HEAVIER BRUSHLESS CREAM



*They may be glum and grouchy—but
They go for Welch's Cocoanut!*



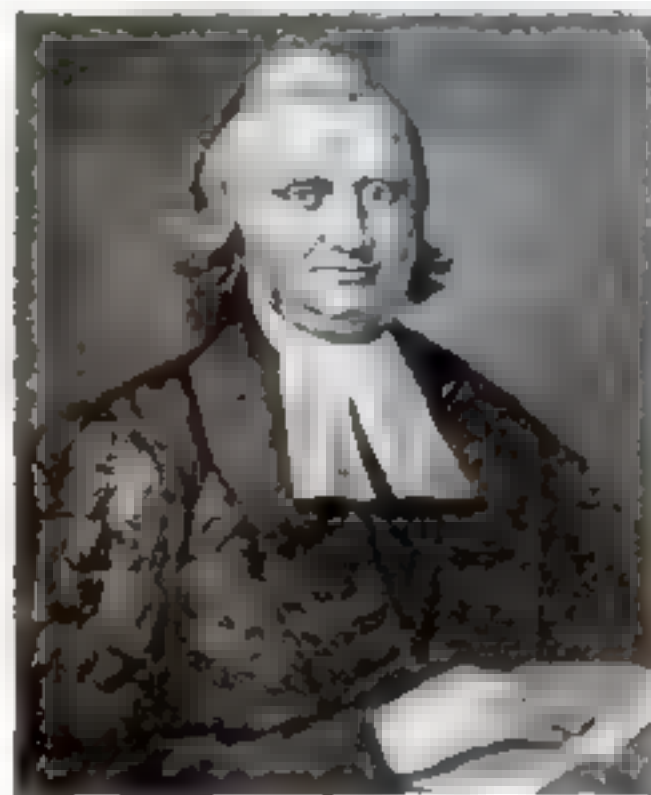
People from coast to coast say that this is their favorite candy bar because they like its fresh cocoanut flavor and the wonderful way the chocolate coating blends with its rich creamy center. If you have never eaten one of these bars, we hope you will try one soon, and we are certain you will enjoy it.



We say it's...
"The World's
Best
Cocoanut
Candy"

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH CONTINUED

CALVIN'S STERN DOCTRINE WAS SPREAD THROUGH U.S.



FAMOUS PRESBYTERIAN John Witherspoon, president of Princeton, signed Declaration of Independence.

The First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood belongs to the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., which has 2,275,000 members and is the country's fifth largest Protestant church. It is also the largest of 12 branches of American Presbyterianism. Along with the Presbyterian Church in the U.S., a Southern branch which split off in the Civil War, its membership takes in three fourths of all U.S. Presbyterians.

They are all spiritual descendants of John Calvin, a great leader of the Protestant revolution (LIFE, June 14). They came to the American colonies mostly as Presbyterians from Scotland, where John Knox had set up the official Calvinist church, or as Huguenots

from France. The big influx took place in the late 17th Century when Scotch-Irish Presbyterians migrated to Maryland and Pennsylvania. Their zeal got them into trouble when they took land without legal title, saying that so much land lying idle was sinful with so many Christians around to use it. Zeal also set them to building sturdy churches and founding Princeton University.

Since they had been bitterly oppressed by England and the Church of England, Presbyterians did more than any other church to foment the American Revolution. One of their clergymen, John Witherspoon (above), was the only minister to sign the Declaration of Independence. After the Revolution they made an agreement with their Calvinist cousins, the Congregationalists. The Presbyterians agreed not to press for expansion in New England, the Congregationalist stronghold, in return for which the Congregationalists agreed to do the same for the rest of the country, leaving it to the Presbyterians, who pushed west through Kentucky and Tennessee to spread their faith.

The Presbyterian faith is a coherent body of doctrine set forth in 1647 in the Westminster Confession and summarized in the Apostles' Creed. The element of doctrine which set it apart from other expressions of Christianity was the belief that every man's future was predestined at birth by God. If he were one of the elect he would be saved. Otherwise he was damned, said Calvin, and nothing he did on earth could alter God's will. Despite this it was every man's duty to serve and glorify God. This belief, along with belief in the absolute sovereignty of God and infallibility of the Bible, made up traditional Presbyterianism a hundred years and more ago. The devout Presbyterian neither worked nor played on Sunday, spending his day browsing through the Bible. He never danced. He tended to be cautious though active in religion and in the world's affairs. He stressed values of religious truth over values of prayer, so that he grew up with a taste for long sermons. The preachments from the pulpit he relished most took three hours at a sitting, then, after a break, another three hours. He sat happily through all this, scorning soft thinking and rejoicing in firmly thrust points.

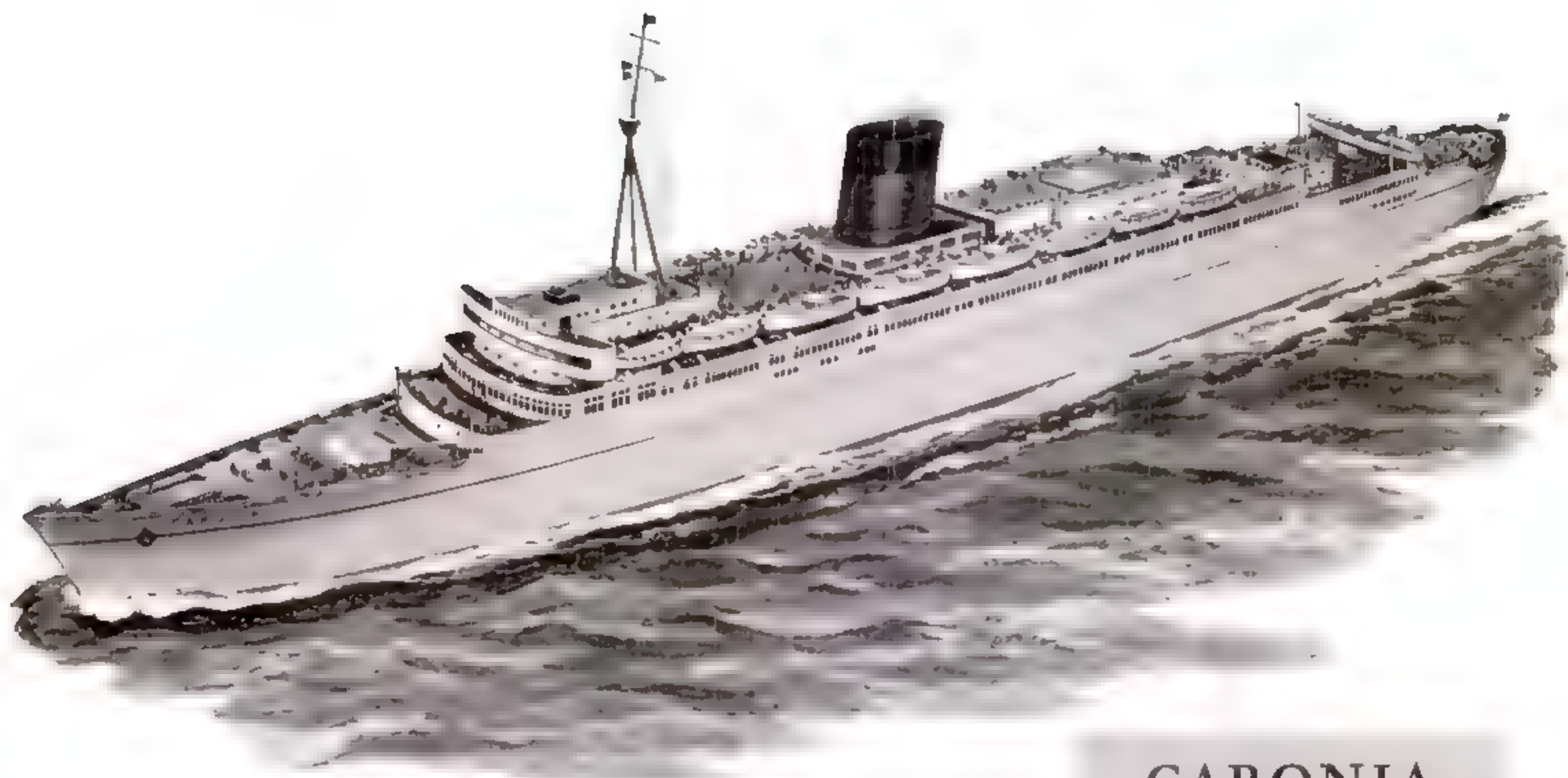
The emphasis on discipline and thrift led the sanctimonious leaders of congregations to consider that they were the elect by virtue of position and wealth. The emphasis on hairsplitting theology made many feel that Presbyterians might pay a little less attention to God's will and a little more to God's mercy. It also split the American Presbyterians into many different branches. In no other church has so sharp a breach grown between fundamentalists, who take their Bible as final authority, and liberals who take it chiefly as a means of understanding God. The last famous champion of fundamentalists was William Jennings Bryan, who made his final stand at the Scopes trial.

Today most liberal Presbyterians belong to the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Its ruling body is a General Assembly. Beneath the assembly fall the synods to which, through local boards called presbyteries, individual churches belong. This year the church enters the final phase of a New Life Movement. The movement, which in the first year brought in 200,000 new members, hopes to have brought in a million by the end of 1949. The rigid Presbyterian doctrine of predestination has been softened. But Presbyterians still hold true to their fathers' faith in God and to their distinctive discipline which has kept sentimentality out of their theology and been their greatest contribution to Protestantism.

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CLOSE-UP



HEMINGWAY'S DAY normally begins at 6:30 with breakfast in his bedroom under Juan Gris's painting, *The Guitar Player*, and surrounded by some of his favorite cat

among them Boise, Principe and Princessa. The author's fourth wife, the former Mary Welsh, usually breakfasts later with her own favorite cat, whose name is Spunkbutt.



HEMINGWAY AT 37



HEMINGWAY AT 44



HEMINGWAY TODAY

A PORTRAIT OF MISTER PAPA

Having "liberated" Paris, set records in boxing, hunting, fishing and matrimony and written the most influential novels of his time, Ernest Hemingway is finishing a new book and trying to be everybody's father

by MALCOLM COWLEY

IT is 20 years since Ernest Hemingway wrote *A Farewell to Arms*, which has come to be almost universally regarded as the best American novel of World War I. What novel will be the best of World War II is likely to remain for some time an open and argued question.

So far there have been several good ones, including *The Gallery*, with its warmth of feeling, *The Naked and the Dead*, with its furious realism, and *The Young Lions*, with its panorama of the fighting in Europe. Most of the new war novels have been more skillfully written than those of the other war, always excepting *A Farewell to Arms*. Almost all of them have shown Hemingway's influence to some degree but without equaling his patient workmanship or his mere zest for living. The chances are that when the smoke has cleared it will be found that Hemingway, now grizzled and paternal, has written the best novel of this war, too.

He started it long ago, before Pearl Harbor, and he is taking his time to finish it. By now he has more than 1,000 pages of manuscript and he thinks that some of them are good, but he wants them all to be wonderful. That is as much as he will say about the novel, even to his publisher. The late Maxwell Perkins, his editor at Scribner's, used to be bothered by people telephoning to ask what the book was about. Max let his secretary answer the calls, including those from important persons. "Tell them," he instructed her, "that it's about land, sea and air." Perhaps the description will prove to be as good as any. Hemingway could write a wartime novel of service by land, sea and air that was based on nothing but his own adventures.

His service by sea was for Naval Intelligence in his 40-foot cabin cruiser, the *Pilar*, which had been transformed into a Q-boat. Disguised in various fashions, it cruised for nearly two years, 1942-44, off the north coast of Cuba. The *Pilar* carried a crew of nine besides radio equipment, machine gun, bazooka and high explosives. Its aim was to be hailed and ordered alongside by a German submarine, in which case Hemingway was prepared to carry out a scheme that would lead to the destruction of the U-boat and possibly to that of the Q-boat as well.

It was just as fortunate for the life expectancy of the skipper and his crew that no U-boat came within hailing distance. At various times, however, the *Pilar* helped to discover the location of submarines which were later reported by the Navy as "presumed sunk." Spruille Braden, then U.S. ambassador to Cuba, had authorized the mission and procured the necessary armament. He said in a recent letter about Hemingway's Cuban service:

"The mission was extremely dangerous, as certainly a fishing boat under normal circumstances would be no match for a heavily armed submarine. However, Ernest had worked out the plan intelligently and, I believe, would have won the battle had he been able to make the contact. In fact, he would have made the contact had not my naval attaché called him into

Havana one day when he was on a location he himself had picked and where a submarine did show up within 24 hours. Even so he obtained valuable information on the location of German subs on various occasions. So worthwhile was Ernest's contribution that I have strongly recommended him for a decoration."

The service by air followed his service by sea. After the last two German submarines had appeared off Cuba in the spring of 1944, Hemingway was flown to England by the RAF, to which he was accredited as a correspondent. He liked the English pilots and they flew him on a respectable number of operational missions, before and after D-day.

The service by land began on July 20 and continued until the early spring of 1945. Officially Hemingway was a correspondent for *Collier's* attached to the Third Army, but he didn't enjoy being an observer and wrote only enough articles to keep from being sent home. He also stayed away from the Third Army, not liking General Patton. At first he holed up with an American pursuit squadron in Normandy; then, after the breakthrough at St. Lô, he attached himself to the 4th Infantry Division of the First Army, where he found good friends and a satisfactory amount of fighting.

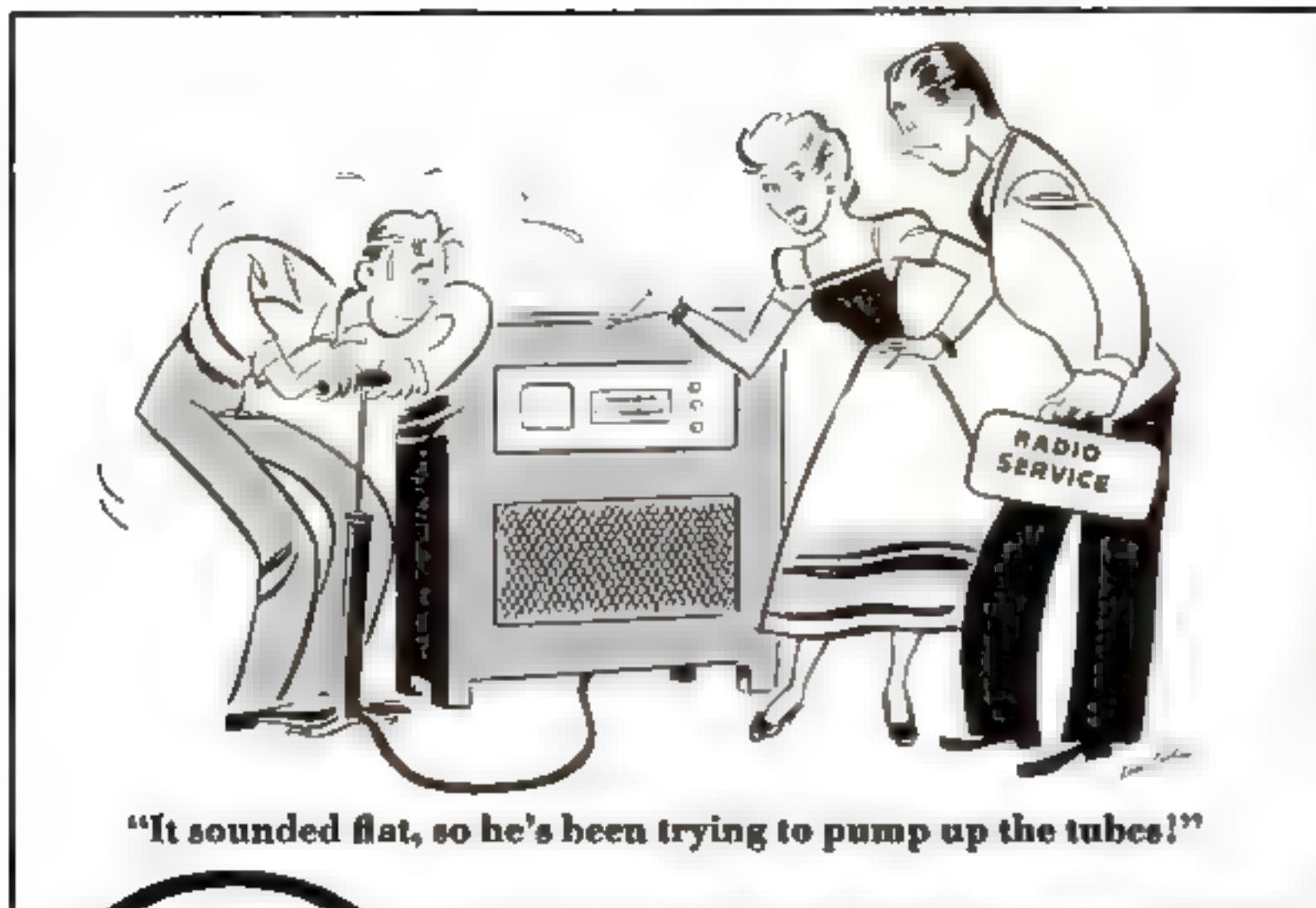
The best of the friends was Colonel (now Brig. General) C. T. Lanham of the 22nd Regiment. The fighting was almost continuous, but it reached a climax in Hürtgen Forest, just across the German frontier. There, in a November battle that lasted 18 days, Buck Lanham's regiment of 3,200 men suffered more than 2,600 casualties. Four battalion commanders were lost within 36 hours. Hemingway stayed with the regiment until the end of the battle, sharing all its dangers and hardships except deprivation of alcohol. To prevent that final misfortune he carried two canteens on the *Gott-mit-Uns* belt he had taken from a dead German. One canteen was filled with gin, the other with dry vermouth, and he poured them together to make lukewarm but powerful Martinis.

The illiterate captain

BACK in August, when the 4th Division was sweeping eastward from Normandy, Hemingway ranged ahead of it in his jeep and began making contact with the French irregulars. He was an imposing figure with his broad shoulders and barrel chest, the head that (he said) was too big for the U.S. Army helmet he had, the still unhealed wound on his scalp—from colliding with a stationary water tank in the London blackout—and the pirate beard he grew in wartime. The French were convinced that he must be a general, but Hemingway told them he was only a captain.

A guerrilla asked him, "How is it that a man so old and wise as you and bearing the scars of honorable service is still a captain?"

"Young man," Hemingway answered on this occasion, and on many



"It sounded flat, so he's been trying to pump up the tubes!"



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AS WAR CORRESPONDENT in 1944, Hemingway grew a huge beard. Here he prepares to board an RAF bomber for one of several operational missions.

MISTER PAPA CONTINUED

others, "the reason is clear and it is a painful one. I never learned to read and write."

Hemingway's jeep kept appearing in unexpected places. "I always keep a pin in the map for old Ernie Hemingway," said the commander of the 4th Division, Major General R. O. Barton, when he was briefing the other correspondents. A few days later the division reached the Seine above Paris, with Germans in front and on both flanks. "Old Ernie Hemingway is out there 60 miles ahead of everything in the First Army," General Barton told his staff. "He's been sending back information. But now what do you think he says? He says that if he's going to hold out where he is, he'll need tanks."

That was at the beginning of the week he spent in Rambouillet, 30 miles southwest of Paris. Hemingway had driven into the little town on Aug. 19 with a patrol of French guerrillas. The Rambolitains, as the inhabitants are called, knew that there were heavy German tanks in the neighborhood and they had a well-grounded fear of being massacred if the Germans reoccupied the undefended town. Hemingway thought it could be held with the help of a truckload of French irregulars and the moral support of Colonel David Bruce of OSS, who had picked on Rambouillet as a likely spot for carrying on his counterintelligence work.

"Ernest's bedroom at the Hôtel du Grand Veneur was the nerve center of all operations," said Colonel Bruce in a letter. "There, in his shirtsleeves, he gave audience to intelligence couriers, to refugees from Paris, to deserters from the German army, to local officials and to all comers." He had the help and advice of a French secret agent famous under his pseudonym of "Mr. Sheep"—M. Mouton. After posting guards on all the roads, Hemingway's chief concern was to locate the German defenses south of Paris. He sent out armed patrols to attract German fire and civilian volunteers on bicycles to penetrate the German lines; some of them pedaled all the way into Paris and came back to Hemingway with sketches, reports and hatfuls of fresh eggs.

Papa takes a good hotel

SOON General Leclerc arrived in Rambouillet with the French armored division that had been chosen to enter Paris. Leclerc did not like American correspondents or French irregulars, but his chief of staff had dinner with Hemingway and M. Mouton. What they gave him was a detailed summary, with sketches, of the German defenses on all the roads between Paris and Rambouillet. "I believe," says Colonel Bruce, "that this information had a determining effect on the successful accomplishment of Leclerc's march to Paris."

On the early morning of Aug. 25 Hemingway followed one of the French armored columns as far as the village of Buc, near Versailles, where he knew that it would be halted briefly by German resistance. Then, at the head of the irregulars—who by now formed a motorized detachment of more than 200 men—he made his way into the city by back roads. The irregulars were fighting a skirmish at the Arc de Triomphe when the main Leclerc column was still on

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the south bank of the Seine. That evening Robert Capa, the photographer, came into Paris with other correspondents who had been held back by Leclerc's strict orders. Capa went straight to the Ritz, where he recognized "Red" Pelkey, Hemingway's driver, standing guard outside the door. Said Pelkey, speaking in Hemingway's style, "Papa took good hotel. Plenty stuff in cellar. You go up quick."

After the Rambouillet affair there was an argument in Army circles whether Hemingway should be decorated for an outstandingly good example of intelligence reporting, or whether he should be summarily court-martialed for having violated the Geneva Convention, which governs the conduct of war correspondents. The decoration came much later in the form of a Bronze Star, but first the Inspector General of the Third Army submitted Hemingway's activities to a formal investigation.

Adventure among fine people

IT began on Sept. 2, 1944 and occupied the better part of eight weeks. In October, Hemingway was called back from the Siegfried line to be interrogated. Other correspondents testified like gentlemen that they had never seen him with weapons on his person. Finally he was advised that the investigation—to quote the adjutant general—"disclosed no violation by him of the existing regulations for war correspondents." He hurried back to the 4th Division, which was then preparing for the battle of Hurtgen Forest. "In the next war," he told Buck Lanham, "I'm going to have the Geneva Convention tattooed on my backside in reverse, so I can read it with a mirror."

If Hemingway's novel about the last war is based on his own service by land, it is certain to contain more firsthand accounts of fighting than any war novels that have so far been published. "You can't keep that big bastard out of a fight," a West Point officer said of him admiringly. His passion for adventure will go into the book, together with the feeling of comradeship that he found among American soldiers at the front. The novel may be tragic; it won't be niggling. "Most of this last war made sense," Hemingway says, "while the first one made little sense to me. Also I had such good companionship. I had never known such fine people and it was the first time I ever had a chance to fight in my own language."

He was enthusiastic about the officers and men who fought beside him and they returned warmth for warmth. When the veterans of the 22nd Regiment formed an association, he was one of only two nonmilitary men elected to honorary membership. One correspondent described in conversation



IN FIRST WAR Hemingway (left) was wounded by a mortar.

a ride that he took with Hemingway, when they started before dawn for Lanham's post of command in Hurtgen Forest. "Everybody knew his jeep," the correspondent said. "Out of the dark woods you could hear hundreds of voices saying, one after another, 'Good morning, Mr. Hemingway.' It was like a royal progress."

The officers of the 4th Division had an affectionate variety of nicknames for him. They called him Ernie, a name which he tolerates only from close friends, or the Kraut Hunter, or Old Dr. Hemingstein—when he argued with the psychiatrist about combat fatigue—or they repeated his own description of himself as Ernie Hemorrhoid, the poor man's Pyle, but mostly they called him Papa or Pop. Those were the names he liked best and they have followed him back to Cuba, where

the household servants, the villagers in San Francisco de Paula, the fishermen at Cojumar and the waiters in his favorite Havana cafes all address him as *Papá*. You order a Daiquiri, trying to explain how you want it made, and the waiter at the Café Florida says brightly, "*Como Papá?*" If you answer, "Yes, like Papa," a double Daiquiri without sugar appears in a shaker brimful of shaved ice.

"Papa, you write that we may drink," said a Cuban lawyer in the Ambos Mundos while Hemingway reached for the check as always and beamed as if from the head of a family table. Sometimes his friends describe him as having a papa complex, which, they explain, is exactly the opposite of a father complex. Instead of seek-

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HEMINGWAY FAMILY was photographed at Oak Park, Ill., when Ernest (right) was 8. Three sisters (left to right) are Marcelline, Madeleine and Ursula.

MISTER PAPA CONTINUED

ing for a substitute father to support and protect him, he keeps trying to protect and lay plans for others. Younger men and women come to him for advice about their literary problems and their love affairs while he talks to them as if he were 90 years wise instead of only 49. "I was lucky enough," he says, "to associate with older people when I was young and with young people now that I'm older."

Mr. Papa, as he often signs his letters, is a big man with an erect carriage that makes him seem taller than his 6 feet. He grew a sizable paunch after the war but has now trained himself down to 208½ pounds, or not much more than his former boxing weight of 198. He is built like a boxer, with small ankles, big calves, narrow hips, broad shoulders and muscular arms that measure 17 inches around the biceps. His head is big and leonine, with a high forehead, wavy hair now gray at the temples, a bristly mustache and usually a quarter inch of stubble on the cheeks, for he has a tender skin and hates shaving. When he puts on his steel-rimmed Army-issue spectacles Mr. Papa looks like a scholar poring over a Greek manuscript. When he grins he looks like a schoolboy masquerading in an iron-gray wig.

He doesn't smoke, partly to preserve his extremely keen sense of smell; sometimes he sniffs the wind like an apprehensive bear. He doesn't enjoy big parties. Usually he talks to one person at a time in a low, confidential voice, while keeping his dark brown eyes fixed on his guest. Gertrude Stein was being malicious when she said that his eyes were "passionately interested, rather than interesting," but she was also paying him a compliment. Mr. Papa looks and listens and is proud of his accurate memory. "When people talk, listen completely," he said in a letter of advice to a young writer. "Most people never listen."

He lives on a patriarchal scale, surrounded by his family, his friends and his retainers. There are no flocks or herds on his Cuban estate, but there are cats—25 by a recent count—and half a dozen dogs that wander in and out of the big Spanish-style farmhouse. Finca Vigia (or Lookout Farm) is the name of the property and it consists of 15 acres, with gardens, a tennis court, a swimming pool and a white tower at the top of which is Hemingway's study.

On the terrace outside the farmhouse door is a Ceiba tree, sacred in voodoo rites, with its smooth bark the color of an elephant's hide. The living room, 60 feet long, has its walls lined with the heads of beasts that Hemingway shot in Africa. In the late afternoon the room is often noisy with guests, and the Chinese cook seldom knows how many to expect for dinner. Finca Vigia needs a staff of servants; besides the cook there are two houseboys, two or three gardeners and a chauffeur for the two big cars and the



BOY FISHERMAN, 7-year-old Ernest was taught by his father.

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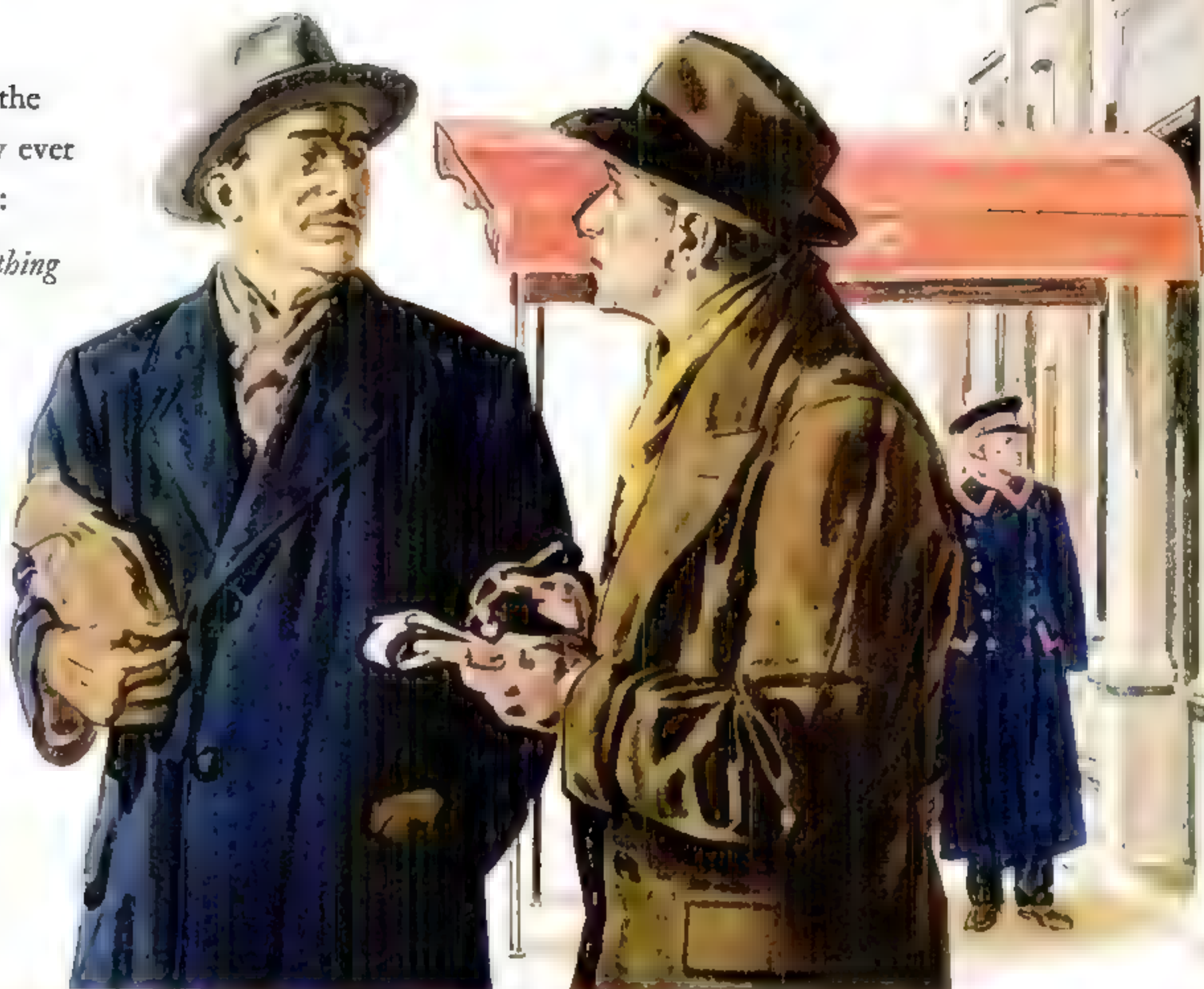
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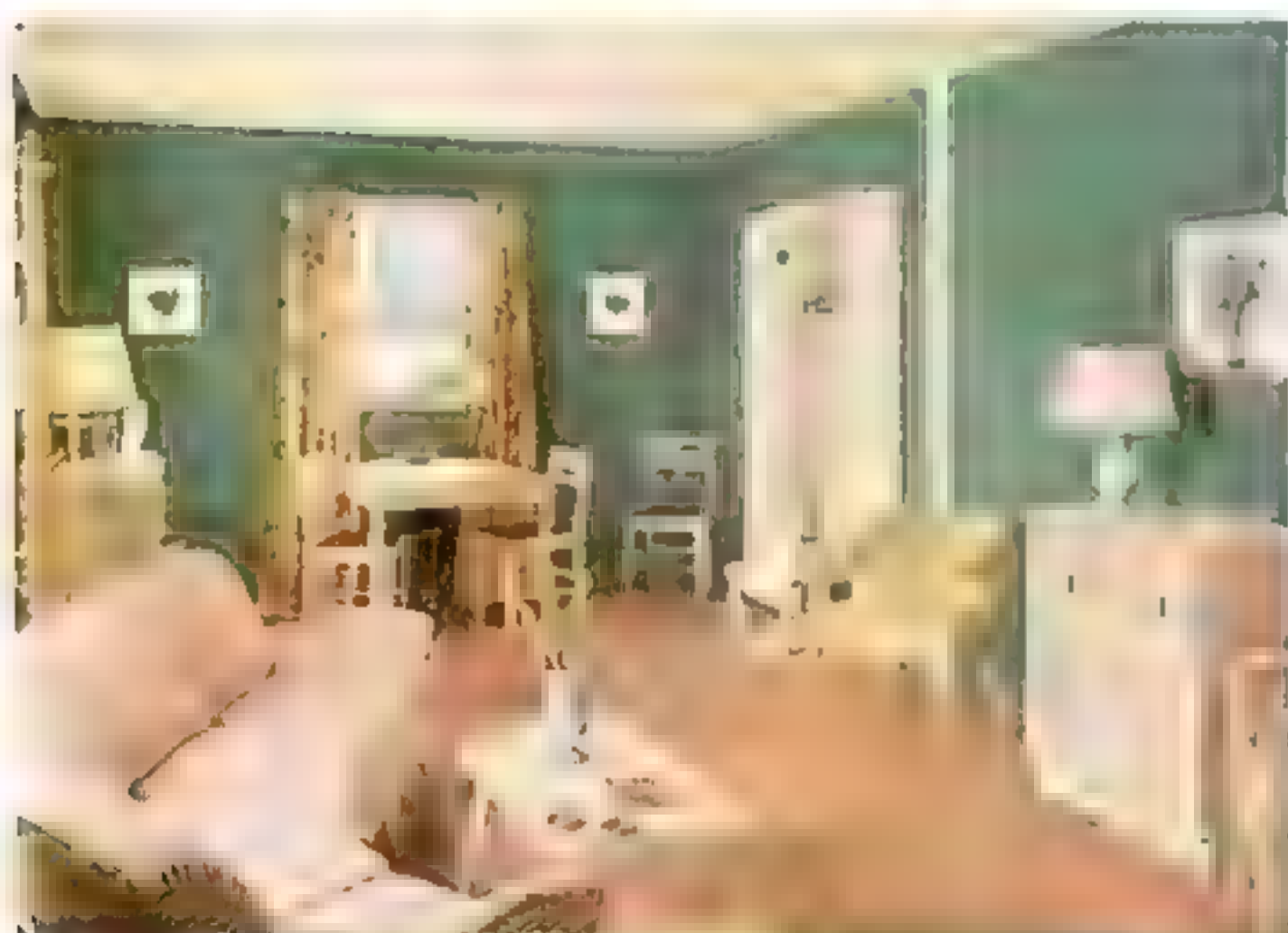
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HEMINGWAY DRINKS gulp of whisky before leaving Madrid for the front during the Spanish civil war. Hemingway does not smoke but still likes a drink.

MISTER PAPA CONTINUED

station wagon, not to mention an engineer for the fishing boat anchored in the little harbor at Cojimar.

Mr. Papa's expenses are high, but so are his earnings, and this in spite of the fact that he hasn't published a novel since 1940. His books have a continued sale in the U.S. Abroad they are always appearing in new translations, although he is having the usual difficulties in collecting his foreign royalties without traveling to all the countries where they are impounded. It was only because of a trip to Italy this fall that he was able to spend the money owed him by his Italian publisher.

Ever since *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was sold to Paramount for \$150,000, most of his income has come from Hollywood. Three of his four novels have now been filmed and the late Mark Hellinger, encouraged by the success of *The Killers*, had undertaken to produce a whole series of his short stories. Hellinger's death last year put an end to that profitable arrangement, but recently 20th Century-Fox bought *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* for \$125,000, a record price for a short story.

Mrs. Papa—also known as "Kitner" and "Miss Mary"—runs the household efficiently and makes out the income-tax returns. Before she became Hemingway's fourth wife she was Mary Welsh, the daughter of a prosperous lumberman in Bemidji, Minn. She attended Northwestern University, worked on the *Chicago Daily News*, then on the *London Express*; and she was in the London bureau of *TIME* when Hemingway met her in 1944.

At Finca Vigia there is a separate house for Hemingway's three sons, who worship their father and visit him at every opportunity. John (or Bumpy) is the only son of the first marriage and is now 25. He has a distinguished war record as a captain in OSS assigned to missions behind the German lines. Patrick (or Mousie) is 20 and a student at Stanford University. Gregory (or Gigi) is 17 and in the senior class at Canterbury School. Like Patrick he is good in his studies, but his father complains that his growing interest in books is likely to be the ruin of a superb wing shot. Gigi was only 11 when he came within one bird of winning the pigeon-shooting championship of Cuba against four past champions of the island, two past champions of Spain and the gunnery instructors of a U.S. air squadron.

Hemingway's friends are a curiously assorted company. Among them are wealthy sportsmen of the international set, West Point generals (he often says that generals are good people), priests, prize-fighters, jockeys, matadors, movie stars (Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich) and convicts lately escaped from Devil's Island.

Hemingway is also fond of Loyalist exiles, especially the Basques, whom he likes so much that he has been learning to speak their impossibly difficult language. His other friends include—or have included, for many of them are dead—Spanish grandees, Cuban politicians of several parties, saloonkeepers of all grades and nations, ski instructors, hardware clerks, Chicago gangsters, prostitutes, rummies, gossip columnists, the trotting-horse expert of the *New York Morning Telegraph*, a Russian correspondent executed in the purge, Max Perkins, Gertrude Stein and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Whatever their social or financial level, most of the friends have achieved excellence in some particular activity that engages Hemingway's passionate interest. Another quality that most of them have in common is physical or moral courage combined with the habit of being dependable in a crisis. They are men and women who

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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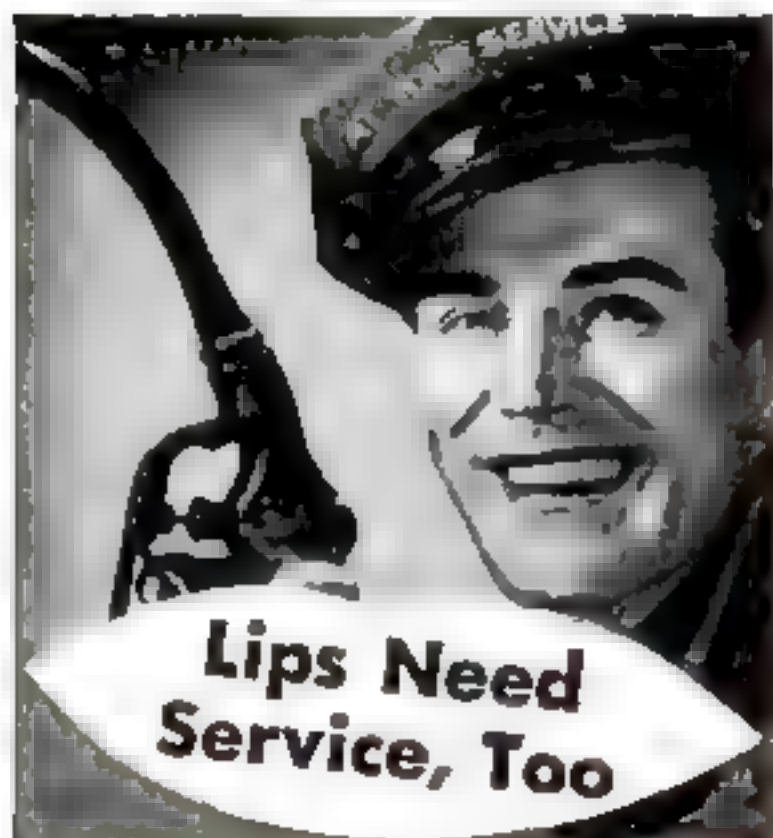
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MISTER PAPA CONTINUED



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have taken risks, and that is one reason why the mortality among them has been high. Hemingway has taken risks and survived, but he carries scars—literally from the crown of his head to the sole of his right foot. One might say that the story of his life is engraved on his body.

He was born July 21, 1899, in Oak Park, a Chicago suburb sometimes described as the middle-class capital of the world. He was the second child and first son of a family in which there would be two boys and four girls. His father, Clarence Edmonds Hemingway, was a brawny, bearded doctor whose two passions in life were hunting and fishing. His mother, born Grace Hall, had been a soloist at the First Congregational Church, where the Hemingways worshipped. She was devoted to music and the distinguishing feature of the big stuccoed Hemingway house was a music room 30 feet square with a concert stage where she sometimes sang to invited audiences. Both parents tried to model the son after themselves. The father gave him his first fishing rod when Ernest was not yet 3 years old and his first shotgun when he was 10; the mother gave him a cello. Instead of practising the cello he often tried to sneak off and go fishing.



A GOOD BOXER, Hemingway used the ring to get in shape for war tasks.

That was at Walloon Lake, in Michigan, where the Hemingways spent their summers. Ernest went barefoot there and felt more at home than among his well-dressed schoolmates in Oak Park. Sometimes his father took him along when making professional visits to an Indian camp far back in the woods. Dr. Hemingway had a small head for his huge body and very small piercing black eyes under bushy eyebrows. It was said that on a bright summer day he could count potato bugs across a mile-wide lake. He was famous as a wing shot, in and out of season, and once a neighbor protested that he was breaking the law. "Never mind the law, madam," he shouted. "Shoot the birds!"

When Ernest was 14 and big for his age, Dr. Hemingway gave him a present he had begged for: a course of boxing lessons advertised by a Chicago gymnasium. The first lesson might have been the last. Ernest was invited to spar with Young A'Hearn, a crack middleweight training for his next bout. "I'll take it easy," A'Hearn promised him, but soon they were trading punches and then Ernest was lying on the mat with a broken nose.

"I knew he was going to give me the works the minute I saw his eyes," Ernest told a friend.

"Were you scared?"

"Sure, he could hit like hell."

"Why did you go in there with him?"

"I wasn't that scared."

He was back at the gymnasium next day, to everyone's surprise. It seems that other students had been given the same treatment and that very few of them appeared for a second lesson. Ernest was one who finished the course and he continued to practice boxing. Two years later his left eye was injured in a sparring match, and the doctors thought for a time that the sight of the other eye might be affected. He had grown too rapidly and was always getting injured. In his last year at Oak Park High School he played right guard on the famous football team that lost the scholastic championship to Evanston but later won an intersectional game with Toledo. Hemingway had to be retired from both games because of injuries.

At high school he went out for everything, according to the testimony of others in the class of '17. He was an editor of *Trapeze*, the school weekly, for which he wrote a news-and-gossip column. He contributed stories to the school quarterly and played in the school orchestra. He belonged to the debating club, to the Hanna Club, which heard lectures by prominent citizens, and to the Boys' Rifle Club. Besides making the football team, in his senior year he was on the swimming team, managed the track team and wrote the class prophecy. Yet he was not happy at high school and twice he ran away from home. His classmates describe him as a lonely boy, sometimes the butt of jokes, who did not go to dances until his last year. To judge from his high-school record, he had a strong com-

PAIN

of headache, neuritis and neuralgia

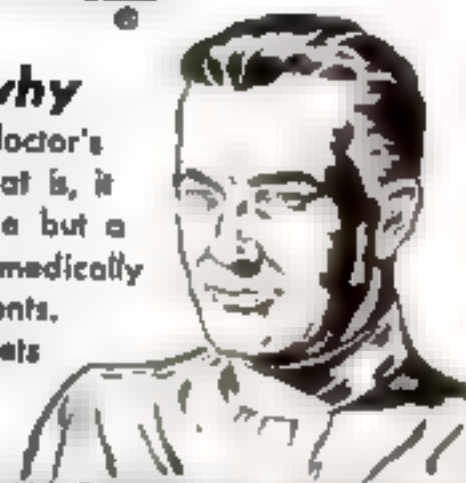
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"I'm so proud of my boy!"

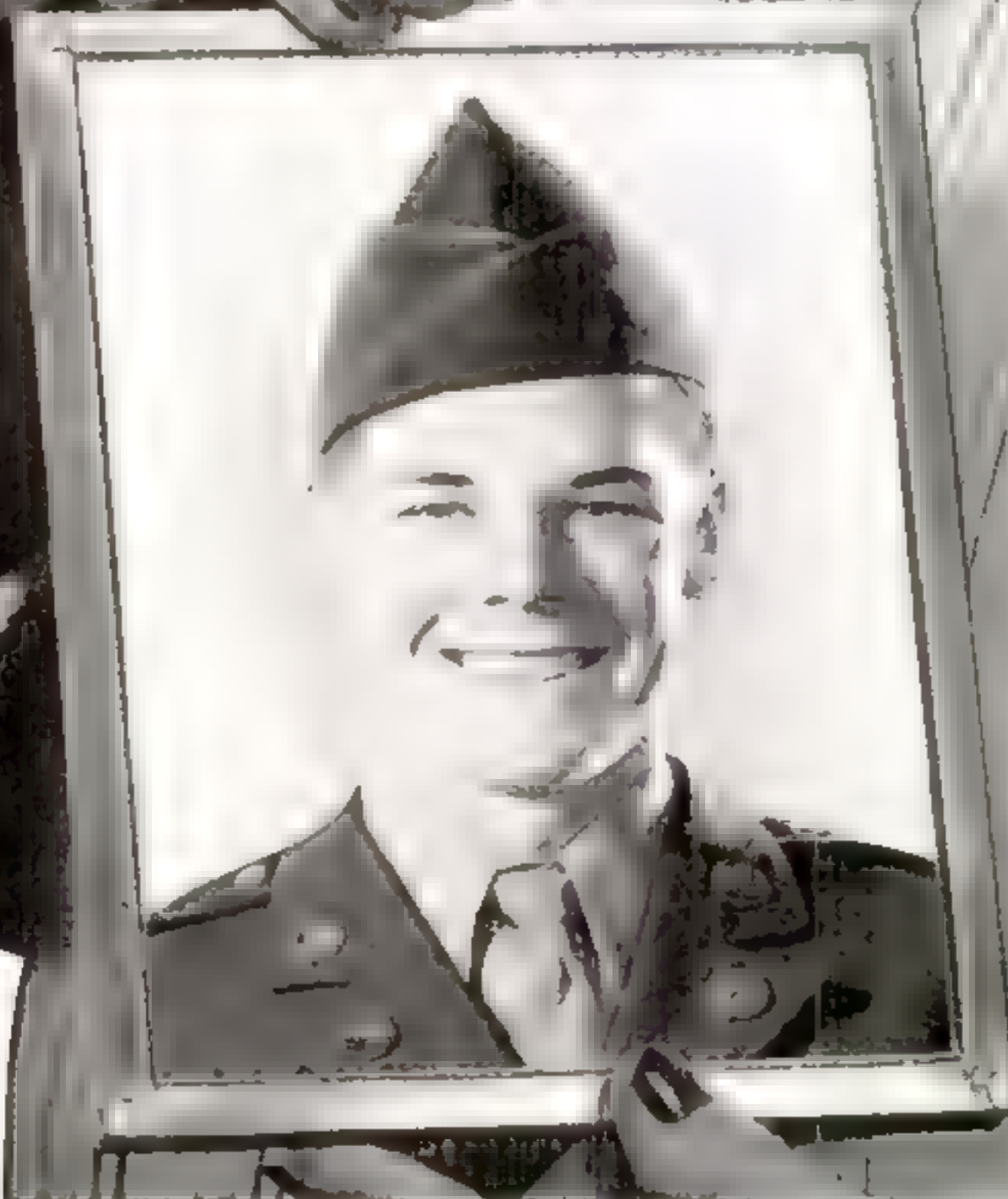
If you could see this son of mine, you'd know why I'm so proud. Tall? He's taller than his dad — grown two inches since he enlisted. And gained fourteen pounds. Can you imagine? And he actually acts sort of protective about me.

It never occurred to me that he might choose the Army for a career. But I'm glad he did. Like any youngster, he was a little uncertain about the kind of work he wanted to do. But the tests given him in the Army made it easy to decide. He's doing the work he's best suited for in the Infantry — and he loves it!

He says the Army technical schools are the finest in the country and that, with the training and experience he's getting, he can start his own business if he decides to get out of the Army later.

Just think, at nineteen he's making his own way — saving money, too — and getting ahead in work he likes to do. He's had one promotion and says he'll be a sergeant soon because there's plenty of chance to advance in the U. S. Army if you really want to get ahead.

I've done plenty of stewing and fretting — you know how mothers are — but I feel satisfied now that he's growing up the way I wanted him to grow. And I'm so proud of him!



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FIRST WIFE was Hadley Richardson, a St. Louis girl Hemingway married in Michigan in 1921. Photograph was made a year later during Switzerland visit.

MISTER PAPA CONTINUED

petitive spirit and a burning wish to excel. Journalism was more his field than football. He was not a born sportsman who somehow learned to write, as if Luis Angel Firpo had been granted the gift of tongues. On the contrary, he was a born writer and student who taught himself painfully to be a sportsman.

The country went to war in the April before his graduation and Hemingway tried to enlist, but the medical examiners rejected him because of his injured eye. He decided not to go to college; instead he made his way to Kansas City and talked himself into a job on the *Star* by lying about his age. He was not yet 18 when he started his reportorial career. His career with foreign armies started the following spring, when he heard that the Red Cross was recruiting ambulance units for service on the Italian front and was not strict in its physical requirements.

The front was quiet on the night of July 8, 1918. Hemingway, then stationed at Fossalta di Piave, went forward to a listening post on the riverbank, 100 yards beyond the Italian trenches. A big Austrian trench-mortar bomb, of the type that used to be called ash cans, exploded in the darkness. "I died then," Hemingway told his friend Guy Hickok. "I felt my soul or something coming right out of my body, like you'd pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket by one corner. It flew around and then came back and went in again and I wasn't dead any more."

The ash can had been filled with quarter- and half-inch pieces of sawed-off steel rods and the surgeons later found that there were 237 fragments in his legs. The three Italians in the listening post all had their legs blown off. When Hemingway recovered consciousness two of them were dead and the other was screaming. Hemingway carried him back toward the trenches. Two Austrian searchlights caught him in their beams and a machine gun followed him. He was hit again in the knee and the ankle but reached a dugout before he collapsed with his burden. The soldier on his back was dead.

In the hospital Hemingway was awarded the Croce de Guerra with three citations and the Medaglia d'Argento al Valore Militare, which was the second highest Italian military decoration and carried with it a pension from the government of about \$50 a year. He went back to Oak Park in the spring of 1919 with the medals and other souvenirs, including a new aluminum kneecap, a grafted bone in his foot and various pieces of scrap metal that the

THIRD WIFE was Writer Martha Gellhorn, who fell in love with Hemingway while they were covering Spanish civil war. They were married in 1940.





SECOND WIFE was Pauline Pfeiffer, a Paris writer for *Logan*. Hemingway married her in 1927 shortly after his divorce, and they settled in Key West.

surgeons had been unable to remove; one of them is now working out of his knee, after 30 years. For a long time he was afraid to sleep except by daylight because he had been blown up at night. He had a lively imagination and he thought that if he ever again closed his eyes in the darkness the soul would go out of his body and not come back. Much later, in Spain and China, he would learn to suspend the functioning of his imagination and would become as indifferent to danger as it is possible for an old soldier to be. In the early years, however, he forced himself to walk forward into danger because of his competitive spirit and because he was proving to himself that he was not that scared.

Before seeking new dangers he had to look for a job. In 1920 he went to work in Chicago editing a house organ for the Co-operative Society of America. He lived in Y. K. Smith's apartment on the Near North Side, where he met Sherwood Anderson and other writers and artists of the Chicago group. There, too, he fell in love with Hadley Richardson of St. Louis, a family friend of the Smiths; they were married early in September 1921. After a short honeymoon in the Michigan woods they went to Toronto, where Hemingway again talked himself into a newspaper job. He moved fast in those days; by November his stories were being printed under a by-line and in December he sailed for Europe as a roving correspondent for the *Toronto Star*.

Some good advice from Gertrude Stein

ANDERSON had given him a letter of introduction to Gertrude Stein, which he hastened to present. "We love Gertrude Stein" was a penciled note at the end of an early letter to Anderson. Already Hemingway had shown her his poems and the novel he was writing. She liked the poems, which she thought were direct and Kiplingesque, but the novel she found wanting. She said, "There is a great deal of description in this and not particularly good description. Begin over again and concentrate."

For the *Star* he reported the Greco-Turkish War and in November 1922 he went to Lausanne for the conference that discussed a peace settlement. Hadley came there to meet him, carrying his manuscripts in a suitcase. At Lyon she left the compartment for a moment to get a glass of water and the suitcase was stolen. It contained everything he had written and saved until that time: the completed novel, 18 stories and 30 poems—all of them irretrievably

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PRESSENT WIFE is blond Mary Welsh, who resembles Maria, the heroine of *For Whom The Bell Tolls*. Hemingway married her in Havana in 1946.



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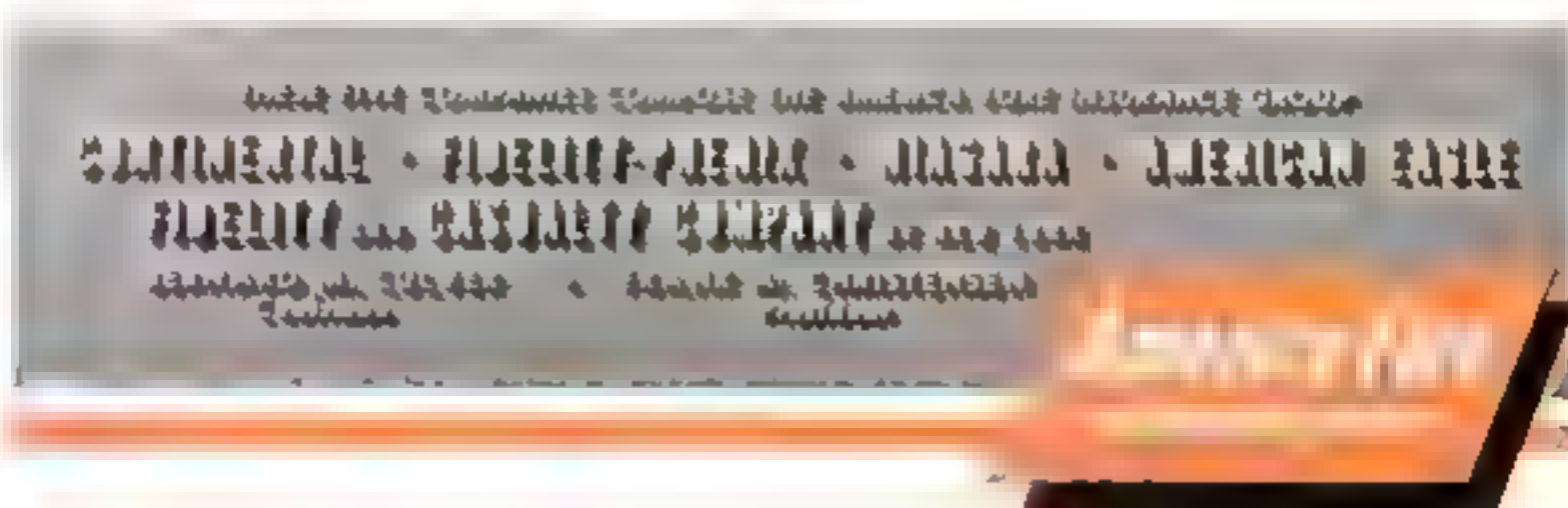
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MISTER PAPA CONTINUED

gone except one story, *My Old Man*, which was making the rounds of the magazines.

At 23 it is not a real disaster to lose one's manuscripts, and it was even a stroke of good fortune for Hemingway since the loss enabled him to begin over again and concentrate, as Gertrude Stein had advised. He studied writing as if he were studying geometry without a textbook and inventing theorems as he went along. Ezra Pound and Gertrude were his two teachers. Ezra read his stories and sent them back blue-penciled, with most of the adjectives gone. Gertrude confined herself to general comments, but they were searching and sometimes merciless. Later Hemingway said of his apprentice years, "Ezra was right half the time, and when he was wrong he was so wrong you were never in any doubt about it. Gertrude was always right."

After two booklets printed in France his first American book was a collection of stories called *In Our Time*, which was a financial failure. Only 1,335 copies were printed and only a few hundred of these were sold in 1925, the year of publication. His second book was *The Torrents of Spring* and its sales in 1926 proved to be only a spring trickle. Then came a novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, published in the fall of the same year. It was an immediate but not a sensational success, with 26,000 copies sold in the first year and a half. Then gradually people began to notice what a widespread effect it was having on the new generation, the one that came of age after World War I. Hemingway, as Lord Byron had done a century before, gave the young people attitudes to strike and patterns of conduct to follow. They not only wrote like him, if they wrote, and walked with his rolling slouch, if they had seen him, but also drank like his heroes and heroines, cultivated a hard-boiled melancholy and talked in page after page of Hemingway dialog.

Meanwhile the new Byron was living in Paris under siege from magazine editors. "He could not be bought," said his friend, the late John Peale Bishop. "I happened to be with him on the day he turned down an offer from one of Mr. Hearst's editors which, had he accepted it, would have supported him handsomely for years. He was at the time living back of the Montparnasse cemetery, over the studio of a friend, in a room small and bare except for a bed and a table, and buying his midday meal for five sous from the street vendors of fried potatoes."

He writes a great novel and goes fishing

IF he was then living alone it was because his first marriage had been breaking up and by March 1927 had ended in a divorce. Later in the year he married Pauline Pfeiffer, a dark-haired fashion writer who worked in the Paris office of *Vogue* and who, like Hadley, had spent her girlhood in St. Louis. With his new wife Ernest went back to the States, where he continued working on *A Farewell to Arms*, the war novel he had waited 10 years to write. The book was finished at the end of 1928, after the Hemingways and their new baby had established themselves in Key West.

It was during the Key West years, 1928-38, that he earned his reputation as a fisherman, a big-game hunter, a boxer and an all-round sportsman. For a long time after the war he had been troubled by his wounds and had tired easily. A robust friend of his had said to Gertrude Stein, "Ernest is very fragile. Whenever he does anything sporting something breaks: his arm, his leg or his head." But he kept on overcoming and sometimes overcompensating for his handicaps and by the Key West years he had developed endurance as well as strength. "He was a tough fisherman," said Fishing Captain Jackie Key, who often went out with him. "He'd fish all day, then lie down in his clothes and sleep on the deck while the boat drifted, and go back to fishing in the morning."

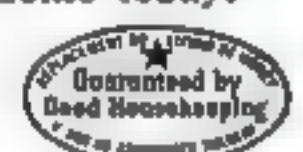
In 1933 he caught his first giant, a marlin weighing 468 pounds, which he brought to gaff in 65 minutes without using a harness. "It jumped like in the Apocalypse," he said. He became known for fighting his fish and boating them fast, before the sharks had time to mutilate them. After his return from Africa in 1934—with a fine collection of mounted heads and with material for his least satisfactory book, *Green Hills of Africa*—he had a fishing boat, the *Pilar*, built to his design at a Brooklyn shipyard. He had taught himself navigation and soon was taking the *Pilar* on cruises through the Bahamas. At Bimini he boated the first un mutilated tuna—a 310-pounder—ever caught in those waters on rod and reel.

That was in the summer of 1935, the big season at Bimini when he caught so many marlin and won the fishing tournament. There was ill-feeling that year between the islanders and the visiting fishermen, and Hemingway tried to pacify the locals by giving them a chance to fight. He offered \$200 to anyone who could stay four rounds in the ring with him and several of the locals tried it, but none lasted

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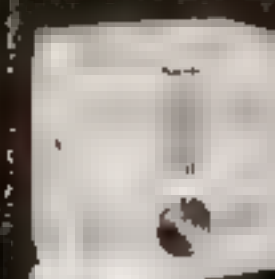
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MISTER PAPA CONTINUED

four rounds. Tom Heeney, the British Empire heavyweight champion, was in Bimini early that summer before the ring was built and he boxed with Hemingway on the beach, with the whole island watching. At last Tom said, "Let's cut this out. We're doing this for nothing and we ought to be paid for it."

The next year Hemingway was back at Bimini when civil war broke out in Spain, the country he loved best after his own. The war aroused his social conscience, which had seemed dormant or dead. Soon he raised \$40,000 on his personal notes to buy ambulances for the Loyalist armies. To pay off the notes he made several trips to Spain as correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance. During long visits to the front he became a friend of the military leaders. He was taking a postgraduate course in war, after his freshman studies in Italy and his field work with the Greeks in Asia Minor.

Martha Gellhorn was also in Spain, reporting the war for *Collier's*; she was another St. Louis girl and she had met Hemingway in Key West when she came down with her mother to interview him. In Spain Hemingway read her stories, gave her advice and fell in love with her. He is a romantic by nature and he falls in love like a big hemlock tree crashing down through the underbrush; also he has a puritanical streak that keeps him from being a cocktail-party flirt. When he falls in love he wants to get married and stay married, and he regards the end of a marriage as a personal defeat. Nevertheless divorce was in the air when he came back from Spain for the last time and set to work on *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

He had been planning to write a novel about the Spanish civil war ever since the first of his wartime visits to Madrid. He had talked to André Malraux, who was then flying for the Loyalists, and they had agreed half-seriously to divide the war between them; Malraux was to take everything up to the Italian defeat at Guadalajara in April 1937. Malraux worked fast—too fast, Hemingway thinks—and his long novel *l'Espoir*, later translated as *Man's Hope*, was off the press in December of that same year. Hemingway was slower and Madrid had fallen, early in 1939, before the book was under way.

Even so he thinks that perhaps he wrote *The Bell* too soon. "But it wasn't just the civil war I put into it," he explains. "It was everything I had learned about Spain for 18 years." *The Bell* is Hemingway's favorite among his novels and it has been the public's favorite, too. By now more than a million copies have been sold in this country, not counting the very large foreign sales. Both the American and the Russian armies used it in World War II as a textbook of guerilla fighting.

How Hemingway works

ON Nov. 4, 1940, a few days after *The Bell* was published, Pauline obtained her divorce in Key West on the ground of desertion. On Nov. 21 Ernest married Martha Gellhorn in Cheyenne, Wyo. Their honeymoon trip was a visit to China as war correspondents; then they settled down in Havana. Soon afterward Hemingway started work on a new novel and, with interruptions caused by the war, he has been at work on it ever since.

Obviously it was not a war novel in the beginning, but he writes a book like an exploring expedition setting out into unknown territory. He knows his approximate goal, but the goal can change. He knows his direction, but he does not know how far he will travel or what he will find on a given day's journey. Rising early, he tries to be at his desk by 8 o'clock; in the Key West days he often started work at 6:30. Before starting to write he reads what he has written already—the whole novel, until he is halfway through writing it, and two or three chapters in any case. They give him his bearings and he is ready to march ahead.

He writes his novels with a pencil and Pauline used to say that he thought with his fingers. After an automobile accident in 1930, when the doctors told him that he might lose the use of his right arm, he was afraid that he might not be able to write novels again. He is usually through with the day's stint at 12:30, although he sometimes continues for two hours more. "The best way to stop," he says, "is when you are going good and when you know what will happen next. If you do that every day when you are writing a novel, you will never be stuck." When he stops he counts over what he has written, word for word; then he calls Rene, the houseboy, who brings him a tall glass of gin and tonic.

He likes to keep a record of his daily achievement. In one fairly typical week he wrote 485 words on Monday, 516 on Tuesday, 638 on Wednesday, 912 on Thursday and 276 on Friday, making a total of 2,827 for the week. Saturday he went fishing on the *Pilar*, catching only a barracuda—but it was a good trip—and Sunday he made an

expedition to Matanzas with Bumby. He makes his low daily records—like the 276 for Friday—when he is working on the expository passages of a novel. Dialog moves faster for him, and he says that if he can get four people talking together everything goes like a dream.

After he has finished the first draft of a novel he goes over the typed copy, "cutting out the junk," as he says. He is merciless to any of his own writing that seems to him false or overblown. He believes that if a writer once publishes something false, it spoils everything else he does, like the one bad apple in a barrel. Partly because he keeps setting higher standards for himself, he has worked longer on each successive novel. *The Torrents of Spring* was not really a novel, but at least it told a story of novel length and he wrote it in seven days. *A Farewell to Arms* took 12 months to finish and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* took 17. His new novel will take five or six years, after deducting his wartime service by sea, air and land.

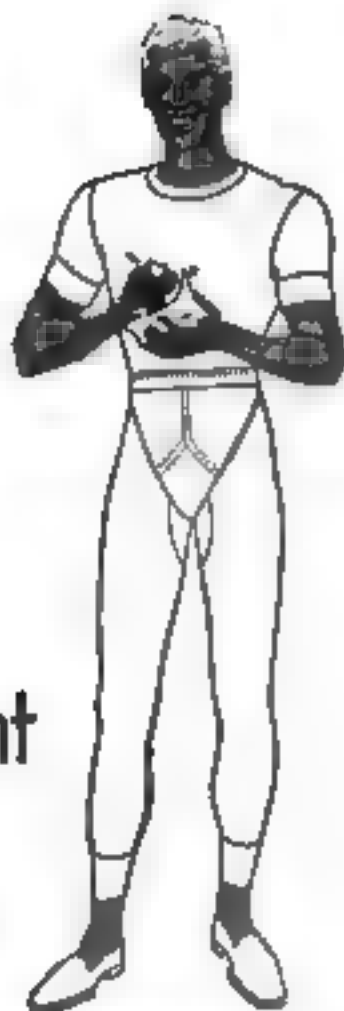
"Papa hates to work," Miss Mary says, but he also loves to work and he loves taking his time. When he interrupts the writing of a novel he feels like a fugitive simultaneously from Paradise and from the chain gang. He thinks of writing as a trade that he is still learning and he says, "I'm apprenticed out at it until I die. Dopes can say you mastered it. But I know nobody ever mastered it, nor could not have been better."

Arthur Koestler said recently, "Don't underestimate your Hemingway. It is banal, but he is still the greatest living writer." Hemingway himself often speaks of others whom he admires for having greater natural talent. Faulkner, he thinks, has the most talent of anybody—"but he goes on writing after he is tired and it seems as though he never threw away the worthless. I would have been happy just to have managed him." Hemingway thinks he has managed his own talent by dint of patience and discipline inside the indiscipline, and by rejecting everything he writes that seems beneath his standard. "We go in there with what we have and we do the best with it," he says.

"We play in a league with no favors asked or given," he told one of his literary friends. "No writer worth a damn is a national writer or a New England writer or a writer of the frontier or a writer of the Renaissance or a Brazilian writer. Any writer worth a damn is just a writer. That is the hard league to play in. The ball is standard, the ball parks vary somewhat, but they are all good. There are no bad bounces. Alibis don't count. Go out and do your stuff. You can't do it? Then don't take refuge in the fact that you are a local boy or a rummy, or pant to crawl back into somebody's womb, or have the con or the old rôle. You can do it or you can't do it in that league I am speaking of."



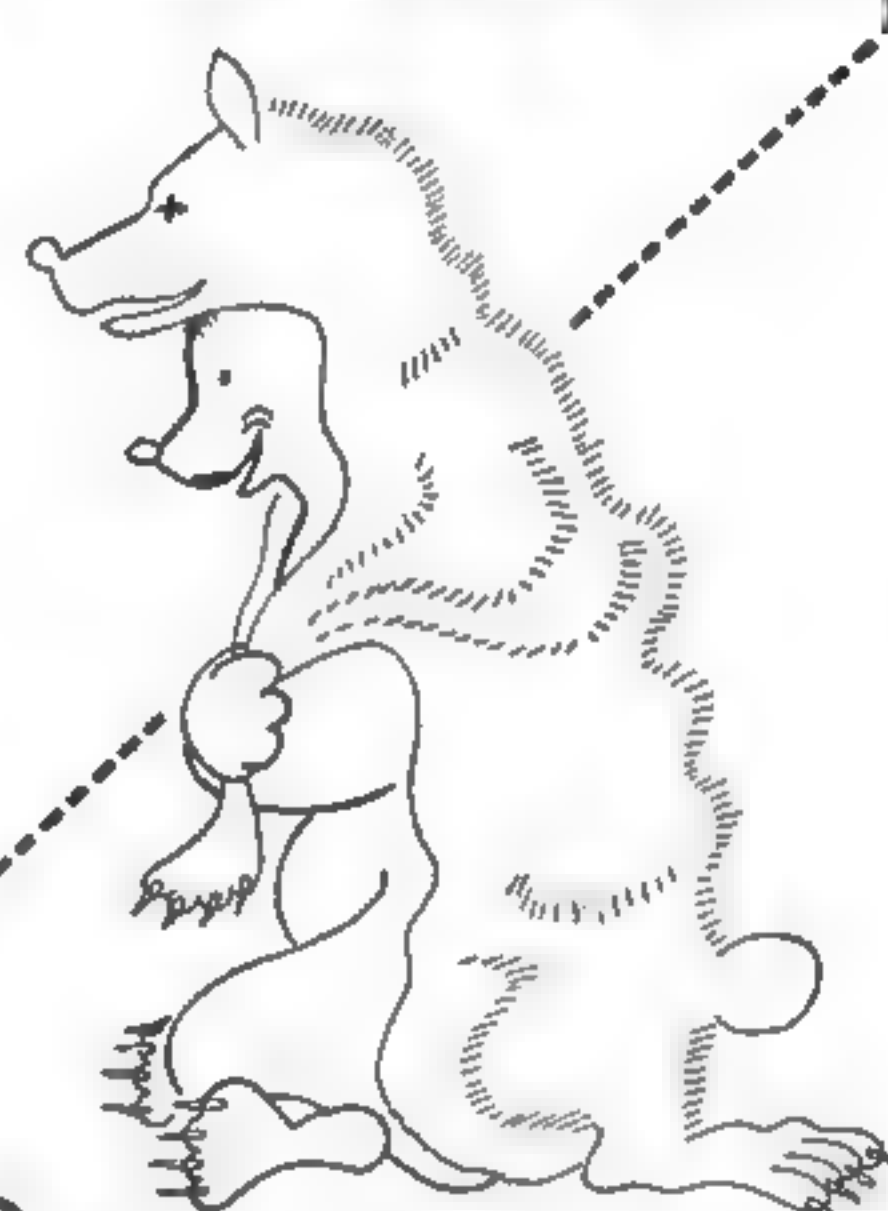
HEMINGWAY STROLLS down road from Finca Vigna toward village of Cojumar to get a double Daiquiri and visit with some of his fisherman friends.



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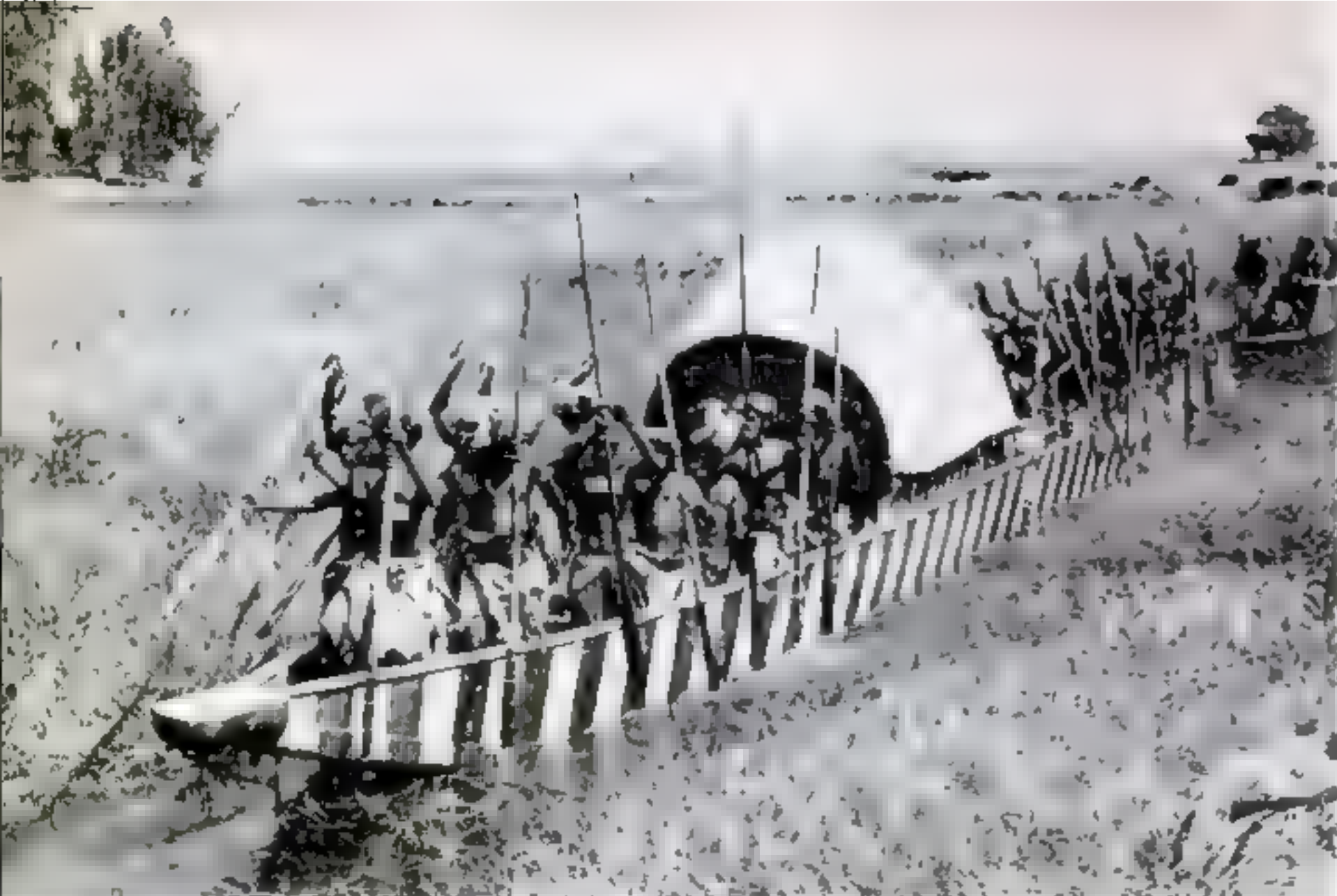
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ROYAL THRONE during ceremony is this drum, on which the new king sits. At this moment he has been declared paramount chief, and subjects are sending news by tom-tom telegraph (left).



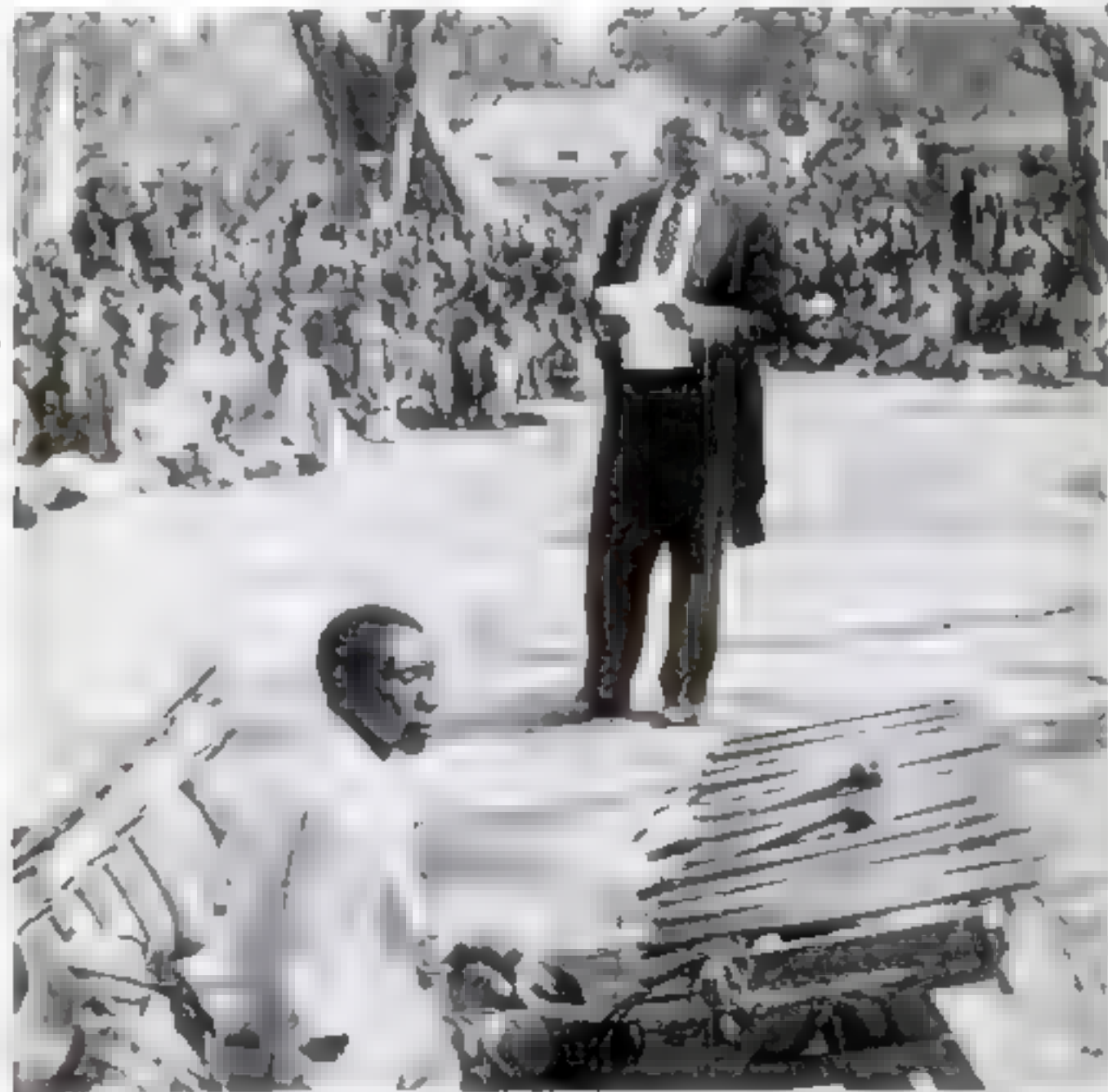
MWANAWINA'S HAT HAS STYLISH COCKADE

Life Goes to an African Coronation

Mwanawina III becomes the king of Barotseland

In Barotseland, that strange, half-civilized outpost of the British Empire in northern Rhodesia, a new paramount chief had been elected to rule over the 330,000 natives. By custom his identity had been kept a secret by the underchiefs who selected him; he arrived at the capital city in a covered barge (top left) that hid him from the curious. But when he stepped out to march in the royal procession (left) no one was surprised—he turned out to be Mwanawina III, son of a previous king and half-brother of the last one.

Mwanawina's father was the famed Lewanika, who began his rule in 1877 as a tyrant and was deposed seven years later for torturing and murdering his own brother. But Lewanika was converted by a Christian missionary, and after his return to the throne in 1885 he started giving his people a tolerant regime which included a treaty with the British South Africa Company. Now the Barotses, though they still look somewhat uncomfortable in their formal attire, are slowly taking on civilization's ways. The last chief was visited by King George VI during the royal family's South African tour in 1947. The new king has already set additional precedent by flying in an airplane and taking only one wife instead of the minimum of six prescribed by Barotse custom.



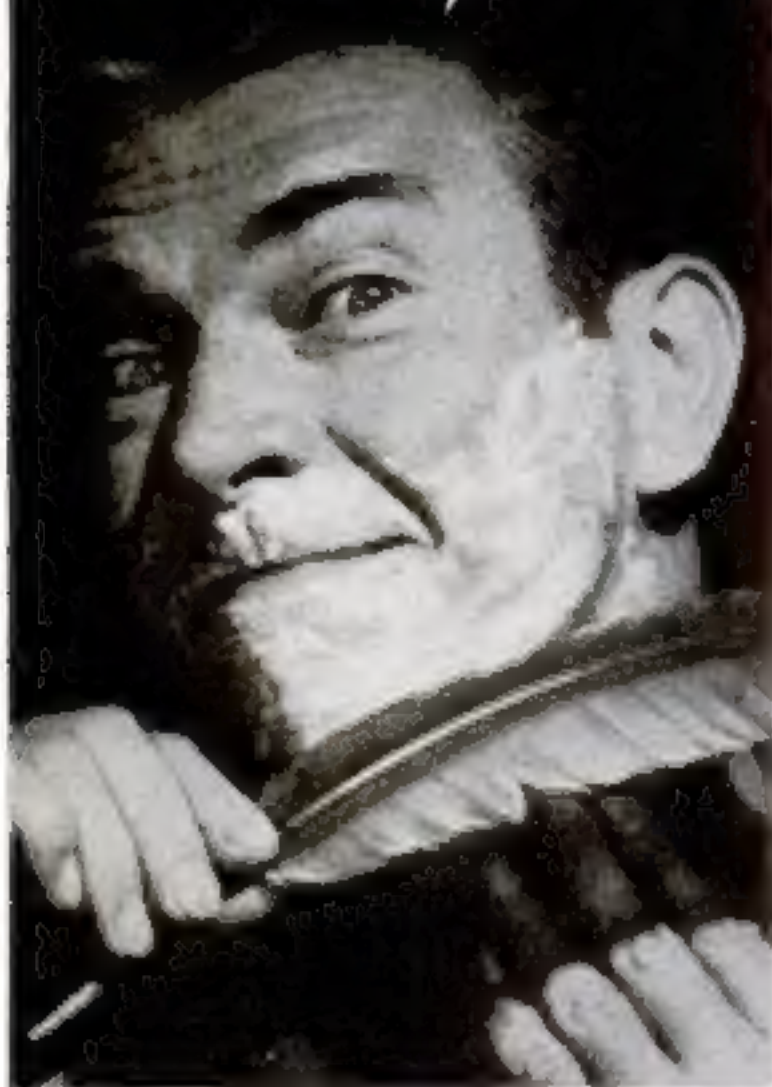
PRIME MINISTER Ngambela is dressed for the occasion in tails. He delivers address because king is not allowed to speak publicly on his first day.



INTO HIS TEMPORARY PALACE, a thatched hut, goes the chief, to wait until a new and more suitable palace, now abuilding, can be completed. Mwanawina III's gold-

braided uniform is the same type—and probably is actually the same uniform—that was worn by his predecessor when King George VI visited the court of Barotseland last year.

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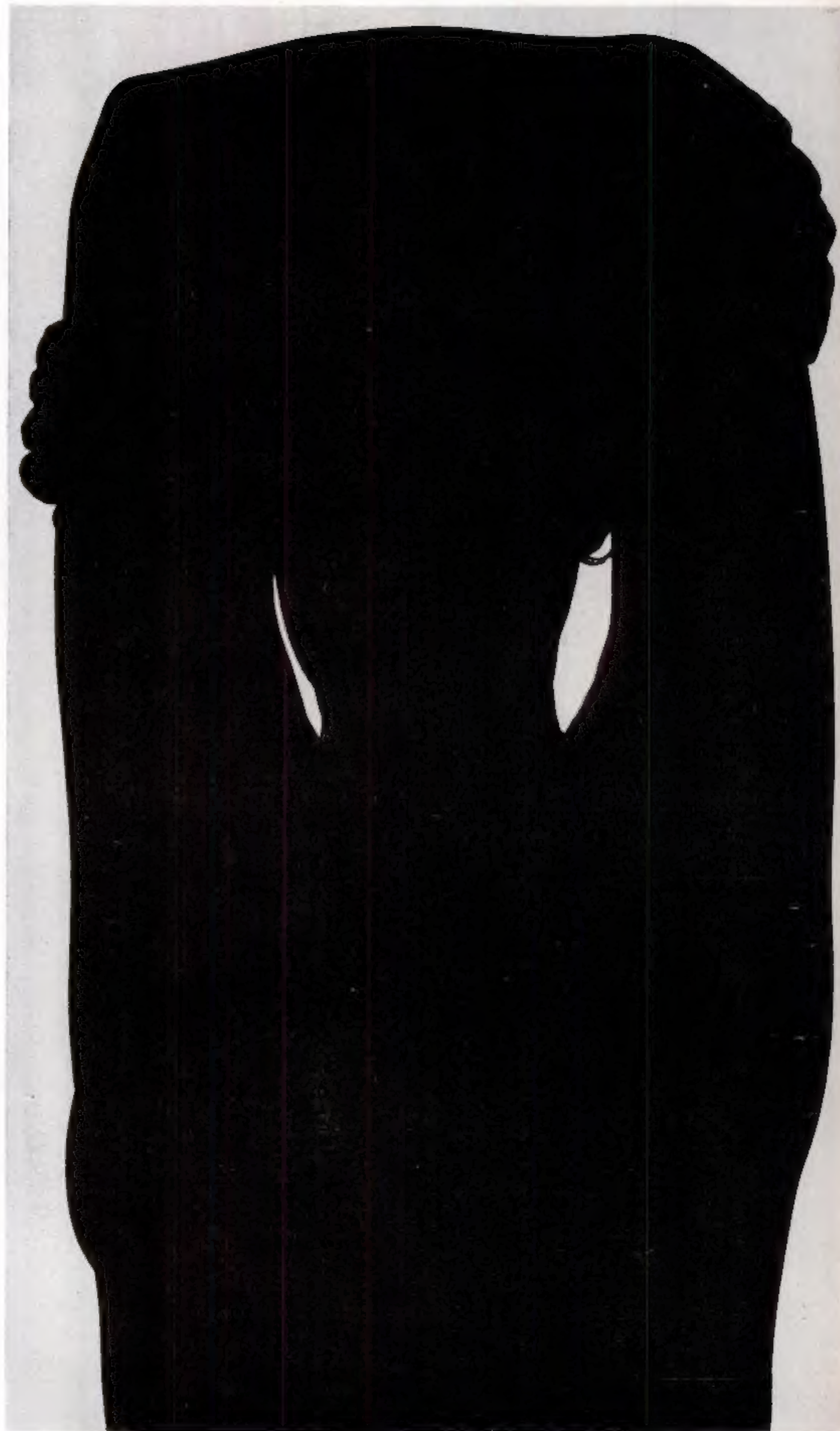
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